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WILL THE REAL RICK LAZIO PLEASE STAND UP? By Chris Smith

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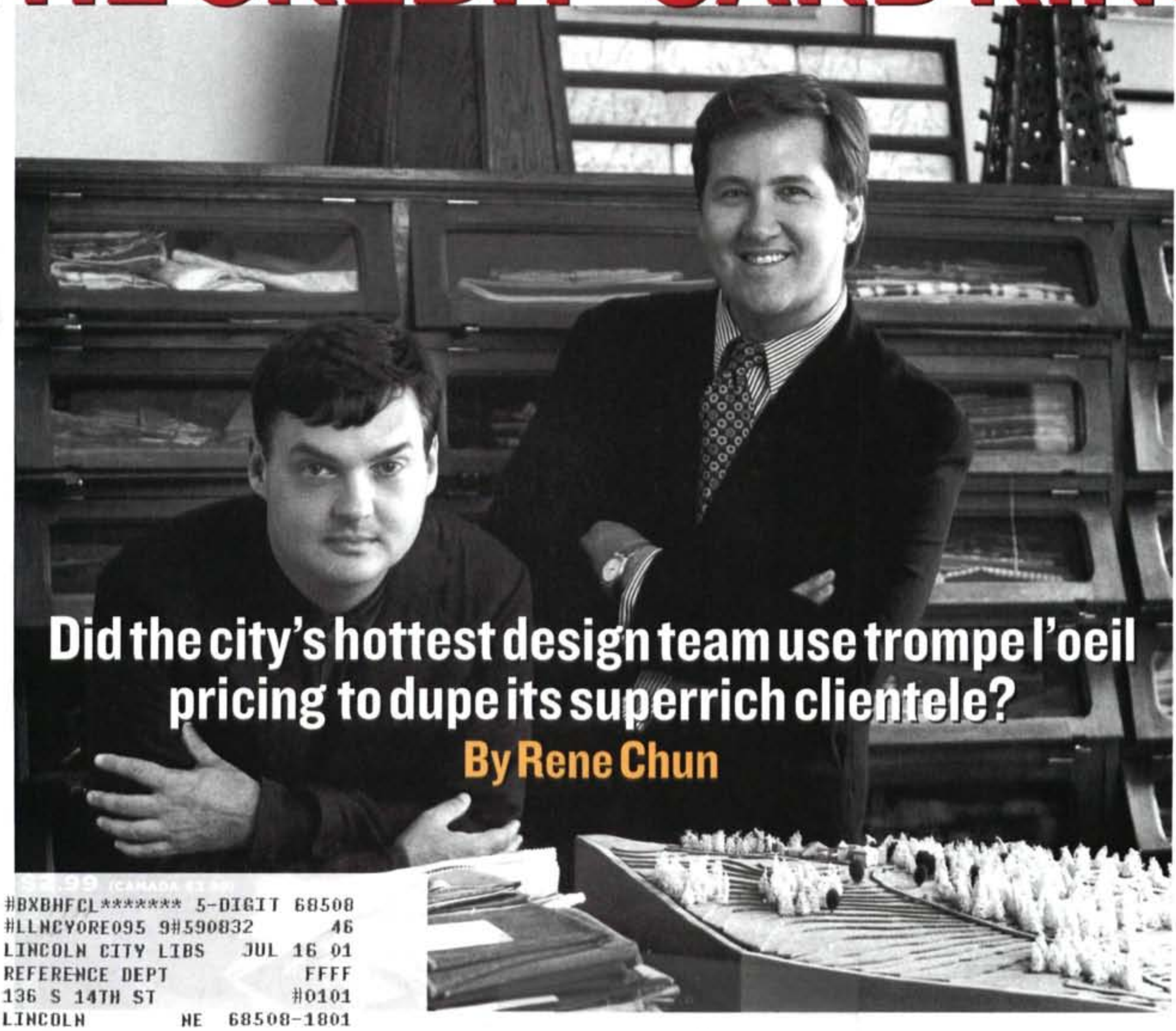

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By Rene Chun

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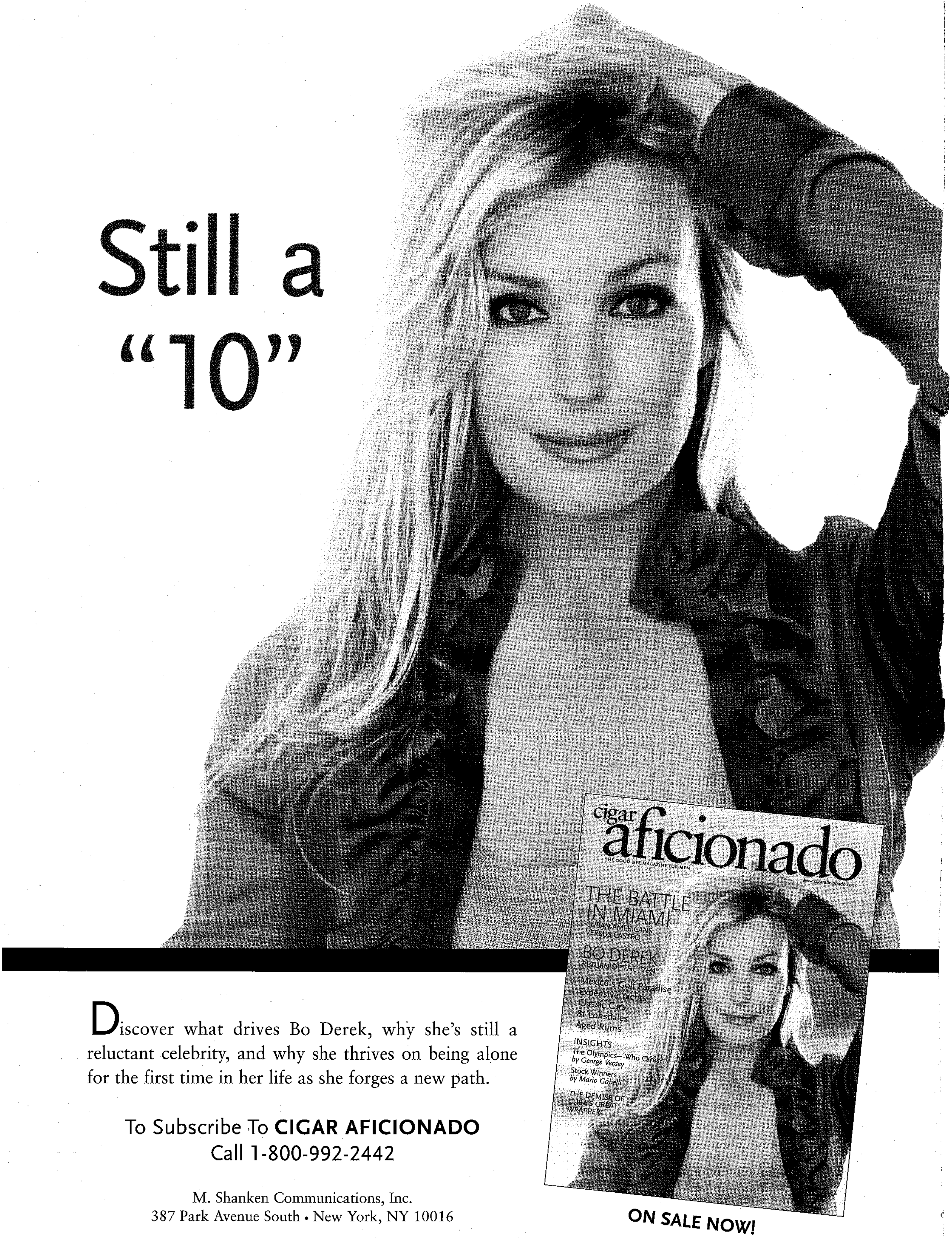
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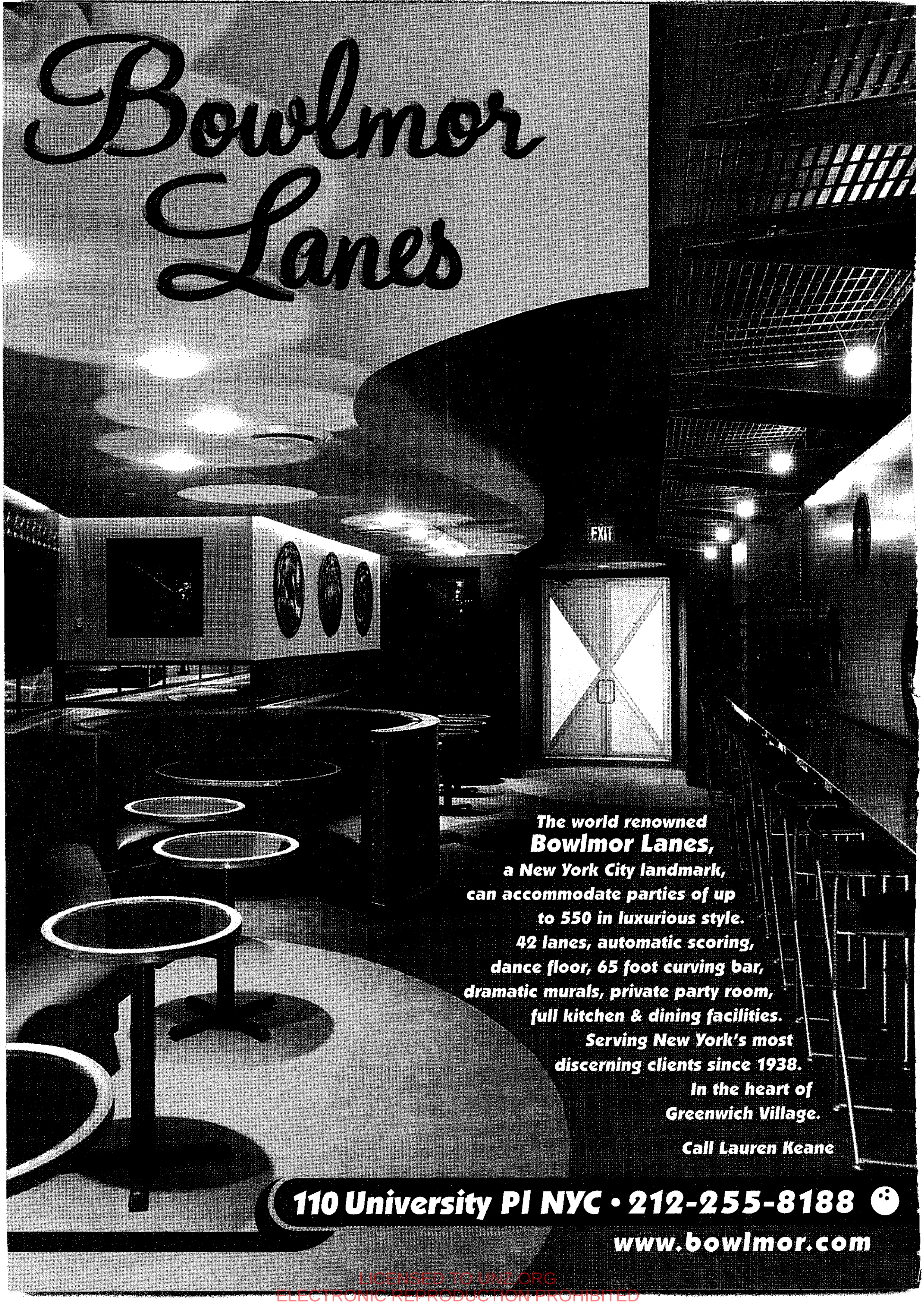

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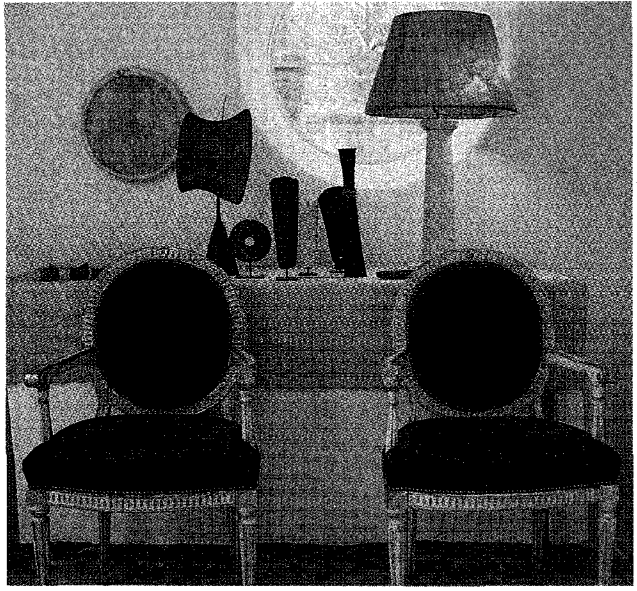

"They're going to be remembered as the decorators who killed the golden goose."

JOE SCHIAVO, PAGE 22

22 Artful Dodgers? By Rene Chun

With the richest clients, the priciest antiques, and the best magazine layouts, designers Stephen Sills and James Huniford ruled the gilded age of rational exuberance. But when Philadelphia multimillionaire Dennis ter accused them of outrageously overcharging him on antiques for his stlelike estate, their tapestry began to unravel, leaving questions about eir own convoluted provenance.

2 Middle Man By Chris Smith

Ieet Rick Lazio. He's a Newt Gingrich knockoff who voted to cut the Brooklyn Museum's funding in the wake of the "Sensation" exhibit, a moderate who helped save the NEA, and a Springsteen fan who differs with the Boss over his Diallo song. Wishy-washy, you say? Wishy-washy like a fox.

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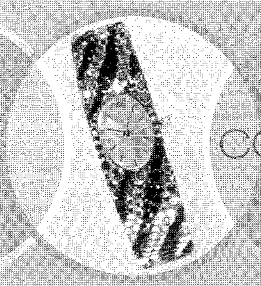

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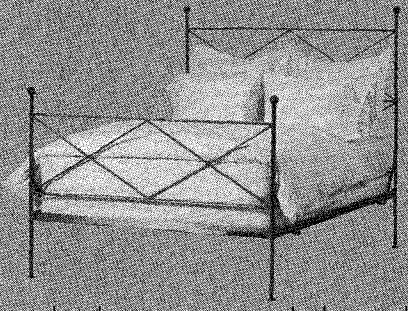

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Net Effects

Should parents just stop worrying and learn to love AOL? Or will today's kids need to be deprogrammed before they can reenter society?

WHILE I STRONGLY AGREE THAT communication channels to which children have access warrant parental supervision, I wouldn't automatically target AOL and Buddy Lists as having a negative influence on our children ["Is AOL Worse Than TV?," by Ralph Gardner Jr., June 12]. As a father of nine, including an 11-year-old daughter with 90 names on her Buddy List, I have extensive personal experience on this subject. A Burson-Marsteller study identified a group of opinion-makers, or "e-fluentials," who have an exponential influence in shaping and driving public opinion through the Internet. Whether the forum is a chat room, a bulletin board, or e-mail, each e-fluential has the power to influence the attitudes and behavior of eight other people. The Internet is therefore growing not only in size but also in its ability to persuade. If you must crawl before you can walk, then in the New Economy, you must instant-message before you e-mail. So instead of looking over our children's shoulders as they chat online, we should consider this to be an opportunity to broaden our own communication abilities and harness the power of what is likely to become the most important communication tool ever created. After all, the Buddy List kids who define cool today may very well become tomorrow's e-fluentials.

Christopher P.A. Komisarjevsky
President and CEO, Worldwide
Burson-Marsteller
MANHATTAN

MY 14- AND 12-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTERS ARE hopelessly addicted to AOL. From what I've witnessed, this chat-room-and-instant-messaging epidemic is quite frightening. Children lie about their ages, curse like sailors, and spend way too much time away from live social situations. And you can never be sure if that cute 15-year-old boy named Justin that your daughter is "chatting" with isn't really some 50-year-old unemployed pedophile still living with his mother. I am actively looking for intervention organizations that could come by, forcibly remove my kids from the computer, and whisk them away in a van to an undisclosed (and Internet-access-less) location, where they will undergo intense deprogramming and reenter society.

Andy Ostroy
MANHATTAN

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, or sent via e-mail to NYLetters@primediamags.com. Please include a daytime phone number.*

IN READING MICHAEL WOLFF'S STORY "Honey, I Wired the Kids" [June 12] and the subsequent article by Ralph Gardner Jr., I couldn't help thinking about the lack of attention these articles paid to the growing chasm between the technology haves and the have-nots. What about the kids who, unlike Wolff's children, do not have "five computers, four cell phones, seven phone lines, two PalmPilots, one DSL, two ISP connections, a collection of personal domain names, a CD burner, a scanner and . . . one AOL account" in their homes? Even in families with equivalent incomes, minority kids are less likely to have a computer than white kids. In a society where a child's popularity is measured by the size of his Buddy List, shouldn't we consider the consequences to kids who can't log on?

Hank Williams
MANHATTAN

Father's Gay

I AM A GAY DAD AND A PSYCHOTHERAPIST. I have spent well over a decade working with and teaching about both adoption and gay and lesbian parenting. As one of my adolescent daughter's two dads, I am writing to let you know that your article "My Two Dads" [by Maer Roshan, June 12] was way off base. It is never a wise move to look to the parents of toddlers, whether gay or straight, as parenting experts. They still have a long way to go. Soon enough these kids will be wrestling with the challenges of adolescence. How do you think these insecure adolescent adoptees will feel when they read one of their adoptive dads describing his kid's birth mother as a "gutter punk by choice"? When you say something about a child's birth mother, you are saying something about a part of that child. These guys have the right to be as public or as private as they like, but please tell them to give their kids a break. They may well need one.

Michael Colberg, J.D.
MANHATTAN

THANK YOU FOR THE ARTICLE AFFIRMING the parenting of two gay men. As the future grandmother of a child with two fathers (once my son has found the right man!), I am grateful for your contribution toward making the world a better place for gay parents!

Name Withheld
MANHATTAN

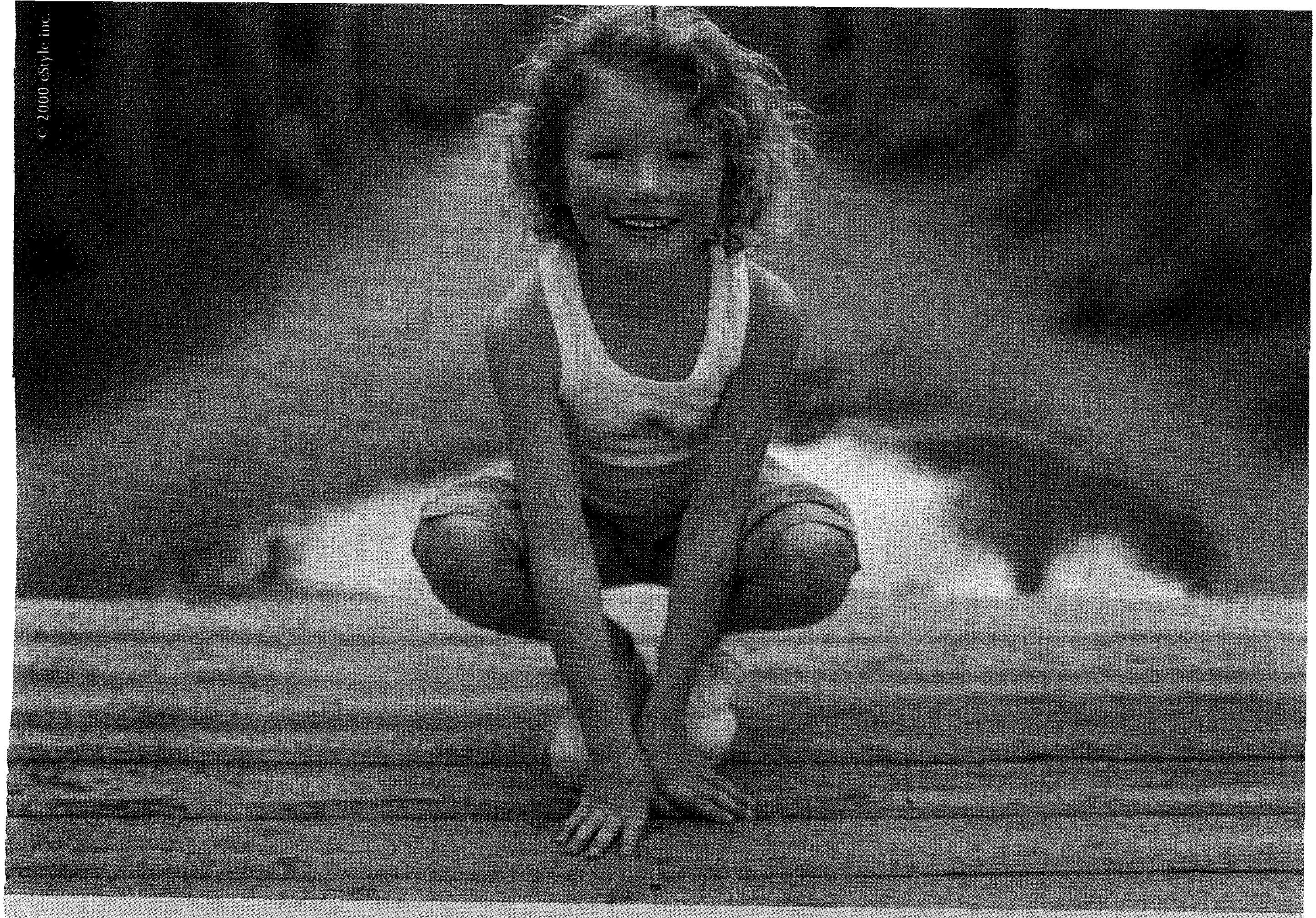
Boy Crazy

AS AN ADULT SISTER OF TWO ADOPTED Chinese little girls, I read "Red Diaper Brigade" [by Steve Fishman, June 12] with interest, but the writer fails to fully address the circumstances in China that have led to the adoption of so many baby girls. The best source I have found in my research of this topic is *The Lost Daughters of China,* by Karin Evans (Putnam). Someday I would like to be able to explain to my sisters why we have them, and how much we wanted them; but it is not easy for any child to understand or accept that she was left in a marketplace or a hospital. This book has deepened my understanding of the situation in China and what the adoption process was like for my parents. I highly recommend it to anyone involved in a Chinese adoption.

Jamie Klingler
MANHATTAN

AS THE FATHER OF TWO ADOPTED CHILDREN, I tip my hat to anyone considering adoption. While reading Mr. Fishman's article, however, I wanted to ask the parents profiled—who had traveled tens of thousands of miles to adopt—if they had considered a black, brown, or biracial child from here in the States. Many of these American children go wanting for parents each year.

Michael Littlejohn
NEW ROCHELLE, N.Y.



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HELLO, DALAI; GOOD-BYE, SHARON STONE

Sharon Stone has joined the **Madonna** school of parenting: Become a mom, discover Eastern religion. A fashion-world source reports that the actress reconfigured the schedule of last week's Saks-sponsored benefit for the San Francisco Ballet so she could play the role of auctioneer and *still* catch a night flight to Los Angeles in order to have her newly adopted child, **Roan Joseph Bronstein**, blessed by none other than the **Dalai Lama**. And while the event was rejiggered to allow her to exit early, the source says Stone showed up 45 minutes late, forcing the dance lovers to cool their toe shoes impatiently. Stone wouldn't comment on her and husband **Phil Bronstein**'s little boy's meeting with the exiled guru, though the nickname she reportedly uses for her son suddenly makes a little more sense: She calls him her "precious Buddha."

ALL THE PLUGS THAT FIT *TIMES* PRINTS

It's difficult for sensationalistic TV shows to get an enthusiastic write-up in the pages of the New York *Times*—unless, it seems, those programs are produced by New York Times Television. Though a June 11 article on reality-based programming by **Craig Tomashoff** neglected to mention that the Learning Channel's *Paramedics* and *Trauma: Life in the E.R.* are both products of N.Y. Times TV, those shows were given kudos while other series of the same ilk got the backhand treatment. The Discovery Health Channel's *Operation* and the Health Network's *O.R.: Behind the Mask* were labeled "dry and clinical" and "up-too-close-and-personal." A *Times* rep regretted the omission, saying, "It was an oversight. It is our normal policy to disclose such relationships." We're sure it won't happen again.

DUNLEAVY TO GRAPPLE WITH POPE

The story of the late, legendary *National Enquirer* publisher Generoso Pope Jr. is fraught with scandal and mayhem. Naturally, veteran intrigue-master **Steve Dunleavy** is all over it. The New York *Post* columnist is currently writing an outline for the Pope family's biography, and by mid-July will submit it to Generoso's son **Paul Pope** and his partner, movie producer **Gianni Russo**, who have said publicly that they'd like to tell the dynasty's story in both print and film. "Think *Citizen Kane*, *The Godfather*, *Family Feud*, and *Dynasty*," Dunleavy says of his treatment. "It's an incredible story which involves gangsters like Frank Costello, mayors like Jimmy Walker and Bill O'Dwyer, and tells how, with a flick of the finger, a judgeship would be made—what I call the 'First American Popes.' " Dunleavy stressed that he's still only auditioning to get the job but added, "I hate to lose."

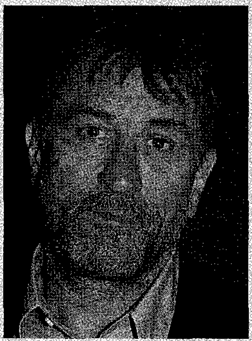
SLIWA GETS HITCHED; *BUSINESS 2.0* GLITCH

ANGEL IN LOVE: Curtis Sliwa is giving marriage another shot. On Saturday, the Guardian *Über*-Angel and radio personality will walk down the aisle with Guardian Angel executive director **Mary Galda** at the Central Park boathouse. Sliwa's sister, emotional healer and minister **Aleta St. James**, tells us she finds her brother's choice a harmonious one: "He is an intense guy and really needs an intense woman."

***BUSINESS* WEAK:** Everything's going downhill in the Internet world these days—even the spelling. *Business 2.0*, the San Francisco–based magazine covering the Net, recently received a "Maggie" award for Best Business & Finance Publication. The editors flashed this badge of editorial excellence on the July 11 cover—and misspelled *Publication* on most of the 350,000-copy print run. (The second *i* was missing.) "It's embarrassing," says editor-in-chief **James Daly**. "We had it in the office for two days before anyone noticed it. When I saw it, I said, *Oh my god, I need a drink.*"

Additional reporting by David Amsden, Christopher Bonanos, and Brooke Gosin.

ROCKY ROAD GETS A LAUGH FROM DE NIRO

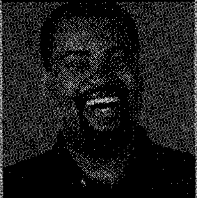


When **Robert De Niro** was first asked to portray Fearless Leader in the *Rocky and Bullwinkle* movie, the tight-lipped tough-guy actor took it in stride. "He totally laughed at me," Tribeca Productions co-founder **Jane Rosenthal** told us at the film's New York premiere party last week at the Galactic Circus video arcade. "I think he's still laughing. He didn't grow up watching it. It wasn't his thing." The project, however, languished in development for nearly seven years before shooting finally began, so De Niro had plenty of time to get used to the idea. "I was always joking with him about it," Rosenthal says. "Then I finally said, 'Okay, you've got to get serious: Here is a three-week role. Do you want it or not?' " Once the venerable actor came onboard, things ran smoothly, sort of: "Bob's biggest problem was washing all the gunk out of his hair. We used this stuff that was almost like tar to make it look shiny and I know he wasn't happy about it." Yet somehow he survives.

Photographs: top, Corbis; bottom, Andrea Renault/Globe Photos.

Sara Moulton
Host of "Cooking Live"

David Rosengarten
Host of "Taste" &
"In Food Today"

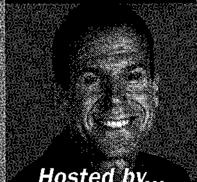


Curtis Aikens
Host of "Pick Of The Day"

Jacqui Malouf
Co-Host of "Hot Off The
Grill With Bobby Flay"

Tyler Florence
Host of "Food 911"

Jill Cordes
Co-Host of "The Best Of"



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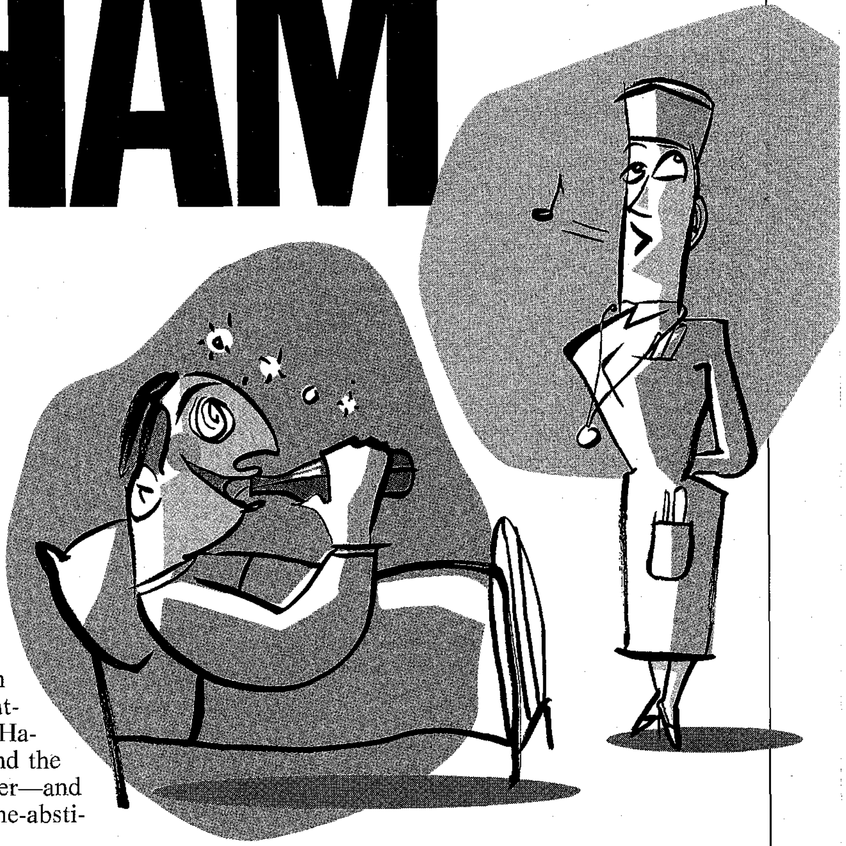
WHERE
NEW YORK

TREASURE CAVE

THAT GREAT MAD JOY YOU GET WHEN YOU RETURN—*JACK KEROUAC*

GOTHAM



Drink Your Medicine

The Smithers rehab center stuns the AA faithful by cutting out a few steps.

IN THE CONTENTIOUS WORLD of drug and alcohol treatment, dissent is never tolerated, and all apostates are ruthlessly cast out. After a recent *20/20* episode described the debate over the new "controlled drinking" trend among some recovering alcoholics, the Betty Ford Center was quick to respond with letters to ABC charging that the show was "sensationalistic, simplistic, and unbalanced," and that people would die as a result.

But now, in a move tantamount to the Catholic Church's reversing its position on abortion, the legendarily hard-line Smithers Addiction Treatment and Research Center on Manhattan's West Side, best known for treating troubled Met Daryl Strawberry and Pulitzer Prize winner Nan Robertson, has decided to break with the two other treatment pioneers—the Hazelden Foundation and the Betty Ford Center—and abandon the lifetime-abstinence approach.

In the fifties, Smithers was one of the first to adopt the Minnesota Model, in which total abstinence is compulsory from day one—anything else, even if accompanied by major life improvements, is failure. Attending twelve-step meetings is considered the only route to recovery. Acceptance of "powerlessness" over drugs and surrender to a "Higher Power" (generally God) are vigorously promoted. Resistance is confronted. Patients who don't comply are said to be "in denial" and are often expelled.

In the old days, counselors told patients that prayer and AA meetings were their only hope for avoiding jail, institutionalization, or addiction-related death. But under the new dispensation, they let patients decide for themselves how to recover. Cut down rather than quit? No problem: Moderation Management meets on-site. Need medications? We've got everything from methadone to Prozac. Want to quit crack but not marijuana? We have techniques. Prayer? Not necessary.

"No matter how you put it, it's pretty damn radical," says John Bellamy Taylor, director of evaluation services for Smithers. "It is radical for addiction treatment, but it's really a return to traditional medicine," argues Dr. Alex DeLuca, chief of addiction medicine for St. Luke's–Roosevelt Hospital, which runs Smithers. "In medicine, if treatment doesn't work, you change it. I humbly submit that this is the way alcoholics should be treated."

Why has Smithers broken ranks? Pressure from managed care, for one—which has resulted in the closure of half of U.S. rehabs over the past fifteen years and is forcing the survivors to prove that what they do actually *works*. Comparative research hasn't been kind to them, either. "We do find that people who go to twelve-step meetings do better," says DeLuca. "But it doesn't work for some, and I'm not going to tell them, 'Come back after you have suffered some more and are ready to do it our way.' I can't operate that way as a physician." DeLuca's predecessor, Dr. Anne Geller, puts it more bluntly:

>

POLITICS **Campaign-Trail Traffic Report**

The Supremes nix late-term-abortion ban, and Laz lets 'em have it. He's in step with polls, but Hill hits back anyway, questioning Rick's commitment on choice. First round's a draw. ○

Our man blows off Gay Pride parade and heads upstate to . . . a *dairy farm*? Er, Rick, those cows all over midtown can't vote. ○

Chel-*sea*! Chel-*sea*! Her campaign debut upstages Hill's second blah City Hall press conference. Best late Mother's Day present ever. ●

Saccharine pro-Hill Koch spots saturate summertime TV. "Trust me. I *love* New York," says Hizzoner emeritus. Cloying, yes, but cunning. ●

Illustrations: top, Tom Bachtell, bottom, Ingo Fast. Photographs by Richard B. Levine.

Drink *continued from page 11*

"Would you want surgery done now the way it was in the fifties?"

The change has been so dramatic at the new Smithers that it's as if the inmates have taken over the asylum. AA and abstinence are recommended, not required. Counselors cajole rather than confront. The kinder, gentler Smithers aims to improve relationships, productivity, and health even if lifetime abstinence cannot be achieved.

None of this makes sense to traditionalists. Anything but total abstinence is viewed by them as a slippery slope, "enabling" continued denial and compulsive use. Asked to comment on the new Smithers, Christine Anderson, a spokesperson for Hazelden, expresses shock. Radical? "Boy, I'd say so," she says. Despite the research, Hazelden "will stay with our current model. We are sticking strictly with the AA concept." The Betty Ford Center did not return calls.

Kenneth Lewis, a Smithers counselor for eighteen months, admits he found the change difficult. "It conflicted with my training," he says. (Many counselors recovered through AA themselves.) "But it gave me a chance to rethink what I believed. I found that my belief system was faulty."

"The Minnesota Model's traditional assumptions are under enormous challenge," says William White, author of *Slaying the Dragon: The History of Addiction Treatment and Recovery in America*. "People are moving away from 'This is our program' to offering a menu, real options." As for Smithers's patients, most seem to prefer those choices to old-style coercion. "Some people *melt,*" says DeLuca. "They're so relieved that it's not the nightmare they thought it would be." MAIA SZALAVITZ

DINING

Who Wants Jellyfish?

Kangaroo meat? Bee pollen? When an evolutionary biologist is picking the menu, the chef can't leave any tentacle or tendril unsautéed.

"I THOUGHT THAT WOULD BE A GOOD COUNterpoint with the kangaroo," says Peter Hoffman, the chef at Savoy, of his pine-nut tapénade. The marsupial is just one component of one course at "Dining on the Tree of Life," a dinner-with-lecture evening that aims to showcase the world's biota by having guests eat as much of it as possible. Tonight's speaker is Niles Eldredge, an evolutionary biologist from the Museum of Natural History. He taps his glass and invokes Stephen Jay Gould as the first course is introduced: a small dish of periwinkles, the little gray-blue snails found under every rock on the Atlantic coast. A straight pin is provided, to pry them out of their shells. They're sandy.

The 22 diners, who've paid $108 apiece, aren't scientists; most are Savoy regulars. Fred, a very enthusiastic guy across the table, still rues the one lecture-dinner he's missed since the series began a few years ago: "Hoffman did a bulk mailing," he complains, "and I didn't hear about it in time." He swallows his last periwinkle with relish. The second course arrives, an antipasto plate that includes jellyfish, octopus, ferns, quail, preserved lemons, and the kangaroo. Another diner says she called too late to get into a lecture on the food of the Friuli region. "So I said, 'Put me down for the next one.' " A pause. She looks at her plate uneasily.

"We're up to five phyla," announces Eldredge as the third course arrives. He adds that a phylum is a subdivision of a kingdom—animal, plant, or bacteria, say. Taxonomists debate how many phyla there are, but his favorite reference, he says, lists 92 or 93. This course is skate garnished with seaweed. "It's two kinds, wakame and—I forget," says Hoffman. "Whatever it is," adds Eldredge, "we have both a red alga and a green alga." Whatever it is, it's gelatinous and a little slimy. "I really liked the kangaroo," says one diner, in a small voice.

The next course is a little easier: spaghetti with lobster, turnips, mint, and uni—sea-urchin roe. A couple of diners immediately start picking out the uni and setting it aside. One of them, Vivian, announces loudly that she's here strictly at the behest of her sister. The sister, Ruth, changes the subject: "I loved that egg sac!" the 80-year-old says brightly. "It was divine."

A glass of excellent wine is poured with each course, and as the main course (a surprisingly unthreatening roasted pork with potato-and-clam sauce) is served, Eldredge's tongue loosens. "I don't want to bring everyone down," he begins, as his talk veers toward a bleak, frank monologue about overpopulation, limited natural resources, and loss of biodiversity. "We're extremely fortunate to live at a time when we can have a dinner like this, because we haven't killed off everything yet," he says. The group shifts in its chairs.

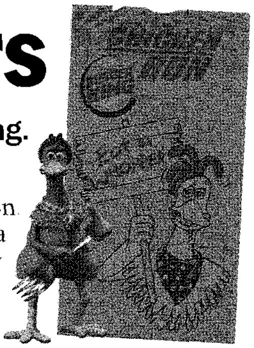
Mercifully, it's time for dessert: goat-cheese cake with berries and a bee-pollen cookie. Eldredge consults his notes, ticking off the phyla with his pen. There is some discussion of whether we can count insects because of the cookie, since we're not eating the bees. His tally: eleven or twelve. "About 15 percent of the world's life-forms are represented," he announces, to scattered applause. "We had no *Reptilia,*" he notes, looking at the chef. "I know," says Hoffman apologetically. "I tried to get some rattlesnake or something, but the flight's not coming in till tomorrow." CHRISTOPHER BONANOS

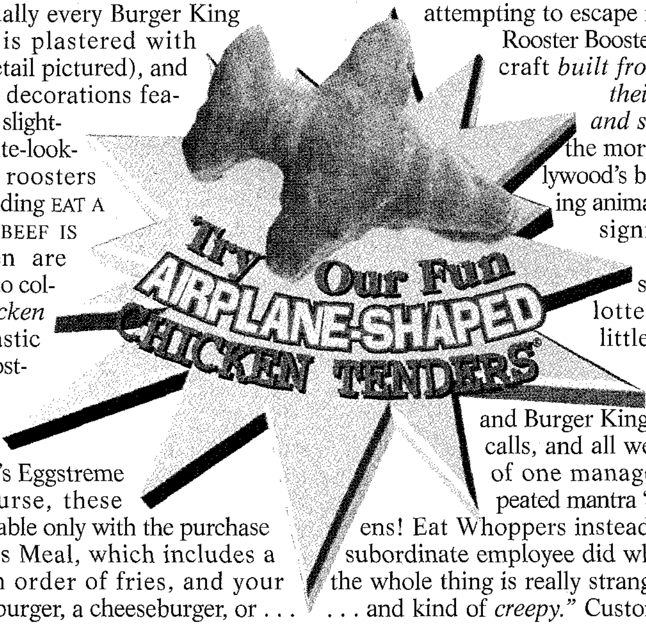
Illustration by Tom Bachtell.

MARKETING

Flesh Peddlers

Burger King's campaign to make *Chicken Run* appetizing.





CHICKEN RUN IS ALL ABOUT AN ASSORTment of lovable little fowls trying to flee their coop before they're reduced to dead meat. Burger King, of course, is all about an assortment of fast-food restaurants that serve little else *besides* dead meat. It's peculiar, then, that the twain should meet with a promotional tie-in aimed specifically at tykes. Right now, virtually every Burger King in the country is plastered with signs, menus (detail pictured), and blow-up ceiling decorations featuring wild-eyed, slightly shaky, desperate-looking chicks and roosters holding signs reading EAT A WHOPPER! and BEEF IS GOOD! Children are strongly advised to collect all four *Chicken Run*–related plastic toys: Rocky's Rooster Booster, Mac's Highwire Act, Bunty Breaks Out, and Ginger's Eggstreme Escape. Of course, these gadgets are available only with the purchase of a $2.99 Kid's Meal, which includes a small drink, an order of fries, and your choice of a hamburger, a cheeseburger, or . . . a greasy pile of breaded "Fun Airplane-Shaped Chicken Tenders" that eerily evoke the makeshift escape devices invented by the chickens in the film. Whereas the film depicts our endangered chicks as shrewd yet sweet little rascals, this promotion brings to the surface a darker, more mercenary side to Bunty & Co. These chickens will do *anything* to save their necks—first, by promoting the consumption of their cow kin, and then, if that doesn't work, attempting to escape not on Rocky's Rooster Booster but on an aircraft *built from the flesh of their own brothers and sisters.* It seems the moral code in Hollywood's barnyard of talking animals has declined significantly since the days of selfless Charlotte and precious little Babe. Representatives for DreamWorks and Burger King did not return calls, and all we could get out of one manager was the repeated mantra "Save the chickens! Eat Whoppers instead!" But one insubordinate employee did whisper, "I think the whole thing is really strange, really weird . . . and kind of *creepy.*" Customers, it seems, are up in arms, too. When we pointed out the tie-in with the chicken tenders, a young man munching on a Rodeo Burger at the East 86th Street Burger King exclaimed, "It's like they're promoting *cannibalism,* man!" DEREK DE KOFF

GROOMING

Media Hairstylist Cuts and Runs

'WHEN I TELL THEM, THERE'S A TINGE OF PANIC," SAYS hairstylist Deborah Wardwell. "It's a little bit like a breakup. You know, 'I'm sorry, but I can't see you anymore.' " Wardwell is retiring from her Upper West Side storefront salon for country life upstate with her husband, restaurateur Ken Sofer of Benny's Burritos fame, and her decision is sending a wave of despair across the city's publishing circles. "Going to Deborah was a great way to catch up on media friends," says freelance writer Gerri Hirshey. "I'd find out how everyone else was doing, what everyone was working on. I used to come all the way in from Connecticut." "I referred so many people, I got free haircuts for a year," says Gia Kourlas, a writer at *Time Out New York* who heard about Wardwell from a friend while working at *The Paris Review.* "Then, one day, I called to make an appointment, and the number was disconnected!" Others still hadn't heard the news: "But I have an appointment for July 19!" wails Dan Levy, a former book editor who now produces Bob Dylan's Website and who met Wardwell through *New York Times Magazine* writer Lynn Hirschberg. *The Observer*'s Ron Rosenbaum, a ten-year Wardwell devotee who was sent her way by an ex-girlfriend, will miss discussing their mutual obsessions. "Few people are as big a fan of *Mystery Science Theater 3000* as I am," he sadly recalls. "She taped *all* the episodes." "We could talk about everything," agrees *Vanity Fair* writer Elissa Schappell, an eleven-year veteran introduced to Wardwell by Rachel Urquhart—thankfully, before an article Urquhart wrote for *Vogue* sent such a surge in business no new clients were admitted. One of those who did make it in was *Time* deputy managing editor Jim Kelly. "In 1995, my wife felt my hair looked like a wild Irish bramble," he recalls. "She made an appointment for me with Deborah, and it was the best haircut I ever had. I guess it will just go back to the bramble now." SARAH BERNARD

BRAND X

Big Chill

BRAND: Frozfruit **AGENCY:** Mintz & Hoke (Avon, Connecticut) **CREATIVE DIRECTOR:** Chuck Borghese

FROZFRUITS ARE SUCH A NEW YORK staple—is there a Korean deli or bodega anywhere in the city that doesn't stock them?—that it's a wonder they never scored their own *Seinfeld* homage, à la the black-and-white cookie. At least the humble frozen treat now has its own New York–only outdoor advertising campaign, plastered on 85 city buses, 200 subway platforms, and countless street posters. All the ads work off punch-line visuals: a surgeon mid-procedure, a bridegroom at the altar, and a lover mid-coitus, each holding a Frozfruit. Tag line: THAT KIND OF GOOD. The light comedy feels right for the brand—we're basically talking about upscale Popsicles—though the lovemaking bit falters with its over-the-top passion (are we to think of the Frozfruit as a . . . marital aid?). Until now, the height of New Jersey–based Frozfruit's pretension was helping to sponsor the annual East Hampton Sandcastle Contest, so it's refreshing to see that the brand's first high-gloss campaign is goofy instead of Häagen-Dazs snooty. And though the product is all-natural and, in many flavors, fat-free, the ads simply cut to the chase: We New Yorkers want our little luxuries, and we want them *now.* So what could be more New York than obsessive-compulsive types' risking divorce and malpractice suits to indulge themselves? SIMON DUMENCO

that kind of good
Frozfruit

Photograph courtesy of DreamWorks Pictures.

GOTHAM REALESTATE

REALTY BITES

A Million? Yawn.

Prices soon to reach a scary milestone.

CALLING DR. EVIL: ACCORDING TO appraiser Jeffrey Jackson, if the market continues to rage for just two more years, the *average* price for an apartment below 96th Street in Manhattan will reach . . . *one . . . million . . . dollars.* (Remember to breathe.) "Now, there's no assurance that the trends will continue," says Jackson, a principal of MMJ Appraisals. So just how likely is this doomsday scenario? Jackson concedes that since the stock market lost its mojo in April, buyers have backed off. "But historically, that's part of the New York real-estate cycle," he says. "From the second quarter into the summer, people have other things to do: They're out of town, so they're not looking to buy apartments. Then in September, they come back, and the market rises in the third quarter." There are other hints that real-estate prices may not *be-haaave* for long: Manhattan's population is rising (1.43 million in 1980, 1.49 million in 1990, 1.55 million in 1998), and per capita income has gone from about $19,000 in 1980 to—*yeah, baby!*—more than $80,000. Meanwhile, new construction all but stopped after the crash of 1987; at most, a few thousand units are built each year, compared with about 30,000 annually in the mid-eighties. What's more, Barbara Corcoran, chairman of the Corcoran Group, thinks Jackson is "way under. If the market keeps rising at 20 percent a year, I figure an average of $1.29 million. If it's only 10 percent a year"—she pauses to recalculate—"it's about a million. I'll make you a money bet, though, that I'm right." Maybe it's time to forget about Dr. Evil—and get on the phone to Mr. Philbin.

CHRISTOPHER BONANOS

The Buddha of 10021

Richard Gere's spending a pretty penny to move to Fifth Avenue.

RICHARD GERE, AT 50 *PEOPLE* MAGAZINE'S 1999 "Sexiest Man Alive," became a dad earlier this year, so he's forsaking the Village for Fifth Avenue. Along with his girlfriend, ex–*Law & Order* star Carey Lowell, and her daughter from her earlier marriage to Griffin Dunne, Gere is leaving his townhouse on Sullivan Street, where he'd aroused the un-Buddhist ire of his neighbors by proposing to build an outdoor Tibetan-style temple. Real-estate sources say they're buying a full-floor condo at 817 Fifth Avenue, a 1925 building at the corner of 63rd Street. The place, which sprawls over about 3,900 square feet and has three soul-soothing rooms facing the Park, was on the market for $8.9 million, but Gere is said to be paying more than that. His upstairs neighbor will be art fan and Bellagio builder Steve Wynn, who lives in an apartment that Mirage Resorts, his gaming company that was recently sold to MGM Grand, bought for him in 1995. (Sources say Wynn, who recently agreed to buy Barry Diller's mansion in Bel Air, is going to exercise his contractual option to buy the apartment.) As for Gere, his 2.2-acre bluff-top Malibu compound is for sale, for $10 million. CARL SWANSON

BIG DEALS

Clinton Hill

298 Washington Avenue

Five-bedroom, three-bath, 3,600-square-foot brownstone. Asking: $1 million. Selling: $999,950. Time on market: one hour.

CLINTON HILL WAS BUILT FOR MILlionaires, even if the buyers of this brownstone managed to talk the price down a whopping $50 from the seven-figure mark. In the 1870s, the neighborhood just east of Fort Greene was Brooklyn's new mansion zone, where oil baron Charles Pratt lived and founded Pratt Institute. The area got de-millionaired for a while, but the clan that has owned this house since 1912 held on in the neighborhood and kept it a single-family home. The pocket doors work, the bathrooms still have their original marble sinks, and the electrical fixtures are converted gaslights. The buyers—a thirtyish couple with Internet money, represented by Corcoran's Jerry Minsky—can snap out of their *1900 House* reverie with the occasional celebrity sighting: Wesley Snipes recently bought the house two doors down for his mom.

A Clinton Hill house changes hands after 88 years.

Upper East Side

52 East End Avenue

Three-bedroom, 2½-bath, 2,000-square-foot condo. Asking: $1.295 million. Selling: $1.295 million. Time on market: six weeks.

IT'S ALWAYS THIS WAY, SAYS William B. May vice-president Stacey Gero: "The wife comes first, then brings her husband." This duplex was the first place this husband had seen, but he wasn't sold on it, despite the double-height dining room and the three balconies. So they kept looking; another couple nearly bought it. Then, suffering non-buyer's remorse, the first couple, represented by Halstead's Michele Friedman, returned to the scene. The wife, who's about to have the couple's first baby, "educated him a little," says Gero, who represented the seller, "and he came around." C.B.

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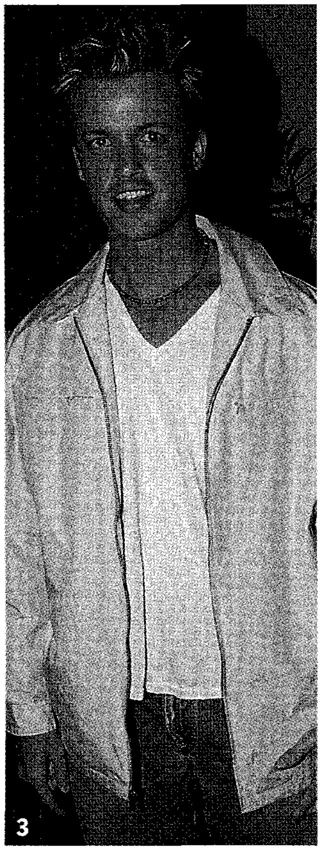
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THE SCENE

Match Makers

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

THINGS GOT STEAMY ON JUNE 26 AT NEIL HIRSCH'S SUTTON Place backyard, where the horsey set gathered in honor of the upcoming Bridgehampton Polo Club Mercedes-Benz Challenge. The tropical heat—and, for some, the sight of the temptingly tanned polo players—had guests like Deborah Hughes and Nick Manifold tossing off cardigans and unbuttoning shirts. Ashley Schiff, the only woman participating in the tourney, was out of uniform in a slinky black silk camisole. "The guys always tease me when they see me dressed up," she said, pulling coyly on her cigarette as her teammates deflected the crowd's advances. "Do you ever drop your stick?" one novice asked the Argentines in town for the match. "It's called a mallet, and no," said star player Mariano Aguerre. A group of women with grass and soil clinging to their Jimmy Choo heels stopped whispering about the sexy sportsmen only to judge how Stephanie Seymour, arriving with Peter Brant, would negotiate the sod in her own stilettos. Betsey Johnson seemed to be the only woman not gushing over the pulchritudinous players. "I have a crush on my Pulver Gas man," she said, giggling with girlfriends about her plans to lure him into her East End pad. KRISTINA RICHARDS

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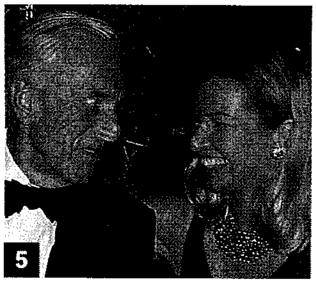
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1. Neil Hirsch and Jennifer Coll at Hirsch's house to kick off the Mercedes-Benz Polo Challenge. **2.** Wyclef Jean at the Perry Ellis Award party at Saci. **3.** MTV's Brian McFayden at the *Vogue* and *GQ* party for Nike at the United Nations Building. **4.** Sandy Golinkin, Angel Corella, and Lisa Heiden at the American Ballet Theatre performance of *The Taming of the Shrew* at Lincoln Center. **5.** Bill Pitt and Pauline Baker Pitt at a dinner to benefit the Grenville Baker Boys & Girls Club at Dr. Sherrell Aston and Muffie Potter Aston's home in Locust Valley. **6.** Alexandra von Furstenberg, Valentino, and Kate Betts at the *Harper's Bazaar* dinner for Valentino at Village. **7.** Jerry and Jessica Seinfeld at the Fresh Air Fund spring gala at Tavern on the Green. **8.** Ines Rivero, Prince Michel of Yugoslavia, and Eugenia Desilva at Bulgari's party for its new watch at Eugene. **9.** Stephen Gan, Honey Dijon, and Cecilia Dean toasting Hermès and *Visionaire 32* at the Regent Wall Street.

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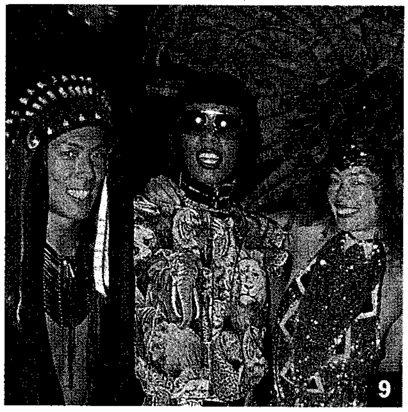
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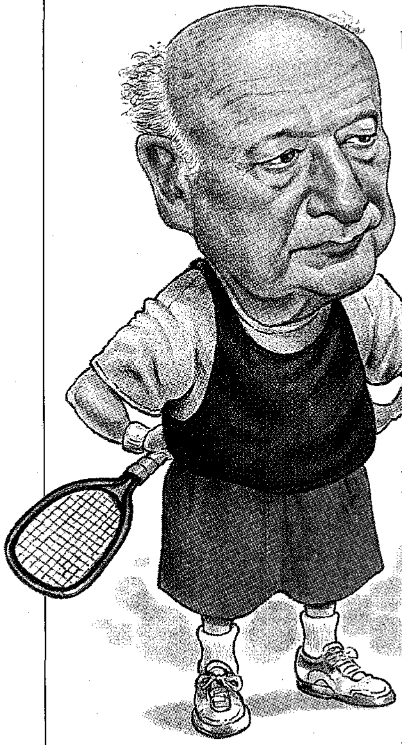
ED KOCH VS. AL D'AMATO

I'M RIGHT, YOU'RE WRONG

Our resident pundits rally over Hillary's gay appeal, Lazio's lapses, and Gore's charisma deficit.



Maer Roshan: Just as the furor over the Puerto Rican Day parade was subsiding last week, Lazio's decision to skip Gay Pride ignited a new controversy. Will he regret it?

Ed Koch: Even Lazio's Republican supporters admit it was a foolish decision. But I'll tell you why he did it. His advisers probably told him, "Listen, you're on record as being supportive of gay rights, but you don't have to *walk* with them. It won't do you very much good upstate. People might think you're gay." And he took their advice, foolishly. Because if gays and lesbians come out in the numbers reflected in the parade, they will be a very powerful voting bloc, and in an election this close they'll make the difference. Hillary got an enormous reception. They'll remember that Lazio didn't even show up.

Al D'Amato: It would have been a far bigger mistake if he broke his commitment upstate. It would have looked like pandering. Every candidate has to make decisions about where to make appearances, and people will always second-guess them.

M.R.: Let's move on to Lazio's other problem last week: HUD released a letter in which the congressman demanded federal funding for a nursing home that happened to be owned by a big contributor of his.

A.D.: Desperate charges by a desperate campaign! It's ridiculous! One of the reasons you're sent to Congress is to fight for your constituents. What do they expect you to say? "I'm sorry, I can't help you because you're a supporter of mine?"

E.K.: I agree with Al.

A.D.: Hillary's in deep trouble, and that's why you see her supporters coming after Lazio. Now they're challenging his investments, too. The fact is, she's *hardly* the one to be throwing stones. People say, "Are you kidding? You're gonna investigate Lazio because he invested $3,000 and made a $13,000 profit? She invested $1,000 and made a $100,000 profit!"

E.K.: My conclusion is, I'd rather have her broker!

M.R.: Speaking of you, Ed, you recently starred in a campaign commercial for Hillary, which prompted Dick Morris to write, "Hillary trots out Ed Koch to do negative ads so she won't have to get her own hands dirty."

E.K.: I happen to like Dick Morris. We're old friends. But I read that and said to myself, "He really hates the Clintons, and it blinds him." I thought Lazio's response to my ad was ridiculous. He starts whining, "Oh, Hillary is trying to smear me."

A.D.: I thought his response was brilliant. Hillary's done nothing but attack.

E.K.: The fact is, every word in my commercial is true. Lazio didn't respond to a single allegation I made. He couldn't.

A.D.: In an era of twenty-second sound bites, it's hard to address everything, Ed.

E.K.: Maybe he should learn to talk a little faster. [*Laughs*]

M.R.: Al Gore, meanwhile, is still struggling to address ethical problems of his own.

A.D.: He's in terrible trouble!

E.K.: Gore's real problem is his image. He comes off as Mr. Square; everybody thinks he doesn't have a personality—but he does, on occasion. He can be warm and very funny, but that doesn't come out. He's put himself into the hands of merchandisers who've just wrung the life out of him.

A.D.: And he has cultivated a reputation as a great bore. [*Laughs*] He's lost a lot of momentum by not getting out there. The most important issue, as I see it, is education. And George W. seized that—he's been moving around the country talking up his plan. Gore just dropped out.

M.R.: How damaging will his fund-raising improprieties prove to be in the long run?

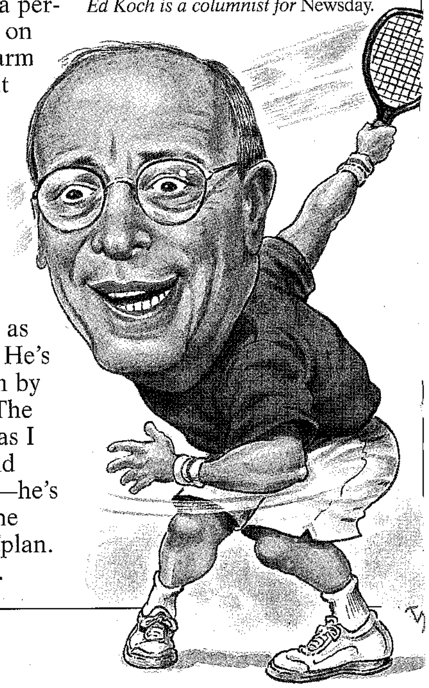
A.D.: That business is old, it's tired, it's not going to defeat Al Gore. I mean, this has been rehashed to death. People are tired of investigations that end up in zilch and are simply there to harass candidates. In the end, this presidential election will come down to: "Do we want change, or do we feel comfortable enough with this man to have him continue?"

M.R.: One recent poll shows Gore trailing by 13 percent.

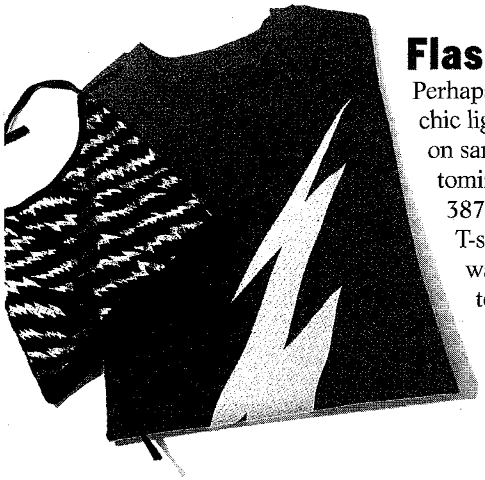
A.D.: There's still a long way to go. The debates will be tremendously important! Don't forget the last great election, where Dukakis was ahead by seventeen points in August but melted down after the convention. The same thing could happen here. Gore may still have a shot.

E.K.: As long as he doesn't ride around in a tank.

Al D'Amato is a columnist at George. *Ed Koch is a columnist for* Newsday.



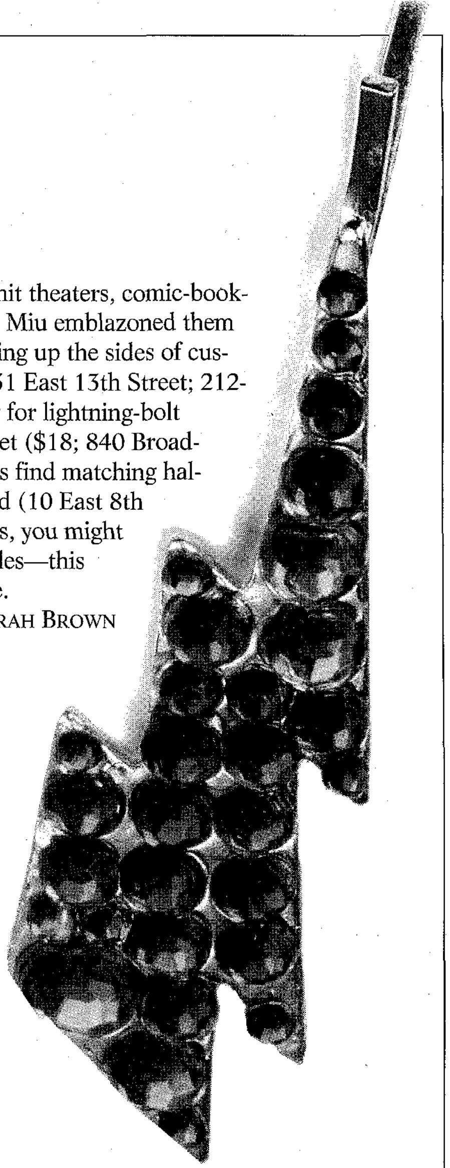
GOTHAMSTYLE

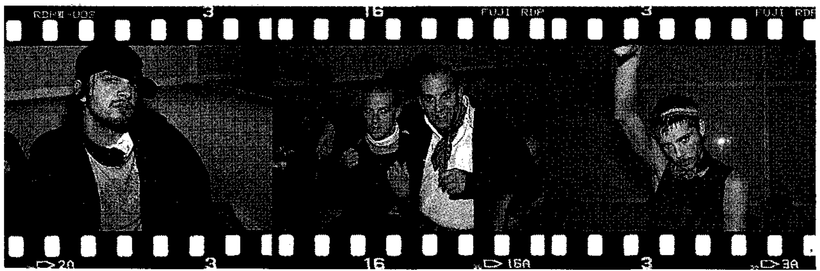


Flash Back

Perhaps it's no surprise that with *X-Men* about to hit theaters, comic-book-chic lightning bolts are striking the city. First, Miu Miu emblazoned them on sandals and bags; then silver zigzags were racing up the sides of customized pants from Filth Mart ($150 and up; 531 East 13th Street; 212-387-0650). Now downtown dudes are foraging for lightning-bolt T-shirts at the sci-fi superstore Forbidden Planet ($18; 840 Broadway, at 13th Street; 212-475-6161) while girls find matching halters ($20) and hair clips ($5) at Patricia Field (10 East 8th Street; 212-254-1699). Even if the fad fades, you might want to hold on to your bolt-bearing baubles—this might be that rare trend that strikes twice.

Sarah Brown





Knots Landing

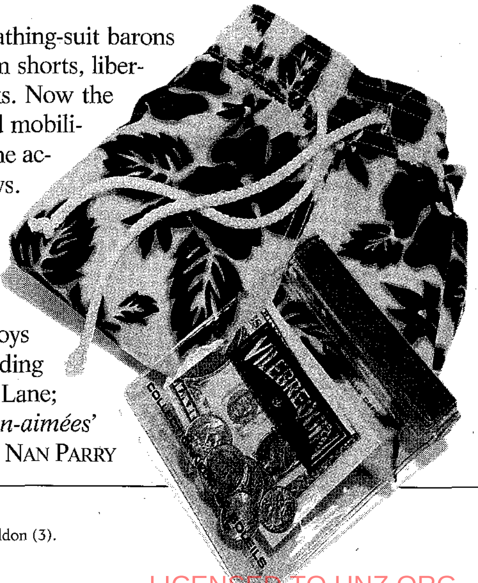
"You could call it a perversion of the ascot—a 'fuck you' to British society," says a gangly, cowboy-booted hipster of his knotted neckwear. Once favored by stuffy English equestrians and Austin Powers lookalikes, the neckerchief has surfaced again. At Spa's Wednesday-night new-wave dance party, rock-and-rollers are mixing and matching snug-fitting bandannas or loosely looped scraps of chiffon with slashed heavy-metal T-shirts, ripped sleeveless oxford shirts, and leather jackets. "It's scumbag chic," shouts a necktied reveler over Ian Dury and the Blockheads' "Sex & Drugs & Rock 'n' Roll," before nonchalantly noting that the scarf's appeal isn't *all* form over function: It also makes a stylish concealer for those embarrassing hickeys.

Joel Ferree

Short Change

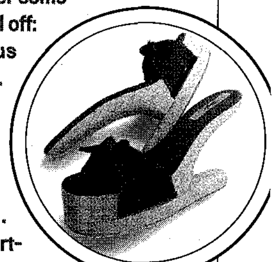
In the early sixties, the Saint-Tropez bathing-suit barons at Vilebrequin invented boxer-cut swim shorts, liberating men's privates from clingy trunks. Now the company has ensured the beach-bound mobility of those *other* highly prized masculine accoutrements: dollar bills and car keys. Vilebrequin's watertight plastic wallets, which come with the shorts and are shaped to slip into the back pocket, have the Hamptons set buzzing around the East End store, and beach boys like Brad Pitt and Tim Jeffries are finding that the tropical suits ($109; 42 Jobs Lane; 631-204-1530) go nicely with their *bien-aimées'* retro-print bikinis and headscarves.

Nan Parry



FIFTEEN MINUTES...

As celebrities on the red carpet have to watch their backs for Elizabeth Hurley *and* Jennifer Lopez, competition for the sexiest dress has turned to competition for something even harder to pull off: the most preposterous wooden platform shoes. Jeffrey carries several architectural wonders from Sky, the L.A. line favored by Lauryn Hill (pictured, $105–$165). Janet Jackson and Courtney Love are fans of Vivienne Westwood's $445 "invisible heel" sculptural wooden wedges. But now that worst-dressed-list winners Tori Spelling and Pamela Anderson Lee are teetering around on the silly soles, the shoes may be consigned to the same fate as the eerily similar chopines worn by seventeenth-century Venetians: gathering dust in museums. Kristina Richards



otographs: clockwise from top, Michael Kraus (4); Noah Sheldon (3).

MEDIA MICHAEL WOLFF

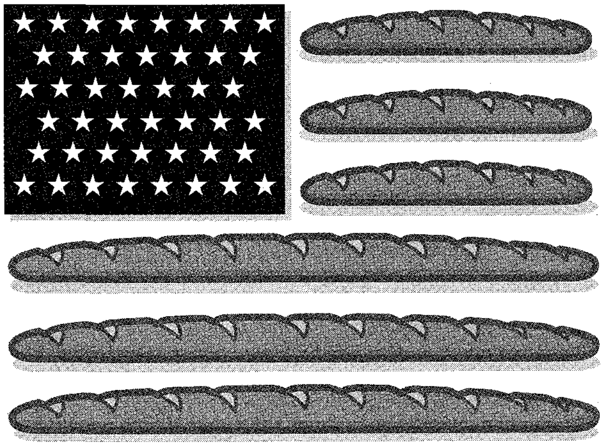
Collaborators

In selling out to the French, is Edgar Bronfman surrendering American media hegemony to yet another European media supremo? Or has he just found a greater fool?

SAY YOU PITCHED A MOVIE about a young man living in France, or a book or magazine article or television show about anything to do with a foreign country, or anyone associated with a foreign country: You would, in the American media business, instantly have marginalized yourself. Even England has to be played for laughs if it's going to play at all.

So ha ha: The American media is now dominated by foreign companies.

But that's a reductive irony, whereas the takeover is really quite a complex and compounded one. Because many of these foreign media companies have been built on distributing the lowest common denominator of American media—*Starsky & Hutch, Magnum P.I.* lowest common denominator—to European audiences.



On the one hand, there is the European ill temper about American cultural and perceptual imperialism (the end of foreign cinema and the complete dominance of Hollywood movies); on the other hand, there are the realities of syndication and licensing deals (Canal+ is in the business of selling *The A-Team* to the French) that have provided the economic wherewithal for the takeover of American media companies by foreign upstarts.

And there's the Internet, which, briefly, was going to be the ultimate instrument of the exportation of American innovation and hegemony, until, shit, it turned out America had screwed up its cell phones, fallen way behind on wireless stuff. So here we are, having to sell the Internet, too, to the Euros. There isn't a U.S. dot-com company that isn't hustling around right now for European dough.

But this is not just simple reverse imperialism, or it is, except you have to couple it with the well-established tradition of being a foreigner who owns a media company in the U.S., i.e., the likelihood that you the foreigner are going to be stripped naked and plundered and held up to public ridicule for your American media adventure.

THIS, THE PLUNDERING PART, IS PROBABLY A good place to start in considering the proposed creation of Vivendi-Universal, a three-way merger of Vivendi, the former Générale des Eaux, a 150-year-old French water company that also owns waste-management systems, lots of publishing properties, and a global ad-agency business; Canal+ (say *ploos*), Europe's largest pay-TV channel, in which Vivendi is a minority holder; and Seagram, the world's largest liquor distributor, which owns, for reasons too ridiculous to recount, a major movie studio and the world's largest music company. (After the combination of those three entities, the new entity will become the second-largest media company in the world after the combination of AOL Time Warner.)

My wife, a media attorney who has had her share of dealings with foreign media barons, believes that, partly as a result of language barriers and compensatory arrogance (with the French, of course, being among the most compensatorily arrogant), foreigners are incapable of doing a proper due diligence. Therefore you can sell them anything. This was true of the Japanese when they bought Hollywood studios. The Germans when they bought book companies. The English (who have their own linguistic—and emotional—issues) and the Dutch (and French) when they bought magazines. And the French (and English) when they bought ad agencies. (Murdoch is the exception to the foreigners-get-brutalized-and-robbed paradigm. But then, he did what most foreigners would never do: He became an American—a role that neither Vivendi CEO Jean-Marie Messier or Canal+ chief Pierre Lescure seems suited for.) Foreigners just don't know the questions to ask and are, relatively speaking, too embarrassed to ask anyone who might know the questions. Such embarrassment, my wife believes, translates into a dismissive attitude about the silly American obsession with details (like leases, and contracts, and trademarks, and, in general, who owns what, and what moneys are reliably due), and often results in a bonanza for American media sellers—in this case, allowing the Bronfmans to sell the French a probable pig in a poke. (God knows, you haven't seen other bidders lining up.)

"Everybody makes a lot of money when the French come to town," says Jerry Della Femina, who made a lot of money when the French (from the same company that is now buying Seagram) bought his advertising agency.

It is, though, not just a case of American media people taking advantage of foreign media people. Many students of this art, including Della Femina, would argue that it is American media people taking advantage of people trying to take advantage of them. (Della Femina has also sold his agency to the English—indeed, he sold it first to the English, and then managed to get the French to buy it again from him; in addition, his book *From Those Wonderful Folks Who Brought You Pearl Harbor* is an early classic of the global economy.)

Certainly the Europeans can be difficult to deal with. (Let us not forget Gian Carlo Paretti, who bought MGM, took the French bank Crédit Lyonnais, which financed the deal, for nearly all

Illustration by James O'Donnell.

it was worth, and has been on the lam pretty much ever since.)

My wife's analysis is that European media moguls have tried to ape (or out-ape) American media moguls. But they have achieved even more outsize egos and a greater sense of entitlement than their American mogul counterparts, because in Europe, there is a greater tradition of the one true strutting supremo (together with milder accounting rules and securities oversight).

My favorite Euro-media supremo is Berlusconi, the Italian in the guise of the very American figure of a smiling, affable salesman (the usual European big-cheese affect is of an intellectual, or aristocrat, or bureaucrat). He has managed to monopolize his nation's media (half of its television, its largest magazine publisher, its leading news magazine, a major national newspaper, and the biggest book publishers) as well as to be headed for a second term as its prime minister.

Indeed, it is this connection between the government and the media, a deeply incestuous relationship in almost every European country, that suggests, not unreasonably, a lot of self-dealing and tends to create a culture of people saying things with the assumption that other people know they are saying something else.

"The French," Della Femina declares, "are simply incapable of telling the truth."

The Europeans, of course, accuse the Americans of small-time literal-mindedness, hypocritical moralism, and intellectual dishonesty. Life and business, the Europeans argue, are complex, shaded, many-layered.

As it happens, the result of this live-and-let-live, you-scratch-me-I'll-scratch-you attitude is a national web of interlocking companies so tight that all companies become one, and monopoly is truly complete (or else unnecessary).

On the other hand, the Euros would argue that this is exactly what AOL Time Warner is about, so shut up.

HERE'S A SNAPSHOT:
Havas, the centerpiece of the Vivendi media empire and the largest and oldest publisher in France, collaborated with the Germans during World War II and, as punishment, was nationalized after the war. (So, along with Bertelsmann, that makes two of the most important media companies in the U.S. former Nazi accomplices.) Under the management of the French government, it added advertising agencies, bus-tour companies, and pay television to its portfolio.

Havas arrived in the U.S. in the late eighties, under chairman Pierre Dauzier, an associate of French prime minister Jacques Chirac, when it took a small stake in the English advertising group WCRS, which owned the U.S. agencies Della Femina McNamee and HBM/Creamer. As the English group encountered financing difficulties, the Havas agency, Eurocom, continued to raise its stake, taking over all of the WCRS advertising and public-relations interests by the early nineties.

In 1991, under the firm encouragement of the French government, Eurocom merged with the ailing French advertising group RSCG ("Why should we?" perhaps the conversation went with government authorities. "Why? Because you are French" was perhaps the answer), which owned U.S. agencies Messner, Vetere, Berger McNamee & Schmetterer and Tatham-Laird.

In 1995, Havas, officially privatized but with the French government still a major shareholder, exchanged part of its shares with French telecom giant Alcatel Alsthom, another partially government-owned entity, and took over its publishing operations. In 1997, utility conglomerate Générale des Eaux, also partially owned by the French government, and run by Jean-Marie Messier, the former Finance Ministry functionary who had headed the government's privatization team, acquired 30 percent of Havas. In 1998, Générale des Eaux, now renamed Vivendi, bought the 70 percent of Havas it didn't own, which includes a 49 percent interest in Canal+. Last year, Vivendi, in its first digital foray, bought Cendant's computer-game division for something close to $1 billion. It also took a 24.5 percent stake in Murdoch's BSkyB. Now it has allied with Vodafone AirTouch, the world's biggest mobile-phone company, to create Vizzavi (for vis-à-vis), a wireless Web portal, which launched last week with elephants and a big top on the banks of the Seine.

> *"European media moguls have tried to ape American media moguls. But they have achieved* **even more outsize egos** *and a greater sense of entitlement than their American mogul counterparts."*

WHAT DOES THIS MEAN, OTHER THAN THAT Ron Meyer and possibly even Barry Diller are now French civil servants?

In all probability, it means nothing. You buy a company because you can do a deal for it, not least of all because your government, and your friends in government, are helping you out. (Indeed, at the root of many of these Euro acquisitions is a more favorable accounting rule about the amortization of goodwill—i.e., the value of brand—than exists for American media companies.) So what is happening is just a series of trades and flips allowing the Bronfmans to take advantage of Vivendi and giving Vivendi the opportunity to maximize the incredible cash flow available from film and television libraries and, in the near to medium term, to take advantage of someone else. In other words, no one is really planning on staying around for the long haul.

But at the same time, the deal does represent the philosophic and strategic rationale of the moment. This rationale is that media is a utility. It is pipes. And therefore, if you have experience in piping water, then you're qualified to administer the digital flow too. This is, in essence, the AOL Time Warner rationale—pipes are stable. The hope is, on the part of both the world's soon-to-be first- and second-largest media companies, that if you reduce media to plumbing, the vagaries of content won't matter so much. Of course, Vivendi argues that the AOL Time Warner pipes are rusty and that its pipes, the wireless ones, are the next big thing now. In addition, there is the global rationale. Jean-Marie Messier has taken to characterizing AOL Time Warner as a parochial concern, emphasizing the *A* in AOL. (Gerry Levin, for his part, refers, in a meticulous French accent, to "the former Générale des Eaux" when the subject of Vivendi comes up.)

BUT THE EUROPEANS, I THINK, ARE RIGHT. To understand this deal, you have to look at it less literally than we are accustomed to. The comedy is important here. When I asked Della Femina what he thought was going to happen, I heard a big rich laugh over the phone. When I asked my wife, she offered a very slapstick description of people running around the house of Bronfman sweeping things under the rugs.

But the thing about the global economy is that while you know someone is the sucker, it gets harder and harder to say who.

E-mail: michael@burnrate.com

THE NATIONAL INTEREST LAWRENCE O'DONNELL JR.

Third Party Poopers

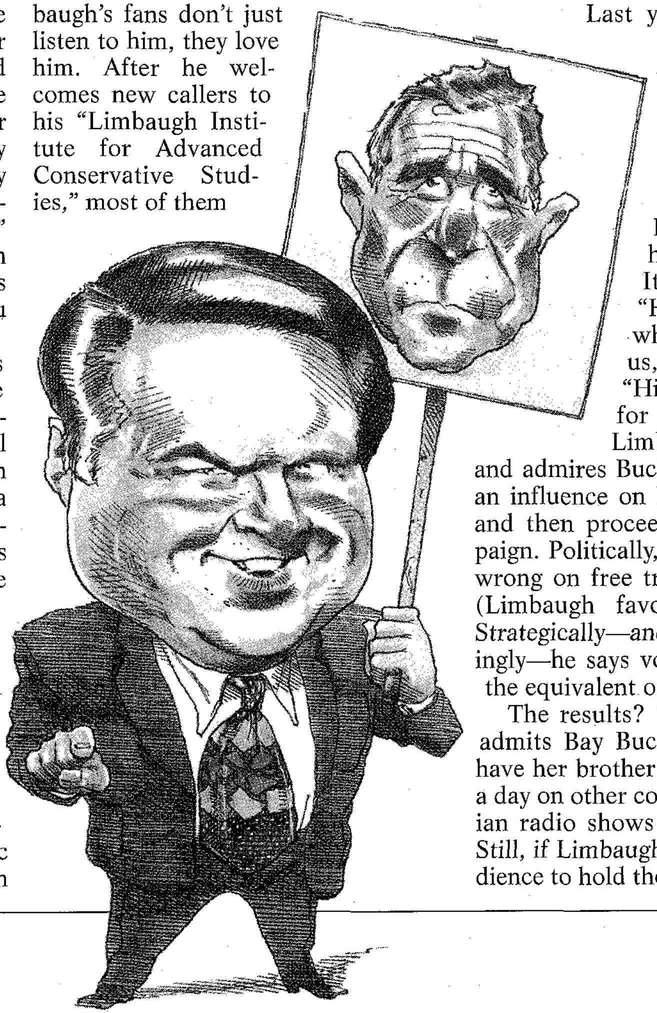
In a close race for the middle, Buchanan and Nader are forcing Bush and Gore to watch their flanks. The unlikely power player? Rush Limbaugh.

THE PRESIDENTIAL RACE IS GOING to be closer than you think. Forget about the polls that show George W. Bush leading Al Gore by ten or twelve points—the latest NBC/*Wall Street Journal* poll, which uses the largest sample, shows Bush ahead of Gore by only eight points in a two-way race. But with Ralph Nader officially nominated by the Green Party and Pat Buchanan closing in on the Reform Party nomination, it's not going to be a two-way race. And when the same poll factors in Buchanan and Nader, Bush's lead drops to only five points. That's in a poll with a 2.4-point margin of error.

That's also before the debates. Right now, the Presidential Debate Commission is requiring debate participants to be polling at least 15 percent of the vote, meaning Buchanan (with four points) and Nader (with seven) would be excluded. But both are trying to sue their way in. Buchanan has a better shot, since he'll likely be a federally funded candidate of a national party on the ballot in all 50 states. "If taxpayers are financing your campaign," says Buchanan's sister and campaign manager, Bay Buchanan, "they sure as heck have a right to hear what you have to say."

All along, Buchanan's strategy has hinged on the debates simply because he thinks he can steal the show. Without third-party candidates, Gore will shine—he's a much better debater than Bush. But he's never had to share a stage with Buchanan, the best TV debater working today. Buchanan comes prepared, thinks quicker than anyone who has ever participated in a televised presidential debate, and would make Gore—and everyone else—look like Bill Bradley. He may know less about governing than Bush or Gore, but it won't look that way on TV. He'd get a bump after the debates, and with as little as two and a half points separating the front-runners, any bump at all is cause for panic in the Bush camp. Nader's participation and performance in the debates is harder to predict, but Bush's ability to keep conservatives from straying to Buchanan and Gore's ability to keep liberals away from Nader could be the deciding factor in this election.

BUSH HAS IT EASIER—HE CAN COUNT ON help from the most powerful political voice in American media. Rush Limbaugh loves to point out that he's "the most-listened-to radio-talk-show host in the country," and his election-year audiences run as high as 20 million people. (By comparison, Tim Russert, the neutral host of *Meet the Press,* has the next-biggest audience—3.5 million—and the opinionated hosts of political cable shows measure their audiences in the hundreds of thousands.) What's more, Limbaugh's fans don't just listen to him, they love him. After he welcomes new callers to his "Limbaugh Institute for Advanced Conservative Studies," most of them finish the lecture ready to follow his advice. And no one has benefited from Limbaugh's teachings as much as George W. Bush. At the beginning of the presidential campaign, when the right was wondering if Bush was conservative enough, Limbaugh said he was and effectively settled the question. Then, when John McCain began to threaten Bush's lead, Limbaugh convinced conservatives that the McCain surge was really the "McCain Mutiny." Because McCain broke ranks with his party on one issue—campaign-finance reform—Limbaugh said he "fits right in with the Clinton-Gore crowd." McCain's staff couldn't measure Limbaugh's effect, but they grumbled privately about hearing echoes of Limbaugh's arguments in every conservative audience they faced.



Last year, when Buchanan was bringing up the rear of the Republican primary race, Limbaugh paid him little attention, but as soon as he bolted to the Reform Party, he went after him with a vengeance. It's not always easy. "He gets into trouble when he does it with us," says Bay Buchanan. "His base is very strong for Buchanan." Indeed, Limbaugh says he likes and admires Buchanan, credits him as an influence on his political thinking, and then proceeds to trash his campaign. Politically, he says, Buchanan is wrong on free trade and immigration (Limbaugh favors more of both). Strategically—and perhaps more damningly—he says voting for Buchanan is the equivalent of voting for Gore.

The results? "He's very effective," admits Bay Buchanan, who plans to have her brother do at least two hours a day on other conservative and Christian radio shows to try to fight back. Still, if Limbaugh can persuade his audience to hold the party line, Buchanan

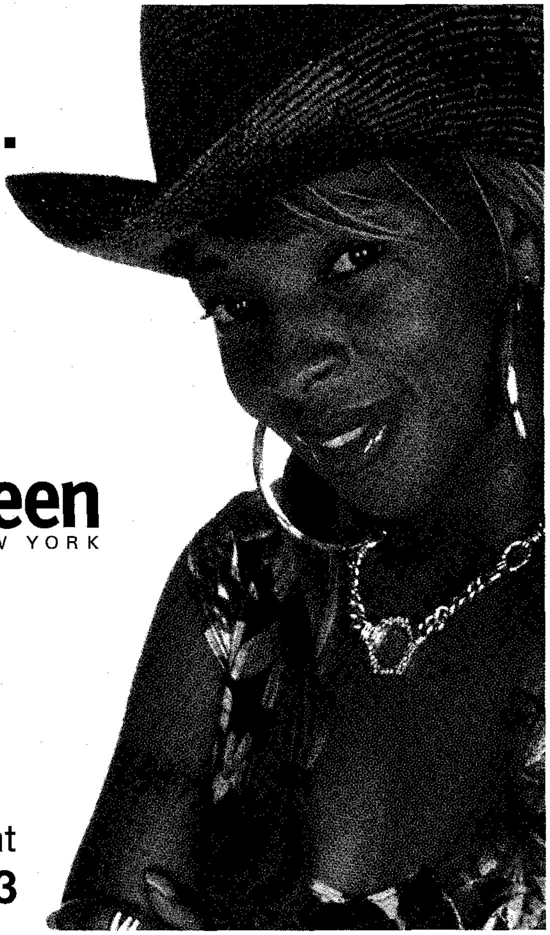
Illustration by David Smith.

won't carry more than 5 percent of the vote and Limbaugh could end up with a good seat at a Bush inauguration.

UNFORTUNATELY FOR GORE, THE DEMOcrats don't have their own Rush Limbaugh to inoculate him against Nader. Which isn't to say they haven't tried to create one: Mario Cuomo and a few less eloquent liberals have tried and failed to become radio's leftist Limbaugh. That leaves professional politicians, but Cuomo can no longer get himself booked on the *Today* show as easily as he once did, no one watches Jesse Jackson's Sunday-afternoon show on CNN, and Ted Kennedy has his own re-election campaign to run. Of course, Bill Clinton has an even bigger megaphone than Limbaugh, but he's not likely to sway Nader's fans, who burst into applause whenever their candidate refers to Clinton and Gore as "corporate paymasters."

Nader can't be made part of a vast right-wing conspiracy or portrayed as a threat to Social Security and Medicare, so the tried-and-true Clinton-Gore method of demonizing opponents won't work, either. Of course, Gore can still depend on the mainstream media to dutifully deliver the message that a vote outside the major parties is a wasted one, and liberal-leaning pundits will scream to the high heavens that a vote for Nader is a vote for Bush. Both will help, but neither will have the impact of Limbaugh's perfectly targeted anti-Buchanan message. And if Nader's numbers don't collapse by October, don't be surprised if Gore has to come right out and beg Nader's supporters to come back to the Democratic ticket. Too bad James Carville doesn't have his own radio show. Of course, if he did, Limbaugh would probably crush him too. ▬

> *"If Limbaugh can persuade his audience to* **hold the party line,** *Buchanan won't carry more than 5 percent of the vote and Limbaugh could end up with a good seat at a Bush inauguration."*



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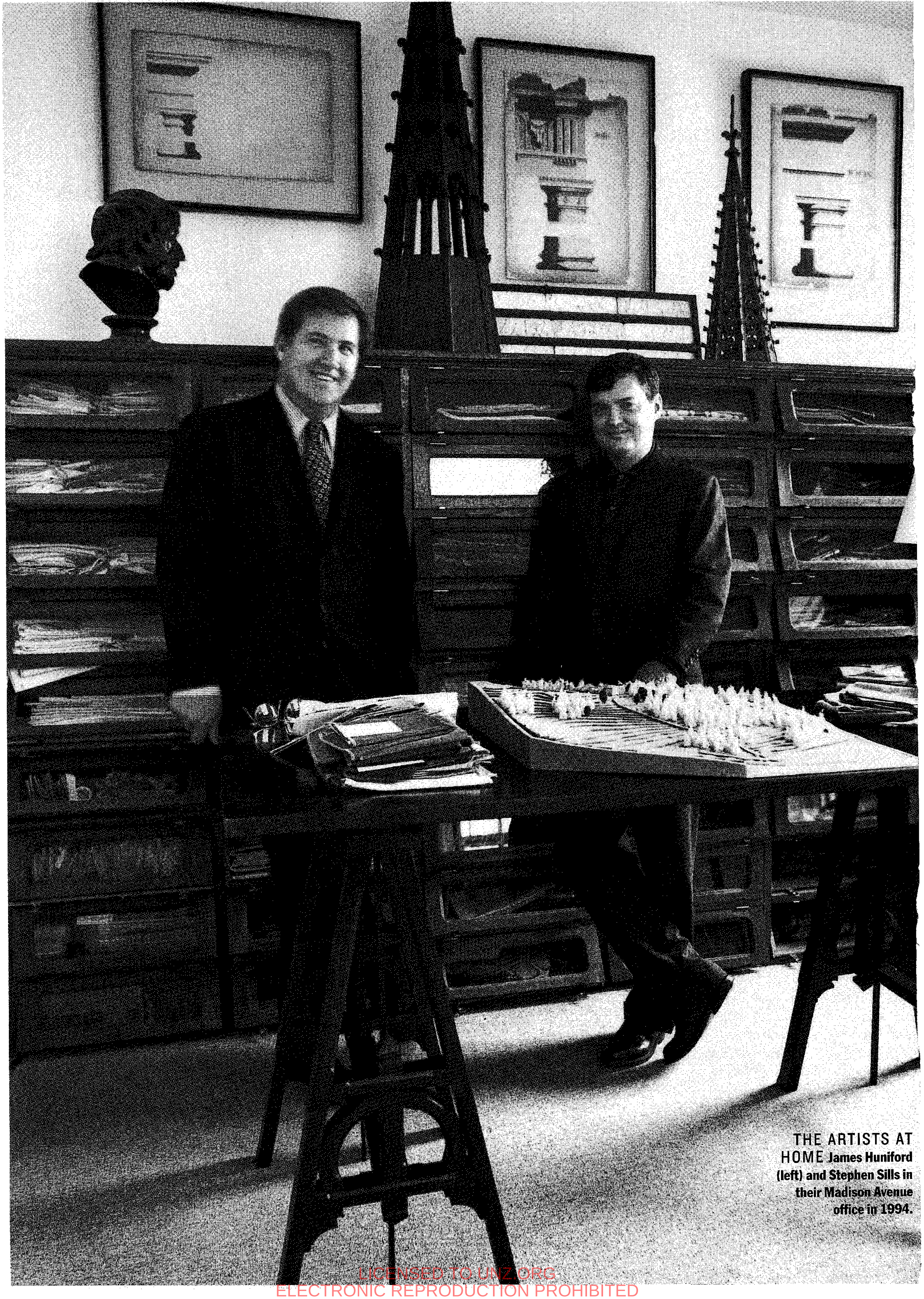
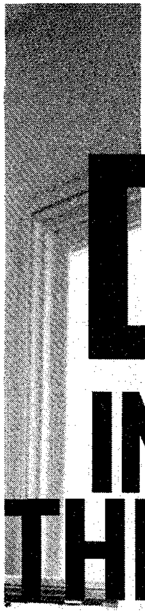


THE ARTISTS AT HOME James Huniford (left) and Stephen Sills in their Madison Avenue office in 1994.



DECORATORS IN THE HAUTE SEAT

A glittering client list and undeniably exquisite taste helped establish Stephen Sills and James Huniford as the hottest design team in town. The mansion they were building for a Philadelphia credit-card king was to be their masterpiece. Instead, it allegedly became an $80 million money pit that has exposed them to charges of price-gouging and *shockingly* undecorous behavior. By Rene Chun

Photograph by Timothy Greenfield-Sanders

IT WAS THE KIND OF PARTY ONE WOULD EXPECT from the most successful interior-design team in New York. Stephen Sills and James Huniford flaunted a dazzling celebrity-client list, inspired glossy-magazine spreads, charged exorbitant fees, and collected Twomblys in their spare time. • In December 1997, Huniford had turned 40, and the partners, at the top of their game, celebrated the occasion with the tasteful extravagance that distinguished all their projects. The vast TriBeCa loft they booked for the event was accessorized with vintage Warren McArthur furniture and illuminated by hundreds of flickering votive candles. A wall of windows afforded a panoramic view of the Hudson. As a frigid wind howled down Vestry Street, guests nibbled on Beluga while male models in white jackets poured endless glasses of Veuve Cliquot. • When the cake was presented, several large television monitors were wheeled out, and on cue Tina Turner's pixelated big hair washed over the screens as the rock diva serenaded Huniford with a soulful rendition of "Happy Birthday." The grand gesture was Turner's way of saying thanks for the work they had done on her house in the south of France—an effort that was rewarded when the home landed on the cover of *Architectural Digest.* • But before the evening ended, another client—far less famous but infinitely more valuable—delivered his own heartfelt tribute to Sills and Huniford. In the back of the room, removed from the sea of editors, socialites, and design groupies, a tall, distinguished-looking man with a neatly clipped mustache raised his glass and proposed a toast. He was Dennis Alter, the multimillionaire chairman of Advanta, one of the country's largest issuers of MasterCard and Visa credit cards. The kind of client whose net worth would quicken any decorator's pulse.

Alter spoke eloquently of the newfound friendship he and his wife, Gisela, felt so fortunate to have found with the two decorators. He went on to explain that Sills and Ford (*nobody* calls him Huniford) not only were supremely talented but were the only ones who truly understood his aesthetic vision. Which is why, after an extensive vetting process, he had entrusted them with the 38,000-square-foot dream house he was building outside Philadelphia.

Alter gushed that he couldn't be happier with the results. True, it had been an arduous process—the project was entering its fourth year—but with the end nearly in sight, the Alters seemed actually saddened by the prospect of life without Ford and Sills. Glasses were raised to toast this marriage of Manhattan's superstar design team and Philadelphia's premier power couple.

Less than nine months later, the "marriage"—not to mention friendship—was in shambles.

On September 11, 1998, the Alters summoned Huniford to an urgent meeting. According to court papers, it was not a pleasant one. Dennis Alter went ballistic, charging that Huniford and Sills had grossly inflated the prices of furniture they had selected for his house. According to the Alters' lawyers, the designers had agreed to purchase furniture and fixtures at fair market price and to pass them along with no markup or commission.

Unless Sills Huniford Associates (SHA) made full restitution, legal papers indicate, Alter said he would leak their misdeeds to the press, "make their lives hell," and "put them in jail." Several months later, his lawyers issued an ultimatum: The decorators would reimburse the Alters on the overcharges by March 11, 1999, or face criminal charges.

When no satisfaction was forthcoming, the Alters hired, according to legal papers, "one of the world's leading criminal-investigative firms and forensic accountants to aid in the prosecution of this matter." On July 9, 1999, the couple initiated arbitration proceedings against Huniford and Sills and their corporation, accusing them of fraud, professional negligence, and breach of contract and fiduciary duty. The Alters demanded $6 million in damages, plus interest, costs, and attorneys' fees. Documents filed by the Alters include a list of antiques they claim they overpaid for dearly.

Topping that list was an eighteenth-century Italian Baroque mirror purchased at John Hobbs in London, for which the couple paid $165,020. The Alters had obtained an appraisal that placed the mirror's worth at no more than $43,000, and as little as $20,000. Other items included a pair of French Empire armchairs from a Paris antiques dealer ($36,645), worth, according to the Alters, between $10,000 and $22,000, and a $90,000 Italian chandelier with an appraised value of $30,000.

The Alters contend that furniture from SHA's private inventory was outrageously overpriced as well. According to the Alters, SHA's original asking price for a pair of Italian neoclassical benches (circa 1800), for example, was $130,000; it was offered to them at a "discount" price of $90,000. But a subsequent appraisal obtained by the Alters valued them at no more than $60,000. A German rococo-style side table priced at $290,000 was later appraised by the Alters at $92,000; the Alters allege that the table was also similar to one sold at auction within the past eighteen months for $78,000. But perhaps the most significant markup alleged by the Alters was that of a mid-twentieth-century T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings dining table the decorators had priced at $65,000. According to legal papers, a similar table had sold recently at Sotheby's for just $5,750.

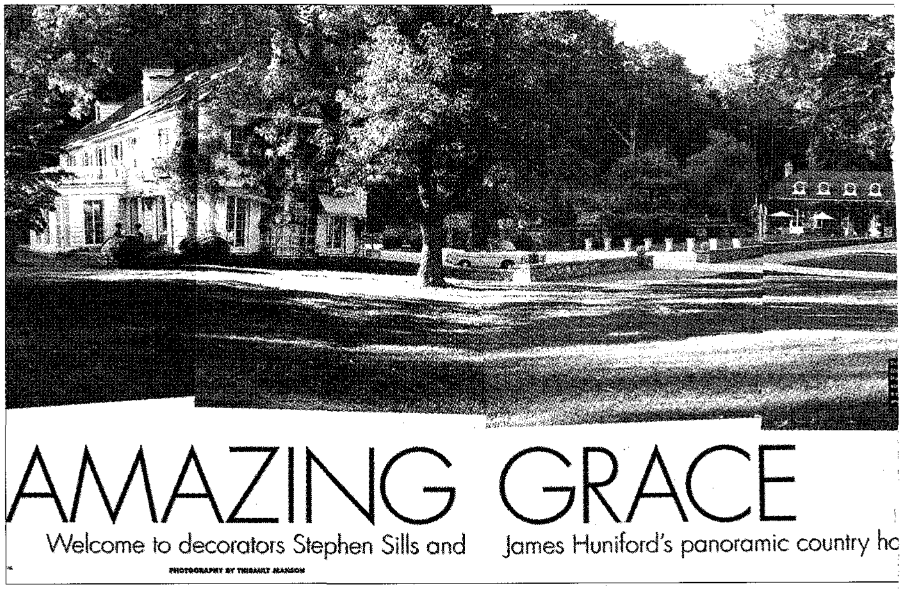
The Alters even claim that Sills and Ford butchered one of their pricey purchases: "You surreptitiously reduced the size of an Italian Baroque frame with mirror when it didn't fit in the intended space and then lied about your conduct when confronted with the facts." They also question the authenticity of a pair of Louis XVI side cabinets purchased in Paris. The Alters' lawyers denounce Sills and Huniford as two people whose "actions were driven by greed and corruption."

For their part, SHA's lawyers fiercely dispute the Alters' appraisals, pointing out that valuing a piece of art or furniture is far from an exact science. In other words, who is to say what an Italian Baroque mirror is really worth, chopped or unchopped? The decorators' lawyers claimed they could produce higher appraisals that corroborated the prices charged to their clients.

As for the alleged fake Louis XVI cabinets? SHA's lawyers maintained that the shop that sold them was exceedingly reputable and vouched for their authenticity. However, that didn't prevent the lawyers from offering this disclaimer: "In no case did SHA or its principals vouch for or guarantee the authenticity, antique status . . . or pedigree of any furniture the Alters selected." Given that Sills's reputation is based in large part on his connoisseurship of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century antiques, this escape clause was poorly received, to say the least.

Sills and Huniford offered the Alters a full refund on all furniture, but their peace offering was angrily rejected. Now the Alters wanted blood. "As you know," wrote one of their lawyers, William J. Taylor, in a venomous letter to SHA's legal counsel, "an offer to make restitution after being caught vio-

DOUBLE DEALING **Anna Wintour, an admirer and a client, stopped speaking to Huniford and Sills when the decorators' Bedford home, promised to *Vogue* for the December 1995 issue, opposite, was featured simultaneously in *Elle Décor,* below.**



AMAZING GRACE

Welcome to decorators Stephen Sills and James Huniford's panoramic country ho

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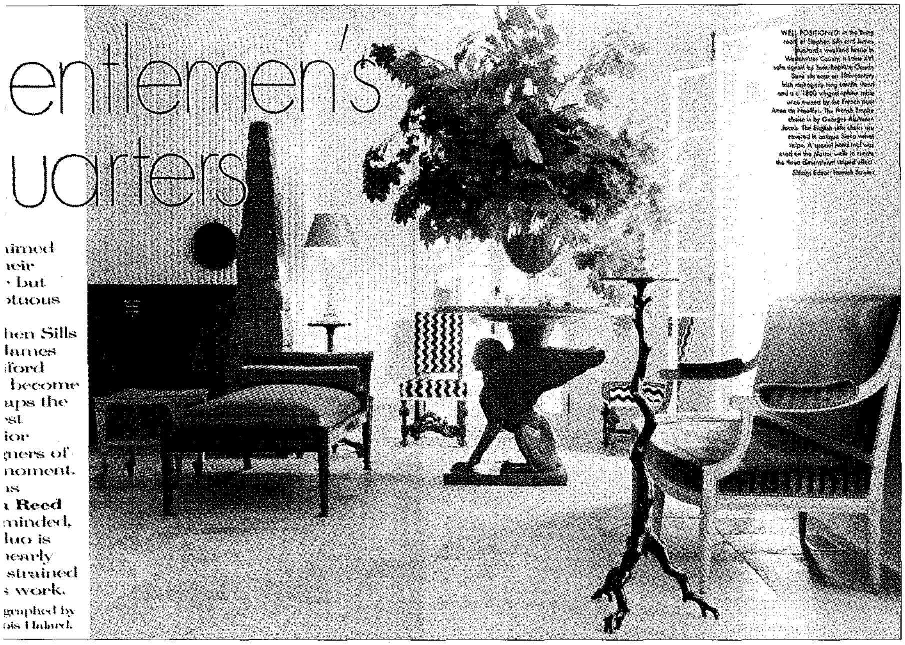
lating the law does not erase the violation."

In response, SHA attorney Jack Pawa again proclaimed his clients' innocence and suggested to Taylor that it was in the Alters' best interest to cut a deal rather than pursue a judgment: "In my experience, arbitrators and judges are not all that sympathetic to owners who lavish this much money on a personal residence," the lawyer noted pointedly. "While it is their right, your clients have spent more on certain items of furniture than many people spend to acquire the houses they live in all their lives."

Much to the Alters' consternation, Sills and Ford had begun making accusations of their own. In arbitration papers, the decorators claimed that the Alters refused to return more than $100,000 worth of furniture and draperies they hadn't paid for, and still owed SHA $175,000 in fees and disbursements. They claimed that in one instance, Mrs. Alter moved an expensive rug from residence to residence to avoid movers who had come to pick it up. The case is now being heard by arbitrators in a proceeding closed to the press and the public. Neither Huniford and Sills nor the Alters, or either party's lawyers, responded to repeated requests for comment for this story.



ford made full restitution, Alter warned, he would **LEAK**
)S to the press, "make their lives hell," and "put them in jail."

HUNIFORD AND SILLS WIELD ENOUGH POWer within the city's insular design community that very few have dared to criticize the two publicly. But it is equally telling that very few of their peers have publicly defended them in this crisis.

"People are saying, 'They deserve it. We knew it all along.' " says one well-known decorator, with a trace of glee. He pauses, as if to contemplate whether this indiscretion reflects poorly on him. "They probably dug their own grave," he adds solemnly. "I find it very sad." Asked who Sills and Huniford's friends are, the decorator replies curtly,

As one insider put it, "Sills and Ford are hugely unpopular. It's remarkable that two such talented people can inspire such hatred." "I worked with them, and it was a most unpleasant experience," reports one architect. "I would never work with them again."

"I have this image of them going home at night, standing before the mirror, and unzipping the human suits to reveal their lizard bodies underneath," says a well-connected writer at a glossy monthly. "They're nasty." Even Roger Prigent, a Manhattan furniture dealer who claims to be Sills and Huniford's "best and only friend," doesn't bother with excuses. "I heard that they were asking too much money for furniture," the Frenchman confesses in lilting, fractured English. "You know, decorators are very tricky. But if the client is dumb enough to buy it? Me, I don't deal with them professionally."

James Reginato, features director at *W* magazine, attempts to lend some perspective to the rancor directed at the two. "Almost *everyone* in the interior-design business wants each other dead," he says with a sigh. "It's worse than fashion."

"We all vie for the same clients, which makes for complicated relationships," agrees an uptown decorator. "You never know if you're a friend or a rival. But the thing with Stephen and Ford is that from the beginning, they made it very clear we were *all* rivals. They think they are better than everybody else, that they are more talented, that their clients are richer. It's too much to take."

Yet the current animosity that New York decorators harbor toward Huniford and Sills is prompted by more than mere professional jealousy. "We're worried that the Alter fiasco is going to reflect poorly on all of us," one designer admits nervously. "If Stephen and Ford's clients start to question the billing process, so will every other client." Joe Schiavo, the proprietor of OLC, a Philadelphia-based lighting and furniture showroom, says Dennis Alter's decision to go after Sills and Huniford may have a domino effect that will eventually call into question the integrity of every high-end designer in Manhattan. "They're going to be remembered as the decorators who killed the golden goose."

HOW DID SILLS HUNIFORD ASSOCIATES, Inc., one of the world's most prestigious interior-design firms, become embroiled in a debilitating legal battle with a credit-card magnate from Philadelphia? How did the budget to build a suburban home escalate from extravagant (a reported $22 million) to obscene (nearly $80 million, according to SHA's lawyers)?

Some of the blame certainly must fall on the Alters themselves. It was Dennis Alter who kept on writing checks as if they were Post-it notes, and he who gave Sills and Huniford virtual carte blanche on the job.

"Here was a guy who made a lot of money and wanted to build a tribute to himself," says one of the top designers on the Alter job. "So he got all these couture designers onboard—there had to be fifteen, twenty consultants. And Dennis just wasn't ready for it. He was just overwhelmed trying to run his business and build this house at the same time."

Instead, he turned to Sills and Huniford, who not only had impeccable credentials (their client list over the years included high-profile editors Anna Wintour and Linda Wells, designers Nan Swid and Vera Wang, businessmen Ian Schrager and Jonathan Newhouse, and dozens of prominent socialites) but also unquestionably exquisite taste.

"They're exceptionally talented," says Wells, the editor of *Allure*, "but they also respected our budget and delivered the project on time, immaculately. I would work with them again in a heartbeat."

Architectural Digest editor-in-chief Paige Rense lauds them for their talent and authority, especially for "using antiques in a very contemporary way." She adds: "We've interviewed many of their clients, and we've never heard anything but wonderful things about them."

STEPHEN SILLS WAS BORN IN DURANT, OKLAhoma, on May 20, 1951, to parents who encouraged their son's rarefied interests from an early age. While other boys were playing sports and reading comic books, the Sillses—John, an ophthalmologist who was also the mayor, and Eloise, a piano teacher—were escorting their son to museums and buying him subscriptions to shelter magazines.

Eloise Sills says her son demonstrated a precocious talent for interior design from the time he was 10: "He did his room over all the time. One time, he went to the dime store and brought back some tinware and paisley fabric. He painted flowers on those bowls and with a little ol' hand stapler, he put that paisley fabric all over the walls."

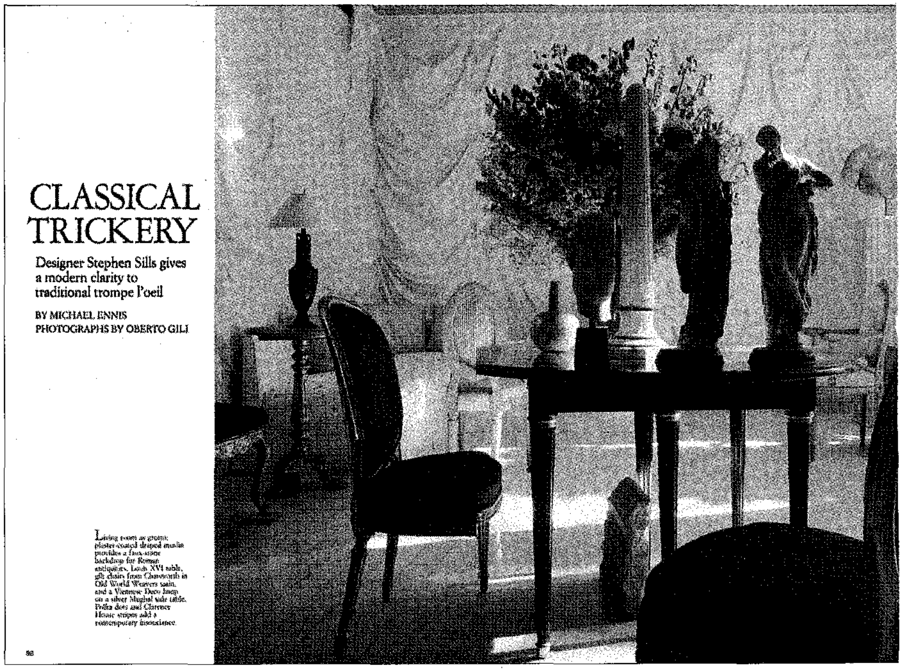
In a backwater like Durant, such diversions would hardly have endeared him to his classmates. Neither would revealing that your heroes were decorator Billy Baldwin and Cecil Beaton. "Growing up, [Stephen] didn't have a lot of friends," recalls Eloise Sills. "He was in another world all the time."

After graduating from high school, he moved to Denton, Texas, and enrolled in the interior-design program at the University of North Texas. He thrived there, graduating with a B.F.A. in May 1973.

The decorator who would later become a staunch proponent of early neoclassical styles started out as a Bauhaus fan. But Sills's minimalist leanings abruptly dissipated when his parents treated him to a grand tour of Europe. For the 22-year-old graduate, this excursion would prove to be an epiphany. "It was magical," Sills once said of his first glimpse of Paris. "I knew it would change my life forever—and it did."

When he returned home, Sills landed a job in Dallas with top decorator Jerry Oden, whose chintz-drenched interiors gained him a reputation as the Sister Parish of Dallas. "I was really excited. It was a good firm and everything," remembers Eloise Sills of her son's first design gig. "But he wasn't there long before he said, 'Mother, I can do this by myself.' I just thought to myself, *Oh, dear.*"

While the tedious tasks of ordering fabric and answering phones were far removed from the life he envisioned for himself, the job did give Sills the chance to meet Oden's wealthy clients, and he soon became as adept at spotting—and handling—an oil tycoon as a Chippendale repro.


CLASSICAL TRICKERY

Designer Stephen Sills gives a modern clarity to traditional trompe l'oeil

BY MICHAEL ENNIS
PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI

While working for Oden, Sills met Ralph Jones, a Texas City native who was marking time as a design assistant at John Astin Perkins, another local interior-design firm. The hunky six-foot-four-inch Texan had studied architecture at the University of Houston, but, disillusioned by the bean-counting part of the profession, decided to pursue decorating.

Jones was everything Sills was not: tall, handsome, charming, and incredibly unambitious. And unlike Sills, who was well traveled and aristocratic in demeanor, Jones was rather naïve. The two became lovers and eventually decided to go into business together. To cement their commitment, they set up house at 3701 Turtle Creek Boulevard, a posh address in the Highland Park section of Dallas.

Sills's next employer was Lloyd & Paxton, the town's most renowned antique emporium, where he acquired much of his appreciation and knowledge of antiques. As he became more confident in his appraisal skills, he began purchasing furniture for the business venture he was planning with Ralph Jones. Pooling their funds, the two men started frequenting estate sales and auctions, and began selling pieces on the side to Texas socialites.

Sills's stint at Lloyd & Paxton ended unhappily when he was, according to a high-placed source at the firm, angrily dismissed by Lloyd Taylor in the middle of a job. "Stephen was just irresponsible and didn't follow through on things," the source says. Tired of working for others, Sills decided to strike out on his own. He borrowed money from his parents and moved with Jones into a two-story townhouse in a fashionable Dallas neighborhood, which they quickly transformed into a showplace. The design firm Jones Sills, Inc., was founded then, as was an eponymous antiques shop, where clients could find the best French and English eighteenth-century furniture.

"Stephen never mentions his old partner because he doesn
episode of his life opened," says an old frien
IMMACULATE CONCEPTION in New York."

THE TOWNHOUSE WOULD REQUIRE A COMplete gutting and take two years to complete, but when it was done, the interior was a revelation. Here, in the middle of Dallas, was an audacious interpretation of an eighteenth-century Italian villa. Despite the traditional elements (trompe l'oeil, freestanding fluted columns, Roman antiquities), the space somehow managed to transcend cliché. The most highly praised feature was the magnificent wall treatment in the living room, which looked surprisingly like an expanse of meticulously cut stone. The ingenious illusion was accomplished by painstakingly dipping muslin sheets hundreds of times in wet plaster.

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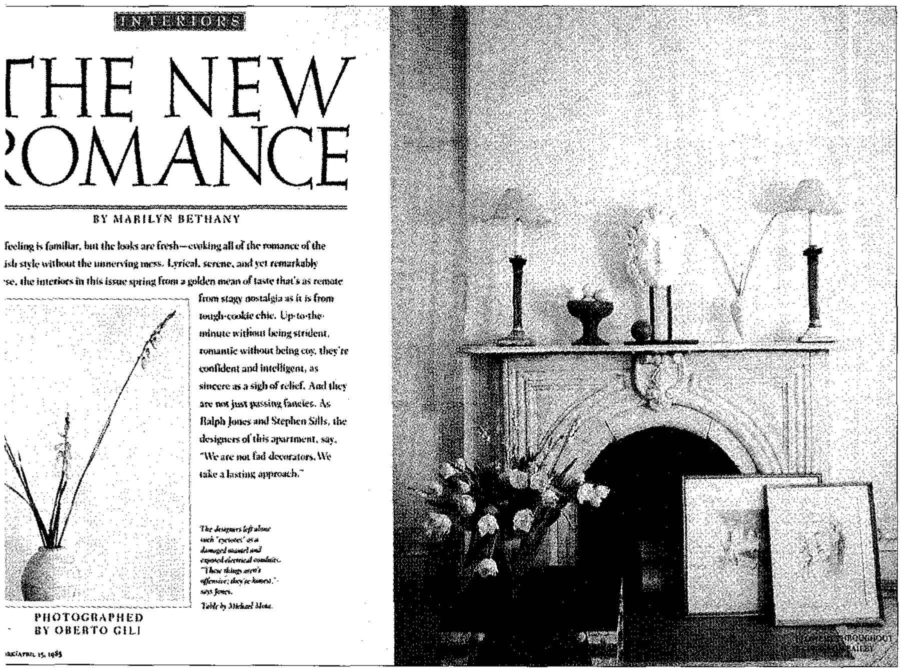


INTERIORS

THE NEW
ROMANCE

BY MARILYN BETHANY

feeling is familiar, but the looks are fresh—evoking all of the romance of the ish style without the unnerving mess. Lyrical, serene, and yet remarkably se, the interiors in this issue spring from a golden mean of taste that's as remote from stagy nostalgia as it is from tough-cookie chic. Up-to-the-minute without being strident, romantic without being coy, they're confident and intelligent, as sincere as a sigh of relief. And they are not just passing fancies. As Ralph Jones and Stephen Sills, the designers of this apartment, say, "We are not fad decorators. We take a lasting approach."

The designers left alone such "eyesores" as a damaged mantel and exposed electrical conduits. "These things aren't offensive; they're honest," says Jones. Table by Michael Moss.

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY OBERTO GILI

APRIL 15, 1985

PARIS, TEXAS When the Dallas townhouse restored by Sills and his partner, Ralph Jones, was featured in a 1986 *House & Garden* spread, left, all references to Jones were mysteriously omitted. Above, their Manhattan apartment appeared in *New York* in 1985.

By 1983, after they'd been in business together for a decade, their affair had run out of steam, and the partnership was limping. While Sills remained in Dallas running the firm, Ralph Jones moved to New York, where he rented an apartment on East 60th Street above Serendipity III and began the arduous task of promoting his and Sills's work to magazine editors and patrons. In 1983, he walked uninvited into the offices of *House & Garden,* armed with photographs of the Dallas townhouse. When Jacqueline Gonnet, the magazine's decorating editor, saw the shots, she immediately took them into the office of Alexander Liberman, Condé Nast's famed art director. Both agreed that the interior was spectacular, and they committed to publishing it. Jones phoned Sills with the good news: They'd finally been discovered.

But when the *House & Garden* crew flew to Dallas a year later to photograph their residence, Jones was still in New York. Stephen Sills failed to notify his partner of the auspicious event.

When the Jones Sills, Inc., project was published in the June 1986 issue of *HG,* Jones's name was missing. The gorgeously photographed interior was credited solely to Sills. The article provided the editorial jolt an unknown designer would need to gain entrée into the New York market, and Jones knew it. Friends urged him to file a lawsuit, but he declined.

Jones doesn't hesitate when asked if he was surprised that Sills engineered his exclusion. "Nothing surprises me," he shrugs. "Stephen is a very egotistical person. That's why I'm not with him anymore. I'm not that aggressive. I'm not that mad to make a fortune. I'm not that mad to run over people."

Indeed, even though their partnership was strained, the two men remained on speaking terms. Jones even allowed Sills to stay at his New York apartment when he was away on business. It was on one of these weekends that James Huniford entered the picture. The handsome Syracuse native was waiting tables at Yellowfingers, a trendy singles scene conveniently located directly across the street from Jones's apartment. Stephen Sills had found his second collaborator.

IN ARTICLES, HUNIFORD IS OFTEN PORtrayed as a former business student and Syracuse University graduate, but the registrar's office says it has no record of Huniford's ever graduating. If he ever did have M.B.A. aspirations, they were abandoned in favor of a far more tantalizing dream: Huniford wanted to be a movie star. "When [James] first went to New York, it was to get into the acting profession," reveals Elizabeth Huniford, James's aunt. "He dabbled in that. Modeling too. He did a number of things to survive down there."

But no one from the three big men's agencies at the time—Zoli, Ford, Wilhelmina—remembers a James Huniford. "Yeah, Ford was a model like Matt Nye was a model," snipes one fashion insider. "What state was he modeling in—Michigan?"

Like Ralph Jones, Huniford was tall, attractive, charming, unsophisticated, and a very hard worker: Sills's perfect type. But unlike Jones, Huniford knew almost nothing about design.

That his business partner had a new love interest was of little concern to Jones, but with each successive visit Sills made to New York, it became more obvious that his partner of thirteen years was planning to scrap Jones Sills, Inc., and embark on a solo career. "I was the introduction for Stephen to New York. He took it from there," laments Jones. "He screwed me over. I saw it, and I said *basta!*"

Jones never did realize any profits from Jones Sills, Inc. All the money was tied up in antiques, which were stored at the Dallas townhouse. According to Scott Brown, Jones's current partner, there was at least $1 million worth of merchandise stashed there, half of which he claims rightfully belonged to Jones. "The house was full of priceless antiques," says Brown. "Fabulous silver, mirrors out of Chatsworth, Ming vases off the Empress Dowager's barge. And Ralph couldn't get any of it."

An attorney was consulted, but with no legally binding contracts and the deed to the townhouse in John Sills's name, there was little recourse. Jones eventually moved to Connecticut and then to Italy, where he lives with Brown, his partner of fifteen years. He says he's gotten over his malice toward Sills, and admires his old partner so much he would even collaborate with him again: "When all is said and done, Stephen is a great artist, and I respect him immensely."

For his part, Sills folded the business in Dallas and moved on to New York, where he and Huniford found a studio apartment. These days, even Sills's confidant

Roger Prigent is astounded to learn that a previous partner existed. Another close associate from Sills's Dallas days explains his friend's reluctance to discuss the past. “[Stephen] never mentioned Ralph because he doesn't want that episode of his life opened,” he says. “It's as if he had this immaculate conception in New York.”

IN 1984, SILLS FOUNDED A NEW BUSINESS venture with James Huniford. This time, though, there would be no mistaking who was the star; the firm was initially called Stephen Sills Associates Inc.

The division of labor was simple: Sills would be the artist; Huniford would be the enabler. Which is to say that if Sills decided a penthouse needed an oversize Louis XVI armoire, Huniford would find the crane (on 24 hours' notice) to hoist the thing seventeen stories in the air, through an open window. “The relationship between Stephen and Ford is quite complementary,” explains Prigent. “It's like Yves Saint Laurent and Pierre Bergé. One is the designer; the other is the businessman.”

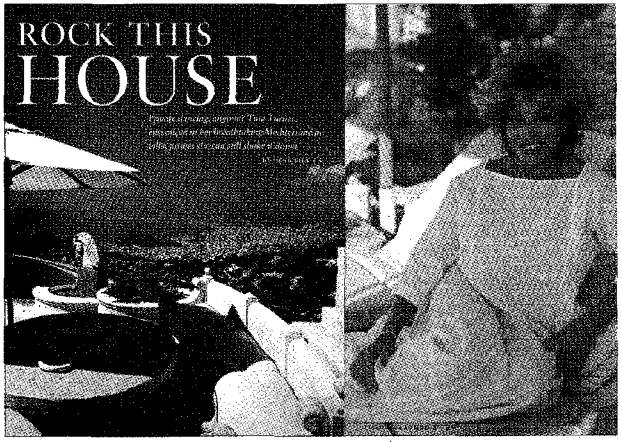
The first few years were difficult. “I remember when Stephen and Ford had no money,” recalls one fashion editor. “They told me they did their grocery shopping at Macy's Cellar because they could put it on a credit card.” The money they did have went toward the renovation and decoration of their new Manhattan apartment. Plaster moldings were custom-designed, based on a Hellenistic motif; wallpaper was distressed and stenciled with Moroccan- and Islamic-inspired motifs; furniture was selected with the utmost care. But the masterstroke—what really got editors panting—was the improbable hand-laid cobblestone floor.

When completed, the studio apartment was a huge hit. Sills and Huniford doled out sections of the apartment, bit by bit, to different publications at different intervals. “They really rotated that apartment around,” one designer says enviously. “For maybe two years or so, that's all that they published. And every time you saw another picture, they'd move a chair or a table.”

Then, in 1988, Stephen Sills got the break that would push him over the top. Anna Wintour, then editor-in-chief of *House & Garden,* picked Sills as a member of the “Clean Team.” The April issue of *House & Garden* profiled five young New York decorators whose fresh approach to interior design went “beyond the traditional and the predictable—without succumbing to trendiness.” Even at this early stage of his New York career, he showed no signs of false modesty: “I have a very persuasive way of creating an environment for my clients, and making them think it's their idea and their taste,” he says in the article. “I give them what they think they wanted, but it's always better than what they imagined.”

When *House & Garden* organized a national promotional tour to publicize the issue, Sills declined to participate. “Everyone else was excited, but Stephen was like, ‘I'm not doing that, thank you,’ ” recalls Sills's friend and fellow Clean Team member Mark Zeff. “We couldn't understand why, because it was such a great opportunity. We were all a bit snobbish, but he was more snobbish than all of us.”

Sills undoubtedly felt he had reason to be a snob. After all, he had been schooled in the finer points of interior design by Jacques Grange, the man many considered to be the world's best living decorator. Sills was introduced to Grange by Prigent at the Paris flea market. “Grange was definitely a mentor of sorts to Stephen and Ford,” says Prigent. “They would ask him for advice.”



When *Architectural Digest's* Tina Turner exclusive appeared
same month, “Tina called and begged Paige Ren
one P.R. source. “PAIGE WOULDN'T EVEN TAKE HE

According to Prigent, Grange taught Sills and Huniford two invaluable lessons that would inform their work. The first was how to combine antiques (especially Louis XVI and Empire) and modern furniture in a simple yet artful manner. The second was an appreciation for the great French Modernist furniture designers of the twenties and thirties, particularly Jean-Michel Frank. “Stephen started by copying Jacques Grange—that's his idol,” says Prigent matter-of-factly. “He will never admit it, but their apartment is a complete copy of Jacques Grange's apartment.”

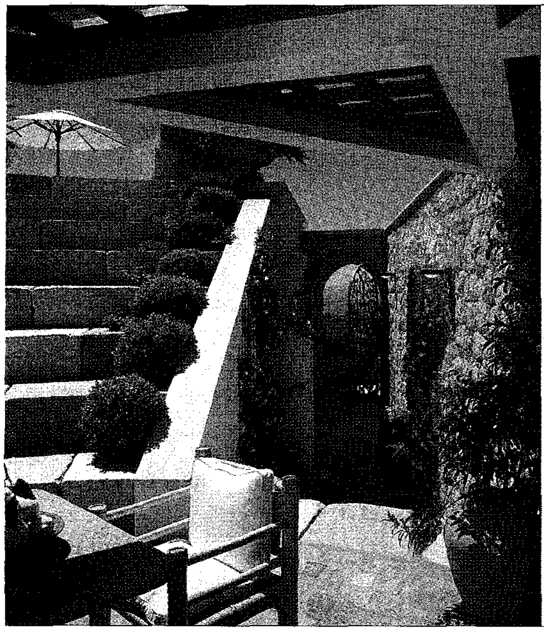
Today, though, the mentor is largely estranged from his protégés. The incident that caused the rift had to do with an apartment Grange had done in Paris that Sills and Huniford were curious about. To oblige them, a friend of Prigent's threw a cocktail party at the newly decorated residence and invited the two American designers. According to one guest that evening, Sills and Huniford did little to hide their competitive impulses. Drapery was pawed over, furniture was inspected, eyebrows were arched. “They should have said, ‘Oh, it's a very pretty apartment. Thank you for inviting me,’ ” says the guest. “But they behaved in a judgmental way. It was not very elegant.”

SILLS AND HUNIFORD'S PARIS FAUX PAS DID LITtle to dampen their popularity back home. In only four years, Stephen Sills Associates had compiled a client list better than those of most established firms, and as the money poured in, they expanded their design empire. The business—now up to fifteen employees—moved to a tony office at 30 East 67th Street. The couple also traded in their studio apartment for a penthouse on 86th Street between Park and Lexington.

With each new commission, the Sills look evolved, until it become a branded commodity, as recognizable as a Mario Buatta or Albert Hadley interior. There were many facets and layers to admire: the craftsmanship involved in the various finishes, the mix of colors and textures, the composition and lighting. But what every editor raved about was the “eclectic” furnishings, invariably seventeenth- and eighteenth-century antiques mixed with Modernist pieces, especially those designed by Jean-Michel Frank.

Of course, they couldn't just be great pieces; they had to be exquisite, museum-quality pieces. Furnishings were categorized as either "important" or "very important," depending on how exalted the lineage happened to be. "I call them the provenance decorators," quips one insider mischievously. "Everything has a provenance." In the library of their 86th Street apartment, for instance, an oval Directoire wine-tasting table that once belonged to Christian Dior shares space with a mirror that was Cecil Beaton's.

BEYOND THUNDERDOME February's *InStyle*, left, carried an effusive feature about Tina Turner's SHA-designed mansion in the south of France, despite the fact that *Architectural Digest*, below, had been promised an "exclusive" on the Turner project.



ARCHITECTURAL DIGEST VISITS
TINA TURNER
THE SINGER'S SECLUDED VILLA ABOVE THE BRIGHT LIGHTS OF THE FRENCH RIVIERA

It's a day before the last solar eclipse of the millennium, and France, like most of Europe, is a little crazy. Everyone is watching the weather channel, listening to kooks predicting an apocalypse and frantically trying to find a pharmacy that hasn't sold out its stock of protective glasses.

In the hills above the Riviera, the serpentine lanes that lead to the great villas are clogged with catering vans and limos as last-minute guests arrive from the Nice airport for parties. In one of the most fabulous of these villas, commanding a hilltop, Tina Turner—radiant in white muslin—is setting up her telescope on the terrace. She happens to know a thing

"It's very harmonious here, very soul-healing," singer Tina Turner (above) says of the modern Mediterranean-style villa she built in the south of France. LEFT: The front terrace has a sunken amphitheater. Table and chairs from Ralph Lauren Home Furnishings.

Interior Design by Sills Huniford Associates/Text by Judith Thurman
Photography by Mary E. Nichols

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Mitchell Owens, a New York *Times* reporter who once curiously trailed Sills and Huniford at a Paris flea market, marvels at the decorators' unerring eye. "It's almost like a sixth sense," he says. "Not only do they choose the best example of a given style, but it always turns out to be something that was owned by some incredible person. There's always this nexus of history, society, craftsmanship, and international chic."

In search of a larger showplace, in 1992 Sills and Huniford purchased a run-down white-shingled house and guest cottage on twenty acres in Bedford, New York. Previously owned by the garden enthusiast and writer Helen Fox, the historic Hi-Low Farm would turn out to be Sills and Huniford's tour de force, complete with eighteenth-century French stone floors, golden chestnut paneling, and plaster walls painstakingly hand-troweled to create 3-D stripes. When the renovation of the house and the elaborate gardens was completed, Karl Lagerfeld proclaimed the retreat to be "the chic-est house in America." Not surprisingly, magazine editors clamored for the exclusive.

It was Anna Wintour, now at *Vogue*, who got the nod. She reserved ten pages for the house, and slated it for the December 1995 issue. But a week before *Vogue* hit the newsstands, the December issue of *Elle Décor* came out, with the Hi-Low Farm prominently featured on the cover. To embarrass an editor (and client)—especially one who had promoted their early work—much less someone as powerful as Anna Wintour, was regarded in the industry as evidence of a professional death wish. To this day, Wintour refuses to speak to them, and she declined to comment for this story.

BY THEN, RUMORS WERE CIRCULATING on the decorating circuit about disgruntled clients and questionable business practices. "Sills and Ford became known for overcharging," Lori Newhouse says bluntly. "They've got a pretty bad reputation in Paris with the antique dealers, too." In 1991, her brother-in-law, Jonathan Newhouse, hired the firm to decorate his Paris apartment in the 16th arrondissement. The trouble erupted over a $20,000 bookcase that turned out, according to Lori Newhouse, to be worth only a fraction of the billed price. Subsequently, she says, it was discovered that other furniture prices were also absurdly inflated. Sills and Huniford were fired from the job.

"I knew that Jonathan was very upset with the prices they were charging for furniture," says his sister-in-law. "I actually have that same bookcase in my house today. Jonathan gave it to me. He couldn't bear to look at it."

In 1995, the two partners were hired for a high-profile job at an apartment in the Pierre Hotel that also ended in their termination. "Stephen and Ford took advantage of me in a pretty bad way," says the client, a financier. "They sold me a whole bunch of things that they supposedly marked up *x* but in reality were marked up 3*x*."

After the client fired SHA, he hired famed architect Peter Marino to finish the job. But despite his unfortunate experiences with Sills and Huniford, the financier says, he continues to recommend them. "Anyone I hire is going to steal from me. So it all comes down to who does a better job. In the end, you hire the more talented thief."

Indeed, several years after Jonathan Newhouse fired Sills and Ford, Ellen and Sam Newhouse hired them. Elyse and Michael Newhouse were next in line. Lori Newhouse explains why the very rich really are different from you and me: "They knew about Sills and Huniford, but they saw something they liked and they were in denial. They interviewed some other designers, but Ford is very persuasive."

Still, inflated prices aren't the only reason clients have let Sills and Huniford go. Samantha Bass, daughter of socialite Anne Bass, hired Sills and Huniford to redecorate her 5,000-square-foot loft on Perry Street, but eventually fired them, according to a former SHA employee. "At meetings, they would treat her like an idiot," says the employee. "Stephen would talk to her with utter disgust in his voice. They're so arrogant."

This year, just as the *Vogue* flap was fading from memory, Sills and Huniford struck again. Paige Rense, the editor-in-chief of *Architectural Digest*, was promised the new Tina Turner house in the south of France for her March 2000 issue. Unbeknownst to Rense, the same interior was given to *InStyle* for February. To make matters worse, the story was leaked to *Entertainment Tonight* and NBC's *Later Today*, both of which aired it before Rense's magazine came out. "Tina called and begged Paige for forgiveness," says one P.R. source. "But Paige wouldn't even take her calls."

"I wasn't thrilled," Rense acknowledges, "but I don't blame them for it. I don't think they engineered it." And she says the *InStyle* story focused largely on Turner and little on the decorators' work, making it less problematic than the earlier *Vogue–Elle Décor* duplication. Which is a good thing, because when the New York *Times* did a piece on the earlier flap, she told the reporter: "I would have just . . . killed them. It's a . . . very stupid thing for a decorator to do. No other editor will trust you."

In this case, at least, they seem to have escaped unscathed; one of their latest interiors appeared in a recent issue of *Architectural Digest,* and it is rumored that Tina Turner has handed them another commission.

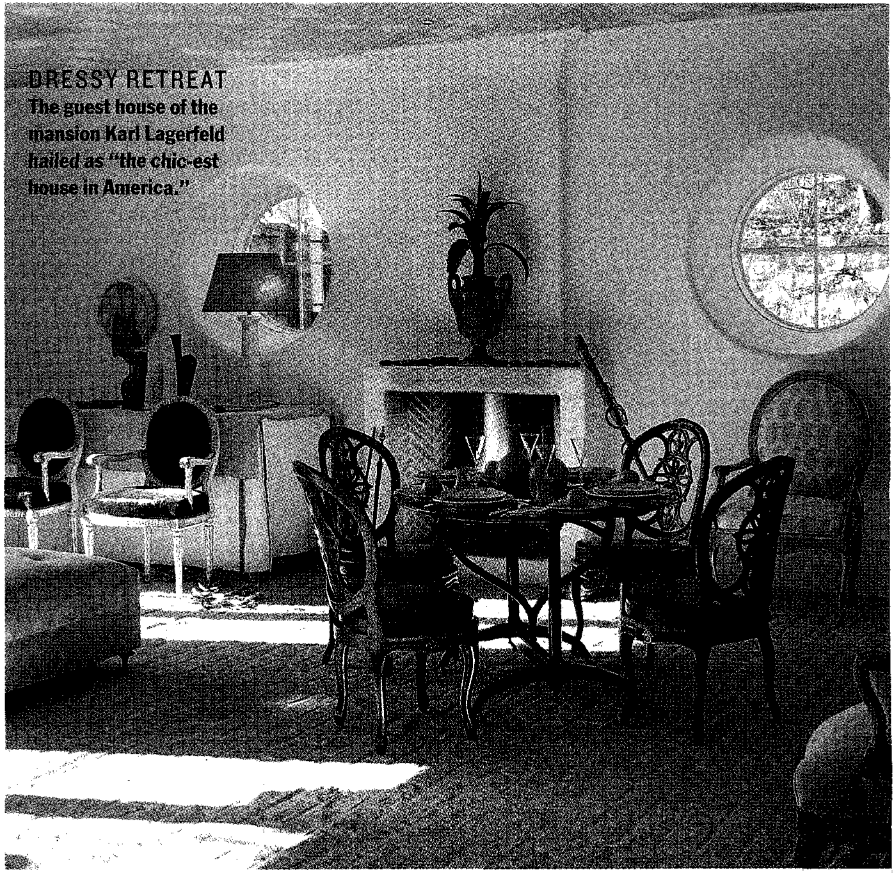
THE ORIGINAL CONTRACT BETWEEN the Alters and Sills Huniford Associates (as his P.R. and managerial skills became increasingly indispensable, Huniford was granted second billing) was signed on November 20, 1994. The terms stipulated that Sills and Huniford would be paid $875,000 for their interior-design services.

It was an ambitious project by any estimate. Alter didn't just want a house; he wanted a Wagnerian statement. "It was built more along the lines of a museum than a house," says one consultant. Which made perfect sense; one of the main functions of the structure was to provide a suitable space to display Alter's formidable Abstract Expressionist art collection, which ran the gamut from Mark Rothko to Morris Louis.

To construct his suburban palace, Alter assembled a dream team comprising the best consultants in their respective fields, including architect Rafael Viñoly, landscape designer Morgan Wheelock, and SHA.

No expense was spared during construction. Consider, for instance, the cost involved in fabricating the tiles and tub in just one of the thirteen bathrooms. Bob Capoferri, a local craftsman, traveled to a quarry in Carrara, Italy, to personally select the marble for Gisela Alter's bathtub. After the marble chips were approved, Capoferri flew back to Carrara and supervised the cutting of three blocks from a contiguous portion of the quarry's wall. The tub was carved from the middle block. The other two blocks supplied the tiles. Because of the block's uniformity, the grain and coloration of the marble flowed as seamlessly across the master bath suite as it originally did on the quarry wall in Italy.

There was no skimping on Dennis Alter's master bath suite either. The tiles are hand-cut onyx from Pakistan. "I did things on the Alter job that normally aren't done," says an awestruck Capoferri. "Nobody goes to the trouble of matching marble grain or hand-carving a bathtub." Gisela's tub alone cost $60,000.



DRESSY RETREAT
The guest house of the mansion Karl Lagerfeld hailed as "the chic-est house in America."

"My God! You're talking about two peo

in the world," sa

"IF ONE DOESN'T HAVE TAST

As the construction of the house at 115 Skippack Pike in Ambler, Pennsylvania, progressed, Sills and Huniford realized they were putting in more hours than they had anticipated. Numerous revisions, dictated by Alter on an almost daily basis, were driving up their costs. In fact, entire new structures were added, including a "pool cabana and pool area," a "dining pergola," and a monstrous 25,000-square-foot "playhouse–sporting complex" that featured an elaborate exercise room, a guest apartment, and a sunken clay tennis court where Alter, a nationally ranked amateur, could volley with the pros who played in his Advanta-sponsored tournaments.

By 1996, there were so many revisions that SHA refused to continue until the original contract was amended to include extra design fees. After much negotiating, a new deal was struck, and with it SHA began providing architectural as well as interior-design services. None of this could have pleased Viñoly, a world-class architect who must have feared that his original concept—a Modernist interpretation of a medieval fortress, with four towers and an interior courtyard—would be bastardized if Sills began making architectural changes, which he did immediately. This was a constant source of tension. So was the job's rapidly escalating budget. Viñoly had originally promised to produce a shell for $13 million, says a well-placed source on the project. The new GMP (guaranteed maximum price) that the contractor signed off on was $20 million. By the spring of 1997, the budget had hit $25 million and the house still wasn't completed.

At Sills and Huniford's insistence, sources say, Viñoly was finally fired (calls to his office were not returned). Dennis Alter also terminated two project managers, several engineering firms, two construction managers, two landscape designers, and the lighting designer. "Dennis got to the point where he would trust nobody else but Stephen and Ford," says landscape designer Morgan Wheelock. "They would suggest people be fired, and Dennis would fire them. In the end, Sills and Huniford were the client. They said yes or no to every design choice."

Photograph by Stewart O'Shields.

By spring 1998, Sills and Huniford were responsible for all design and architectural decisions, overseeing an army of landscapers, architects, and consultants. As they assumed more responsibilities, sources say, the decorators demanded an extra $1.2 million for services rendered, but the Alters negotiated billing rates ranging from $250 per hour for the principals to $45 per hour for the drafting assistants, who toiled in a trailer five days a week, around the clock. Forcing SHA to submit time sheets kept costs in check to some degree. Then project manager Larry Goldfarb was fired. Once he was gone, says a source on the project, "they were able to charge whatever they wanted."

With Goldfarb out of the picture, Sills and Huniford began billing Alter $151,852 per month. By April 1998, the Alters had paid Sills and Huniford a total of $4,364,194 in fees. According to one on-site architect, the final bill for the shell of the house was $40 million.

When a new project manager, Bob Cato, finally replaced Goldfarb in late 1998, among his first moves was to sift through old receipts and invoices. Cato alerted the Alters, who mounted their own investigation. Soon after, the SHA gravy train came to a screeching halt.

ho are among the best decorators
otographer Timothy Greenfield-Sanders.
NE NEEDS TO BUY IT."

THE ALTERS' ASSAULT COMES AT AN AWKWARD time for Huniford and Sills, who have just launched a Website, Dwellingsny.com, to sell their own line of signature furniture. "The prices fall somewhere between Crate & Barrel and custom," Huniford said of the 40-piece "Dwellings" collection shortly before he cut off contact with *New York*. "The look ranges from city modern to country." But price points skew more toward custom. A hanging cone lamp runs $2,640; a steel-and-glass coffee table, $2,900; and a seven-foot custom sofa with hand-tied springs and foam-down seat cushions can be had for $4,900.

There is also a Dwellings store planned for the Upper East Side and a book in the works that Huniford said will not be the typical coffee-table design tome. "This won't just be a bunch of pretty pictures," he promised. "It will be a very practical how-to book: how to approach a room, how to arrange furniture, color, fabrics. It's going to be a real style manual."

As the court costs pile up, the cash-strapped partners have put expansion plans on hold, and real-estate sources say they have placed their cherished Hi-Low Farm on the market for $12 million. It is rumored that their much-photographed penthouse apartment is for sale as well. And they're also attempting to dispose of some of the contents of their warehouse in Spanish Harlem. Last January, they unloaded a fair number of things at a tag sale in Manhattan. "They're sitting on a lot of furniture," says dealer Frank Swim, who organized the sale. "I was surprised at how much they had purchased over the years and were still unable to place."

Sills and Huniford certainly do not live modestly. Everything they do—from the clothes they wear (Anderson & Sheppard suits, Charvet shirts, John Lobb shoes, vintage Patek Philippe watches) to the cars they drive (two classic Mercedes-Benzes; a Range Rover for job-site commutes) to the artwork they collect to the Westchester trends they choose to embrace (the conspicuous hand-laid stone wall that surrounds their Bedford property reportedly cost $1 million)—reeks of money.

After attending a party at the Bedford house, fashion designer Isaac Mizrahi, no stranger to sybaritic pleasures himself, marveled, "How do decorators get to live like this?"

According to one design expert, footing the bill for such luxuries is challenging, given the tight profit margins decorators have to work with: "Even if you have a $3 million interior budget, a firm would charge 20 percent; that's $600,000. If it takes more than two and a half years to complete, you're in the red."

The difficulty increases as design firms grow. "The trouble with all these decorators is that they have huge staffs—20 to 25 people," says a veteran designer all too familiar with this cruel calculus. "They have to pay the bills, and you can't make it on the profit margin in this business. Sister Parish died in her eighties. She had 30 people working for her. She didn't have any money. Billy Baldwin died broke. Elizabeth Draper didn't make money; neither did Mark Hampton. None of them made a lot. There's no way to make a lot of money unless you mark things up to some horrendous price."

MEANWHILE, THE CHARGES AGAINST THE DECorators don't seem to have discouraged clients, who keep coming. Their latest coup has been landing the owners of Bed Bath & Beyond as clients. The two designers have been seen squiring the couple around Manhattan's finest antiques venues like a pair of delicate Ming vases. "This is a $6 million job, maybe $10 million," says Roger Prigent. "Don't kid yourself."

And many supporters think they're quite worth the expense. "They have exquisite taste," says P.R. honcho Nadine Johnson. "I think that if they're overcharging clients, well, I'm sorry, you get what you pay for."

Photographer Timothy Greenfield-Sanders agrees: "My God! You're talking about two people who are among the best decorators in the world. Some people with money have the worst taste in the world. If one doesn't have taste, one needs to buy it."

Indeed, in some circles, SHA's hefty price tags have come to be seen as something of a status symbol: After all, if everybody could afford an SHA interior, how special would it really be?

And since the American Society of Interior Designers (ASID)—the industry's largest professional organization, of which Sills is a member—declines to offer guidelines concerning fee structures, the potential for abuse remains prevalent. Asked if fraudulent billing was a problem in New York, Fred Kass, the president of ASID's New York Metro chapter, concedes grudgingly, "Perhaps with some."

But it's hardly new, Kass insists. "This kind of thing has been going on for a long time—going back to Edith Wharton, when she was doing interiors at the beginning of the last century," he says. "And later with Elsie de Wolfe and Billy Haines in California in the forties. They had prominent clients, and when they saw they could make a lot of money, they made a lot of money. Double-dipping and all this kind of stuff was extremely commonplace. And they had all kinds of deals going on with the galleries and dealers. Certainly, to some extent, these practices have been carried forward to the present."

FIVE AND A HALF YEARS AFTER CONSTRUCtion began, the Alter residence is still not finished. "We should be done soon," says Greg Yale, a landscape-lighting designer. "I was up there today fine-tuning some lamps."

In any case, it is an irony noted by many that a house built to make it into *Architectural Digest* probably won't end up there soon. Certainly it could be photographed, but who would consent to an interview? Neither the architect nor the designers nor the owners want to talk about a project that has come to be seen as an $80 million lesson that greed and vanity are, after all, not necessarily in good taste. ■

WHICH RICK DO YOU PICK?

Is Senate candidate Rick Lazio a Gingrich clone or a moderate? Altar boy, or shrewd infighter? There are plenty of Lazios to go around—which makes him a formidable politician. BY CHRIS SMITH

THE QUESTION IS MEANT AS A LITTLE IDLE CHITCHAT AS I WALK INTO RICK Lazio's Capitol Hill office and meet him for the first time. "Hey, how you doing?" I say. • But the congressman who wants to be the next senator from the great state of New York answers with a weary exhale and a surprising solemnity. • "I'm doing okay, I'm doing okay," Lazio says, settling heavily into a chair. "You know, it's a, it's a, I don't know how you would characterize it, it's a, it transforms your life. Your privacy changes, you have to manage all the additional stress and intensity of it. Most importantly, I think, is, um, is just to kind of try and be yourself, you know. Just keep your sense of self. That's a lot easier said than done. People push you and pull you to try and conform to what someone else thinks you should be, and you just, it takes having your friends and family around saying, 'Be yourself, be yourself, be yourself.' " • Lazio has landed squarely on the central question. Is he "a friend of the arts" who helped save the National Endowment for the Arts, or the foe of "Sensation" who voted to strip the Brooklyn Museum of its federal funding? How can he be solidly in the

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL LAVINE

mainstream of New York political philosophy and best pals with Texas right-winger Dick Armey? How can he serve up steak-tartare-Republican phrases like "the Hollywood elite" when one of his closest friends is a Democrat who is co-chairman of ABC Entertainment Television?

The next morning, part of the reason for Lazio's somber mood becomes clear: The front page of the *Times* carries a tough story implying that Lazio's 600 percent profit from his first foray into stock options is the result of insider information from Lazio campaign donors. Lazio will attribute his big score to good luck, and the bad publicity to a vast left-wing conspiracy led by Hillary Clinton. But even if the stock questions are resolved, it will do little to answer that core question: When Rick Lazio is being himself, who is he?

SINCE RUDY GIULIANI'S CANCER AND DEEPLY weird romantic life thrust Lazio into the Senate contest in late May, discussion of the Long Island Republican has revolved around issues, policies, votes. "Trying to define Rick Lazio is like trying to screw-gun Jell-O to a plywood wall," says Tony Bullock, a Long Islander who has known Lazio for twelve years and is now Daniel Patrick Moynihan's chief of staff. "He wants to please everybody, so he votes different ways at different times."

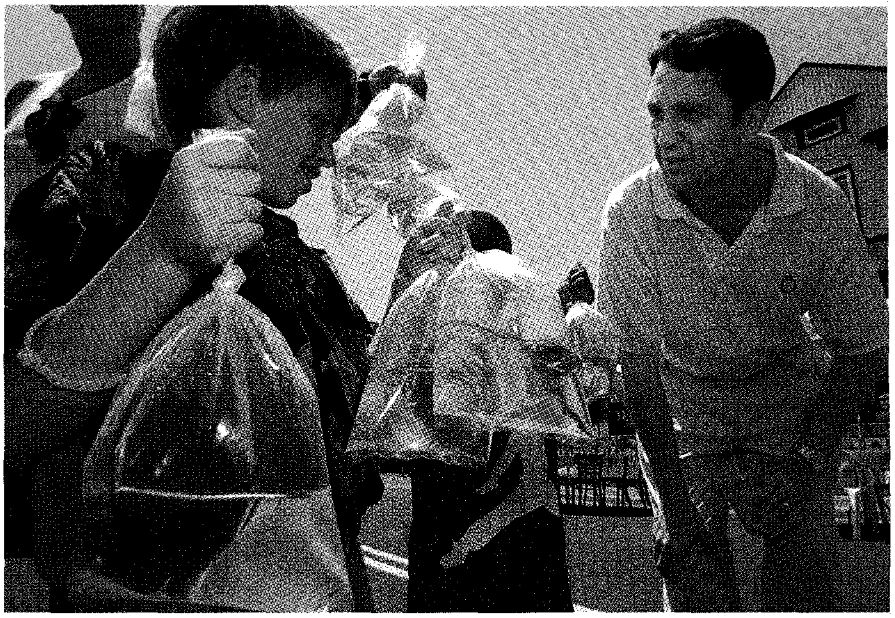
"That's ridiculous," retorts Bill Paxon, the ex–Republican congressman from Buffalo. "People want to be able to say the Republican Party is a bunch of right-wing nuts, and the minute somebody steps forward who is slightly to the left of right wing, they say, 'Oh, they're just malleable. They couldn't possibly have achieved any success if they weren't political prostitutes.' It's obvious there are people who are able to stay true to their philosophical positions but have the ability to pivot and work across the board. Like Rick."

Lazio's votes can be stacked to prove contradictory points. Delineating the character of the man is more important and more interesting. Though both candidates are baby-boomers, they're from different psychic generations. Consider: 26-year-old Hillary Rodham was a staff member for the Judiciary Committee that voted to impeach Richard Nixon. Rick Lazio was 16 at the time, a boy who revered his father—and the elder Lazio, who knew the president, epitomized Nixon's Silent Majority.

Clinton, the product of polarizing times, inspires hate or love; Lazio, who came of age in the disco-seventies gap between the hippies and the yuppies, inspires like. Even Lazio's friends cite his amiability as his foremost quality, and then struggle to come up with a second distinguishing characteristic.

To win the Senate race, Lazio is counting on the deep reservoir of bad will amassed by Hillary Clinton. And that might be enough. But no matter how many people hate Hillary, Rick Lazio's fate will ultimately turn on whether he is finally able to become his own man.

Fishing for votes Lazio at a ribbon-cutting ceremony in Freeport, Long Island.



Photograph by Shawn Baldwin/AP.

THE AUDITORIUM STAGE IS CROWDED WITH silver hair and heroism. Five dozen American survivors of the Normandy invasion have gathered at the Long Island campus of St. John's University to receive awards from the French and American governments. The man bestowing the medals and firmly shaking each vet's hand is Congressman Rick Lazio. He's immaculate in a navy single-breasted suit. Lazio stands upright and delivers crisp salutes, genuinely humbled, partly because when he looks in the faces of the old soldiers, he sees his father.

The Army didn't send Tech Sergeant Tony Lazio to Normandy, but he did win several World War II medals. Then he came home to Long Island, married Olive Christensen, and opened an auto-parts store in Lindenhurst to support their growing family, first three daughters and then the son who inherited his love for politics.

"Tony was my right-hand man when it came to the hoo-*rah*, getting people excited," says Buzz Schwenk, chairman of the Suffolk Republican Party for most of the seventies, when the Suffolk GOP was at the peak of its dominance. "Rick's father was more hard-assed than Rick is. I'm not saying Rick takes a walk on anything, but his father was more strident. Rick kind of rolls with the punches better than his dad did."

Tony Lazio helped launch the first black Kiwanis Club in Suffolk County, for which he took considerable grief, but mostly he organized barbecues and drove visiting dignitaries like Nixon, Spiro Agnew, and Ronald Reagan to the airport. Tony Lazio's connections with the Republican and Conservative parties would eventually pay off for Rick, but childhood friends wondered how he stomached the endless fund-raisers where he was dressed neatly in polo shirts and expected to be polite to all his elders. Lazio recalls disagreeing with his formidable father only once. "He was a very proud vet from World War II—my mom was also a veteran; she was a Wave—but he did not want me to go to Vietnam," Lazio recalls. "And I said, 'You know, I'm gonna go. I *want* to go.' " The draft ended, however, when Lazio was 15.

Classmates and faculty at West Islip High School describe a polite and hard-working kid who collected stamps and worked on the senior-prom committee and played the Rolling Stones on electric guitar. "There were interesting characters in the school," says Lazio's class of '76 classmate Bob Morris, now a frequent contributor to the *Times*, "but Rick just wasn't interesting. He was very average and agreeable—dungarees and corduroys and crewneck sweaters. Ultimately, he is the embodiment of the place, which is sort of banal."

Ron Riccio, the high school's former social-studies-department chairman, tries to put Lazio's home turf into a larger context. "If you blindfold someone and bring them back to West Islip, they'd think they were in the fifties, whether it was really the seventies, eighties, or nineties," Riccio says. "For a long time, people referred to the town as 'White Islip.' "

In an early show of Lazio's open-mindedness, among his best friends was Terry

Maresca, a Native American girl whose family was on welfare. “The commonality was service,” says Maresca, who also went to college with Lazio and is now a Seattle doctor treating indigent families. “Regardless of sex or background, if you were committed, that was the common denominator to be friends with Rick—if you wanted to serve the greater good, even if you disagreed on how that manifested itself.”

Yet in many ways, physically and philosophically, Lazio has never strayed far from home. The one idiosyncratic choice Lazio ever made was to attend Vassar College. He says he picked it for its proximity to Long Island and its small size; with his modest high-school grades, the chance to get an Ivy League–caliber education was attractive, too.

“I’d love to be able to tell you I saw Rick puking his guts out or tripping, but I can’t,” says Matt Brelis, who like Lazio majored in political science at Vassar and is now a Pulitzer Prize–winning newspaper reporter. “I don’t recall seeing him at Matthew’s Mug, which was the campus bar, at all. He was just sort of white-bread, a good Do Bee.”

Lazio wrote for the student newspaper, but both he and the editor at the time, Laurie Wimmer, can’t remember a single subject Lazio covered. “There was a lot of tumult going on on campus—divestiture from South Africa was a very, very volatile issue at Vassar—and he always kept an arm’s length from it,” Wimmer says.

> **“There are people who can stay true to their positions but are able to pivot and work across the board. Like Rick.”**

To Lazio, the most significant event during his college years was entirely personal. His father suffered a stroke in 1978. Tony Lazio’s right arm and leg were paralyzed, and his ability to speak was severely limited.

“Rick’s house was a nice, middle-class split-level in Babylon, and they had built this contraption to get his father, who was in a wheelchair, up and down the stairs,” says Lloyd Braun, then a Vassar friend and now one of ABC’s top executives. “Mr. Lazio was going up the stairs and Rick was right next to him, and they got to the top of the stairs and I remember Rick kissing him on his forehead. The look on Rick’s father’s face was joy. Rick was 19, and you would have thought he was 40, just in terms of compassion.”

Tony Lazio died in 1985. “Rick was groomed by his dad,” says Michael Moriarty, who met Lazio in law school and is now his brother-in-law. “I remember Rick telling stories about being a kid and going to Election Night parties, putting up bunting and stuff. His dad was making sure if the right opportunity presented itself, Rick could take advantage of it. I’ve never talked to Rick about the ambition that drives him, but I think it goes back to his dad. Rick feels that he’s living the life that his father set him up to lead—meeting his own debt to his father for giving him opportunities he never had.”

FOR LAW SCHOOL, LAZIO chose American University in Washington, in large measure for the school’s proximity to political action. The Republican district attorney in Suffolk County hired Lazio as a prosecutor; in 1989, after a couple of years in private practice, he easily won a seat in the Suffolk legislature. “I sat next to him for three years because our districts were adjacent,” says Sondra Bachety, a Democrat from Babylon. “He doesn’t do much, but he’s very pleasant.”

Lazio’s 1992 race against Democrat Tom Downey has become the stuff of myth: Underfunded underdog knocks off nine-term, nationally known, seemingly untouchable congressional power. Much of the myth is true, but one crucial element is misleading. Lazio started off with little cash, but when Downey was severely weakened by his involvement in the House Bank check-cashing mess, the national Republican Party heaped money on the race—“stuffing it into every one of Downey’s orifices,” in the vivid words of Rich Bond, who was chairman of the Republican National Committee at the time. “And Rick worked his ass off,” Bond says.

The cratering Long Island economy certainly helped feed the dissatisfaction with the incumbent and anticipated by two years the Republican revolution that took over the House. When Newt Gingrich became Speaker, he needed moderate allies and waived a House rule to allow Lazio to sit on two powerful committees, Banking and Commerce. Lazio also rose to become chairman of the House Housing subcommittee and later grew tight with Dick Armey, the House majority leader.

“It’s fair to say that philosophically there’s more distance between Rick and Armey than Rick and Newt, yet he’s maintained very positive relationships with the various regimes, and with the various power players in Congress,” says Bob Ehrlich, a Republican congressman from Maryland and a close friend of Lazio’s. “Rick’s personality has allowed him to do that, his likability, his charisma.”

Lazio says his closeness to the conservative-Republican leadership has changed it rather than him, enabling Lazio to work behind the scenes to help beat back attempts to shutter the NEA and the Housing and Urban Development agency. His climb also stepped on some Republican toes. In 1998, with Gingrich becoming an albatross to the GOP, Bill Paxon maneuvered to oust the House Speaker. Lazio sided with Gingrich and Armey against Paxon. Lazio’s allegiance wasn’t decisive, but Gingrich crushed Paxon’s revolt, and the Buffalo Republican soon quit Congress.

Today Paxon professes to have no hurt feelings, but his wife, Susan Molinari, is still a little sore. “Why would I want to be part of a profile of Rick Lazio?” she snaps, then suggests calling back after she’s had time to think it over. Two weeks later, Molinari says, “I’m just not comfortable talking about Rick as a candidate. If I wanted to tell you why, I’d do the interview.” Still later, after overhearing Paxon praise Lazio, Molinari comes to the phone. “I’m supporting Rick,” she says. “He wants this very badly and will do what needs to be done to win.”

THE FIRST TIME I SAW LAZIO IN PERSON WAS in mid-May, at a Conservative Party dinner in Manhattan. Lazio and everyone else were still waiting for Rudy Giuliani to jump in or out. Lazio was in black tie, and as the cocktail hour ended, Alfonse D’Amato wrapped him in a hug that seemed as much death grip as warm embrace. As Lazio smiled and squirmed, an image leapt to mind: *Fredo.* Not to suggest any Mafia-related slur, of course, but Lazio looked for all the world like the hapless *Godfather* character played by John Cazale to D’Amato’s ruthless Al Pacino.

This afternoon, in Washington, seeing Lazio sparks a different association: soccer dad. In his office, political mementos are mostly hidden; a framed photo of a shaggier-haired Lazio shaking hands with President George Bush is stuck on a wall behind the bathroom door. Pictures of Lazio’s 6- and 8-year-old daughters—giggling in face paint, snuggling with Dad on the beach—clutter all the desks, and brightly colored construction-paper artwork hangs everywhere. Two Lazio press aides perch on a couch, a level of staffing that seems overprotective.

On TV and on the stump, Lazio’s features can look unformed, his skin unlined by the cares visited upon most married men with a mortgage and a couple of kids. Up close, the gray in Lazio’s hair is easily visible. He laughs deeply and frequently, tilting his head back and guffawing at the ceiling so hard he shakes. Speaking quietly, his *a's* are flattened and stretched in a Kennedyish way that doesn't show up in Lazio's glycemic public-speaking style.

When his suit jacket is off, Lazio's shoulders are narrow and slightly hunched. For a professional pol, he's strikingly uninterested in stagecraft or even salesmanship: There are no invitations to tag along on the campaign plane, and his mother, wife, and three sisters won't get on the phone to sing Lazio's praises. Interview time, already brief, is interrupted so Lazio can pose for pictures with insurance-industry reps.

The day before, Hillary Clinton had ripped Lazio's abortion votes: in favor of legal abortion but against Medicaid funding. I frame a question using Clinton's rhetoric, to give Lazio maximum room to swat away her argument: "So," I say, "are you really for abortions for rich people only?"

The two press handlers, silent to this point, jump in faster than Bobby Knight disputing a referee's call. "No policy questions!" one shouts. "We'll do issues next week! Just biography today!"

Lazio recognizes the awkwardness of the moment, his eyes darting darkly at the aides. "Let me just take this if I can," he says. "Because I think it's, you know, it's, when I was talking about trying to remain myself, um, what that also means to me is not to get baited into a conflict that doesn't represent what I want for this race, for this campaign. And um, I think it, I understood and understand that, um, the other camp is going to turn negative on me. I understand intellectually—when they can't move in the polls, the only way to do that is just to try to sling mud at the other person. Try and bring the other guy down, I guess. And, um, in my heart I hope it's, they'll get off it, and they'll go—we'll have a good debate on the issues." Lazio goes on like this for a while, without ever addressing abortion, until his handlers declare time is up, with a guarantee of substance next week.

SAME PLACE, SEVEN days later, I toss Lazio a pop-culture personality quiz: Starbucks or Greek-diner coffee? "I don't drink coffee," Lazio says with a laugh. "Very, very rarely. My wife drinks it; I love smelling it."

Mac or IBM? "IBM," he says. "I didn't get into it when the Macs were really hot, and I have a Dell now."

Springsteen or Billy Joel? "Springsteen," Lazio answers without hesitation. Then, quietly, with a bit of embarrassment but undeniable enthusiasm, his voice thinner and higher than the Boss's, Lazio sings, *"The screen door slams . . ."*

Showing his teeth Lazio greeting a colleague in the Rayburn House Office Building.

Any congressman who loves "Thunder Road" can't be all bad. But then Lazio adds, "I'm not crazy about the Diallo stuff, though"—a reference to Springsteen's new song about the police shooting of the unarmed peddler, and a reminder of the primary criticism of Lazio, that he's indecisive and tries to straddle every issue, no matter how big or small.

How is it consistent, I ask Lazio, to work to save the National Endowment for the Arts and then censure the Brooklyn Museum for hanging dung-flecked paintings of the Virgin Mary?

"Oh, they're totally consistent," he says. "*I* think they're totally consistent. I believe in, uh, a sense of public dollars supporting the arts. I am totally comfortable with the idea of public support for the arts. But I think you can also say, 'This stuff is garbage,' you know, 'and if you want to, if you want to exhibit it, that's your business, no one can stop you from exhibiting it, but use your own dollars for that.' Frankly, it makes my life as an advocate for the arts, for public funding for the arts, very, very difficult. So it was poor judgment, I think, on the part of the folks over at the Brooklyn Museum."

So you want to fund the arts but attach more strings? "There are things I support in every program," Lazio says. "I support the military and the national defense; I'm not too happy about $600 toilet-seat covers or hammers. So you have to make reasonable distinctions and speak out when you think it's wrong."

On gun control, Lazio is even more opaque. His home county of Suffolk has some of the state's most stringent gun-registration laws. Does Lazio, who has opposed similar measures, believe Suffolk is wrong? "No," he says. "I think the question is whether the federal government does it. The other more important question is, in an era in which we have such technological advance possible—smart guns, DNA for bullets and for guns—that's the direction I think we ought to be looking at."

Lazio has cast thousands of votes in Congress on everything from impeachment to prescription-drug benefits, but when asked to name one principled stand he's taken that's cost him politically, he has to reach all the way back to the eighteen-member Suffolk County legislature and a 1992 plan to raise sales taxes by half a cent that had been crafted by the Republican county executive, Bob Gaffney. "He felt it was necessary to raise the sales tax and to deficit-borrow for operating costs," Lazio says. "And I felt, for me philosophically, that was totally abhorrent to do that. And I voted no on that. And for a while the Republican Establishment walked away from me. And this was in the middle of a congressional campaign, we were being badly outspent, and we were fairly far behind in the polls."

Yet if his vote alienated the local Republican organization (briefly), it helped Lazio as much, if not more, in the eyes of voters he was courting in his race against Tom Downey. Lazio also mentions the hundreds of calls he got opposing NAFTA and the assault-weapons ban. In the end, Lazio voted in favor of both. "But," he allows, "I never felt like it really cost me."

Lazio is right about one thing: He is what a moderate looks like in the modern American political age. Any politician who isn't a crazy winger or naïvely idealistic, who has a desire to stay in office—and after enduring the first brutal, soul-killing electoral ordeal and winning, who wouldn't want to stick around and accumulate some seniority?—ends up appearing a mass of contradictions. And if he's lucky, he gets to do a few good things along the way.

"They're pushing Rick too hard," a friend says about his staff. "He has to find a way to say no, and that's hard for him."

MR. NICE GUY IS YELLING AT AN AIDE. "LET'S *go*!" Lazio barks. "I should have been out of here 40 minutes ago!" It's 4:30, and Lazio is dashing to National Airport for a private-plane flight to Greenwich, for an early-evening fund-raiser. Already today Lazio has missed his own press conference decrying the rise in gasoline prices, and he knows that if he misses any congressional votes tonight, the Clinton campaign will fry him in the papers again. So after gripping and grinning in Greenwich, Lazio will fly back to Washington, where he'll vote on House bills until nearly midnight, then fly to New York so he can speak at the Association for a Better New York breakfast. When his phone rings the next morning, Lazio is disoriented, asking, "What day is it? Where am I?"

Last week a chaotic Manhattan fund-raiser had Lazio's friends grumbling about the management of the campaign. "They're pushing Rick too hard. He cannot continue this torrid pace," says a longtime Lazio pal. "Rick has to find a way to say no, and that's hard for him."

After his ABNY speech, Lazio is literally backed into a corner at the Waldorf as two dozen reporters grill him about his 1997 stock killing. Lazio, whose wife is also named Pat, stirs memories of Pat Nixon's "respectable Republican cloth coat" by saying, "You know, I spoke to my wife last night about this. She said, 'Listen, you know what? We're honest, decent people. I clean my own house. They're trying to drag you down into the mud; don't let them do it.' And I'm not going to let them do it."

Lazio contends that his profit in Quick & Reilly stock was the result of luck, not insider information, and that his otherwise trifling investment returns, "5 to 10 percent," are evidence that he's been making his picks without illegal insight. Yet it's the rarity of his big gain, combined with his closeness to the company's principals, that makes the deal seem so fishy. On May 18, one day before Giuliani quit the Senate race, I asked Michael Moriarty, Lazio's brother-in-law and now his campaign's counsel, to name the subject he teases Rick about most. "His constant carp is that everybody's boat seems to have risen but his," Moriarty said with a laugh. "That's a constant source of needling—his constant refrain of stock-market lapses, his terrible failures of investment in the stock market."

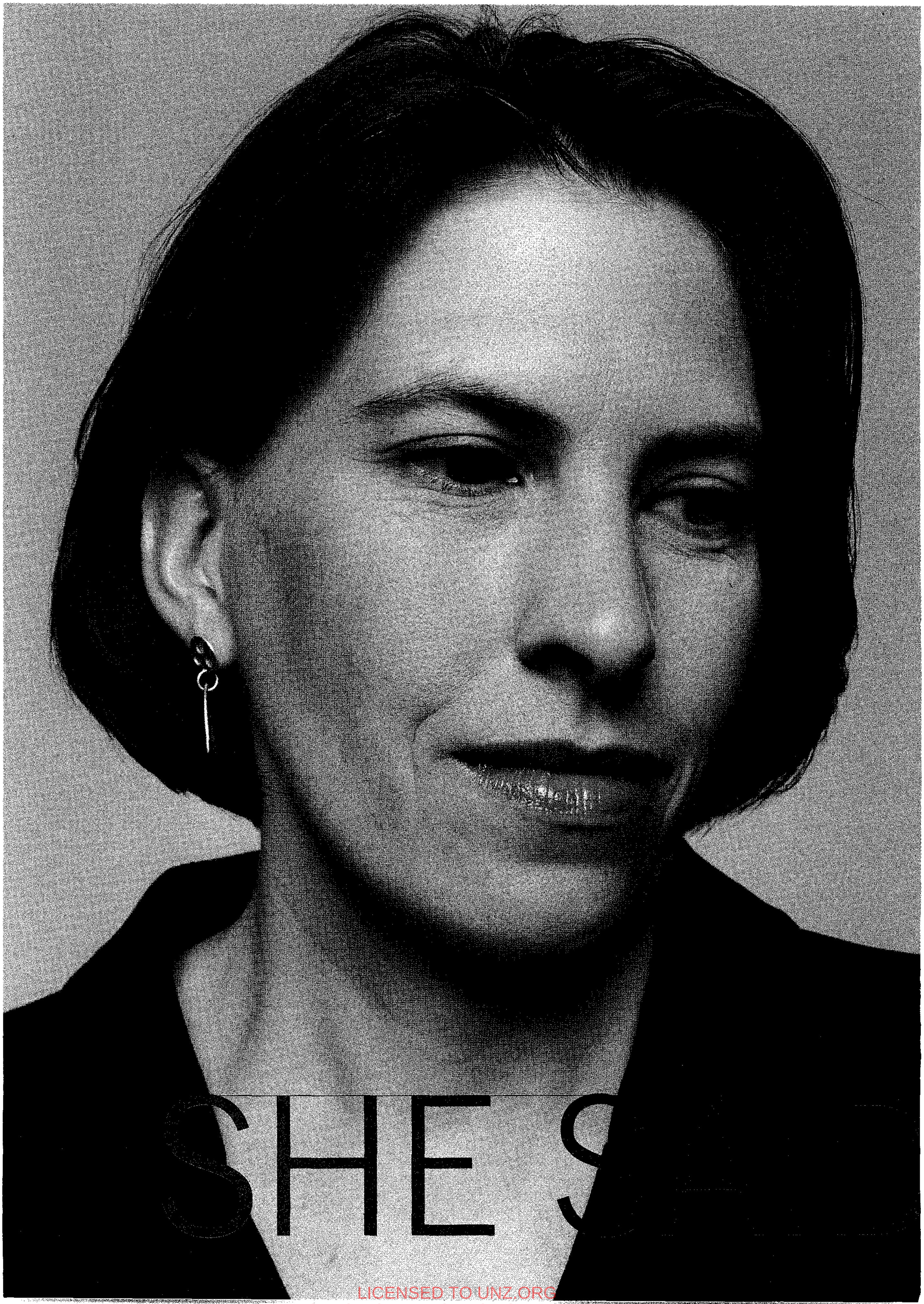
Perhaps Lazio did get lucky. Perhaps he got tired of watching those other boats rise. Regardless, his failure to place his investments in a blind trust shows surprisingly poor political judgment. Lazio has sat on the House Banking Committee for six years and Commerce for three, so his insistence on continuing as an active stock trader—whether he ever did anything wrong or not—left him wide open to charges of conflict of interest.

IT'S MORNING AGAIN IN WEST ISLIP. A DAY AFter Lazio was sweating at the Waldorf, the scene is breezy and bright on the high-school football field. On this cloudless Saturday, Lazio has returned to deliver the commencement speech to the class of 2000. After bonding with the 307 graduating seniors by evoking the landmarks of eternal Long Island teen-hood—"parking field five at Jones Beach"—Lazio challenges the kids to strive for happiness and not material wealth. But he makes the point by telling them, "Don't mortgage your entire life in wild pursuit of a bigger paycheck, a higher stock-option package, and a vacation home in the Catskills," an oddly tone-deaf choice of references, since Lazio is being investigated by the SEC.

Between shaking hands with each of the graduates as they file across the stage to receive their diploma, Lazio glances out into the middle distance. It's hard to tell whether his mind is wandering or whether he's searching for something. Spend any time around Lazio and there's sure to be a glimmer that he appreciates how profoundly absurd modern politics has become. There's a tilt of his head and the beginning of a wisecracking smile, and you can tell the regular guy is still alive in there. Lazio ambles from the podium and muses on the distance he's traveled in 24 years. "Yeah, being here does make me want to be 18 again," he says. "Especially when the kids are saying, 'Hey, Mr. Lazio, wanna go to a party?' " he says, laughing and putting on his best Long Island–stoner voice.

But now it's time for another "press avail," feeding the daily beast. Lazio stands in front of a cinder-block wall painted bright blue and gold with the West Islip Lions logo. A *Post* reporter asks Lazio his reaction to the fact that after merely one month of the campaign, both Clinton and Lazio spokesminions are hurling the word "desperate" at the other camp. Lazio starts to roll his eyes; his head tilts; he snorts out a self-deprecating laugh and seems as if he's about to pronounce all of this posturing meaningless and wildly silly . . . but he isn't John McCain, and the guy with a sense of irony suddenly recedes and Lazio slips back into robo-candidate mode, talking about how he expects to be outspent, hitting all the poll-tested notes that summon Hillary's negatives, blah blah blah.

Lazio peels off his black graduation robe and hops into the back seat of a gleaming ivory SUV, driving off to spend the rest of his day begging strangers for money, and a little more of that earnest 18-year-old who graduated on this football field fades away, replaced by the adult Rick Lazio has grown up to be: not evil. Not noble. Just thoroughly pragmatic. The cool kids from high school who became hip adults mock Lazio, but the vast mainstream lives in his banal and decent world of play dates, rising gas prices, and bartered ideals. And they may recognize enough of themselves in Lazio to elect the son of the Silent Majority New York's next senator.


SHE SAID

In Rebecca Gilman's shocker of a play, *Spinning Into Butter,* a white do-good dean finally explodes in a racist tirade.

Get ready to squirm. By Joanne Kaufman

WHEN *SPINNING INTO Butter* opened in Chicago late last spring at the Goodman's Studio Theatre, it quickly became apparent to audiences that dozing was not an option and that political correctness would not be part of the proceedings. An African-American student at a small, primarily white liberal-arts college in Vermont receives an anonymous threatening note, then another, then, as a postscript, a rock through his window. Thwarted in her efforts to get the situation under control, a well-meaning and unimpeachably p.c. dean finally unravels, spewing her own bigotry in a second-act monologue that invariably left audiences in stunned silence.

"When you come face to face with a lot of just regular black people, you can't aestheticize them anymore," she says. *"They're too damn scary. . . ."*

It gets worse:

"It was the same thing on the train. There'd be a dozen black people sitting quietly, going about their business, but there'd be two incredibly loud, stinky, offensive black guys at one end of the car and they'd be the ones I'd notice. . . . They weren't going to graduate from college. They weren't going to do anything with their lives. Not because they couldn't, but because they didn't want to. Because they were lazy and stupid."

"Before the production opened, I was really scared," playwright Rebecca Gilman recalls. "I didn't know how people were going to react."

She wrote it after three years of living in Chicago, when she realized that the North is as segregated as the South she grew up in, even if it's not acknowledged. "It was a cumulative thing of my own progression through liberal bastions," she says of her play's gestation, "where people had really prided themselves on their tolerance in surroundings where it was never tested."

The response was remarkable. "People were pissed off," Gilman says, "but pissed off in a good way." The Chicago *Tribune* called *Spinning Into Butter* "an important play by a writer of surprising gifts, not the least of which is her ability to amuse, teach, and move her audience with the awful truth." Audiences tended to see it as a gauntlet thrown down, a challenge to talk honestly about race. They stayed around after the show for discussions, and the run was extended three times. On July 26, with some minor tinkering, the drama will open at Lincoln Center Theater's Newhouse space, in a co-production with the Lincoln Center Festival.

"I had never heard these things said on a stage before and said so honestly," says director Daniel Sullivan. "It's been the M.O. of white writers to stay away from the whole race issue. The fact that Rebecca doesn't turn away but confronts it head-on in as subjective a way as possible certainly bears listening to."

Gilman is—quite unabashedly—an old-school dramatist, conjuring recognizable characters and situations and telling her story in straightforward fashion. She does not think theater should be a metaphor for life or a poetic expression of life, but rather that it should *be* life, be the setting for work that throws social issues into high relief. "When I was in graduate school, this was *not* the kind of play my fellow workshop people were writing," she adds, insisting that "there is a group of people out there who just want a good story and just want to know what's being talked about onstage." It's a tack that shouldn't be mistaken for simplistic. *Spinning Into Butter* begins loosely but coils tighter and tighter as we're drawn in.

"I think of her work as wonderfully sly," says Sullivan. "I was attracted to a satiric voice that becomes increasingly human as the play continues. She constantly upends your expectations." Gilman, who's based in Chicago, certainly upends the expectation one has of a provocateur, and somehow it comes as no surprise that her models are theatrical grenade-throwers like Bertolt Brecht and Wallace Shawn.

And yet a girlish shyness finds Gilman addressing many of her remarks, prefaced or punctuated by giggles, directly to the floor, and she admits she frequently reminds herself to speak louder. The youngest of four, she was raised in Trussville, a small town outside Birmingham, Alabama. "My father grew up Jewish in Boston, and my mother is Southern Baptist," she says, "so in a way we always had a sense of the world outside us."

In high school she wrote poetry (bad, she assures) and prize-winning short stories, and, though unaware of any specific impetus, she began writing plays at college—Middlebury, site of the bias incident she'd later use as the basis for *Spinning Into Butter,* and, later, Birmingham Southern. "I had this theater professor who would always tell us that plays don't take place onstage and they don't take place in the audience," she says. "They take place in the air between the audience and the stage. And I always loved that image."

BY THE TIME *SPINNING INTO BUTTER* OPENED at the Goodman, Gilman had been writing plays for nearly half her 35 years and had the rejections (150 or so) as well as the playbills from college and tiny nonprofit theater-company productions to prove it (including, as it happens, a staging in the Young Playwrights Festival at the Public Theater). The Goodman imprimatur gave her the sense of having finally reached the big time; after three years spent scoring and composing questions for a standardized-testing service, she is perhaps more sensitive than most to gradations of critical assessment. She'll thank you not to call her "promising" even though she was the first American to win the *Evening Standard* Award for most *p*-word playwright. "I wonder," she wonders, "what more do I have to do, and who makes the decision that I've done it—whatever *it* is?"

New York audiences will have more and more opportunities to find out. *Boy Gets Girl,* a thriller about a blind date turned stalker that showcases a classic Gilman theme—objectification—will be produced next season by the Manhattan Theater Club, and several other productions are in the offing as well.

In New York, there will be no post-performance discussions after *Spinning Into Butter,* and that's fine with Gilman: "I hoped it would be the kind of play that would send people *home* talking." ■

WHAT?

Photographed by Robert Maxwell

THE FIELD OF BATTLE

This page, the James Beard House's table set up for the contest. Opposite, George Sape, with his tin cup for tasting.

what's my wine?

If ordering wine at the city's best restaurants reminds you of taking a final exam, you'll relish seeing the sommeliers themselves squirm in a blind taste-test arranged by one of their best customers. All they have to lose is their reputations. By John Anderson

David Gordon nibbles absentmindedly on his thumb. Alex Adlgasser, his face overwhelmed by a bulky pair of dark-tortoiseshell glasses, taps the side of his head with a pencil and scrunches up his mouth. Olivier Zardoni, preternaturally pale and thin, looking all of 17, stares at the blank sheet of paper in front of him. He finally bites his lip and begins scribbling furiously. And so it goes, all around the room. • A bad case of final exams? In a way. Sitting around a table in the upstairs boardroom of the James Beard House are eleven of the best-known sommeliers in New York, among them Alex Adlgasser of Danube, Jean-Luc Le Du of Daniel, David Gordon of Tribeca Grill and Nobu, and Olivier Zardoni of Cello (he admits to being 26). The test set before them: to identify, "blind," five glasses of wine. All the wines were red and French. Contestants were to guess the region, the vintage, and the *domaine* or château from which the wines came. • George Sape, quizmaster and host, breaks the tension. A big man with a voice to match, Sape bellows out: "How come you're all so quiet?" The only reply is nervous laughter. After all, reputations are on the line. • It all began as a lark. "I wanted to do something nice for my dozen or so favorite sommeliers," Sape explains. "I wanted to give them a dinner. Reward them for being such great guys." Then he chuckles. "But you know, there's a price to be paid for every reward you get in life." • Why take the bait? The answer

Photographed by Bruce Gilden

is easy: George Sape. Sape is a wine collector of international renown and a storied bon vivant. As Tim Kopec, the wine director at the restaurant Veritas and a participant in tonight's tasting once said, "Every sommelier in New York knows Mr. Sape. The guy's a force of nature."

Sape caught the wine bug in college, in the early sixties, at the University of Colorado at Boulder. After law school, during a stint at the State Department, he was dispatched to Europe, where he took classes at the famed Cordon Bleu cooking school. Today, he's the managing partner of Epstein Becker & Green, a 300-lawyer firm with headquarters in New York, which affords him the opportunity to do, shall we say, a lot of wining and dining. Pretty much on a nightly basis.

But Sape doesn't confine himself to restaurant wine lists. He's a mighty big collector of fine and rare wines. The collection isn't what it once was: Sape's several cellars, which at one time numbered more than 10,000 bottles, are now down to a mere 8,000.

"You gotta drink 'em sometime," he says. "I'm not getting any younger, you know." To begin with, there's the matter of "daily consumption," as Sape puts it: "a bottle here, a bottle there." Then there are the "events" put on by Sape, the most famous of which was an eightieth-anniversary Armistice Day tasting of 1918 clarets, which featured four bottles each of all of the Bordeaux first growths, plus bottles of the same year's Château d'Yquem. That, needless to say, was but one evening in more than 35 years of sniffing, spitting, and swallowing. "On the whole, though, I prefer swallowing," laughs Sape.

"Zees eez zuh best," announces Jean-Luc Le Du. "Blackberry, strawberry—and a little beet of dung."

SPITTING, HOWEVER, IS DEFINITELY IN ORDER for the first 30 minutes or so of tonight's affair. Sape himself, a black apron over his Turnbull & Asser shirt and tie, a tin cup (rather than a sommelier's silver *taste-vin*) tied around his neck, is tonight's sommelier. The five wines have all been decanted in advance, so there will be no guessing based on the size or shape of individual bottles.

Consider the possibilities for embarrassment—serious embarrassment. What if, for example, that wine you thought was a '47 Cheval Blanc turned out to be, say, a bottle of 1998 plonk? Or the one you were sure was a "mature old claret," say a 1961 Lafite, was instead a truly ancient Burgundy, a 1911 Beaune-Avaux from Bouchard, perhaps?

When at last time's up, the Austrian-born Adlgasser mops his brow with a handkerchief. "The pressure was really on," he says. "Whew."

"Who wants to go first?" asks Sape.

Silence reigns until Daniel Johnnes, the wine director of Montrachet, takes a deep breath and launches forth. He finds a "common thread, a genetic similarity" in all five wines: "I think they're all old Cabernets, mature Bordeaux." Could this, he wonders, be a tasting of the wines of a single château or of two châteaux lying side by side? "Maybe Pichon-Baron and Pichon-Lalande," he says, referring to the two famous Pauillac second growths. "Yeah, second or third growths. Hmmm, but not first growths."

"You think George would spring for first growths for us?" hollers David Gordon.

The sommeliers crack up.

"But they are old," adds Johnnes. "I'd guess '28, '29, '49, '53, and '59," he suggests, invoking five of the greatest vintages of the century in Bordeaux.

Johnnes picks up a glass of the first wine, studies it for a moment, and, looking Sape square in the face, announces, "The wine in this glass is very hazy. Did you have a problem decanting it?"

The sommeliers laugh again. Sape is pouring badly tonight.

David Gordon is up next. He shakes his head: "Gee, I thought the wines were white." More laughter. "Rhine wine." Getting serious, he ventures that they're "not as old as Daniel thinks, but they are fully mature. Bordeaux, old Bordeaux, yeah. But vintages? I don't know."

Tim Kopec thinks the youngest wine is a '70, but, unlike Johnnes, he "can't find a common theme." The wines, he guesses, come from the Right Bank of Bordeaux, from St.-Emilion or Pomerol. They're more Merlot-based than Cabernet. Pétrus, perhaps, with the oldest wines coming from the fifties. Olivier Zardoni of Cello agrees that the oldest wines are from the fifties, but he thinks they're "more Pauillac," more Cabernet.

After that, it's around the room. The only consensus: The wines are from Bordeaux.

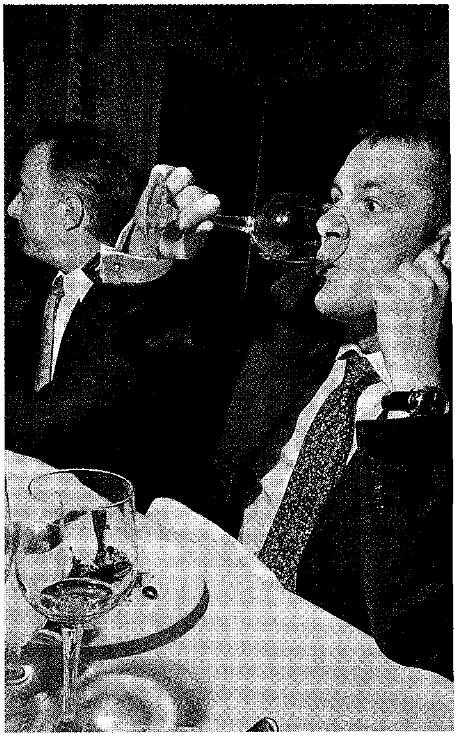
Since Sape is widely known to be a claret lover—"a big Bordeaux man," in his own words—that's not too surprising. One sommelier guesses that the wines are from the sixties and seventies and that at least one is "a trick," maybe a Pomerol in a tasting full of Pauillacs and Saint-Juliens. Another guesses that No. 4 is a ringer, "Syrah, a northern-Rhône wine, maybe an Hermitage."

Still another guesses that the youngest wine might be "an '82 Bordeaux."

No one makes pronouncements, however. "Maybe," "perhaps," and "I think" are the keynotes of the evening.

And the winner?

Daniel Johnnes, who was bang-on right about the wine's being Château Pichon-Lalande. But forget '28 and '29.

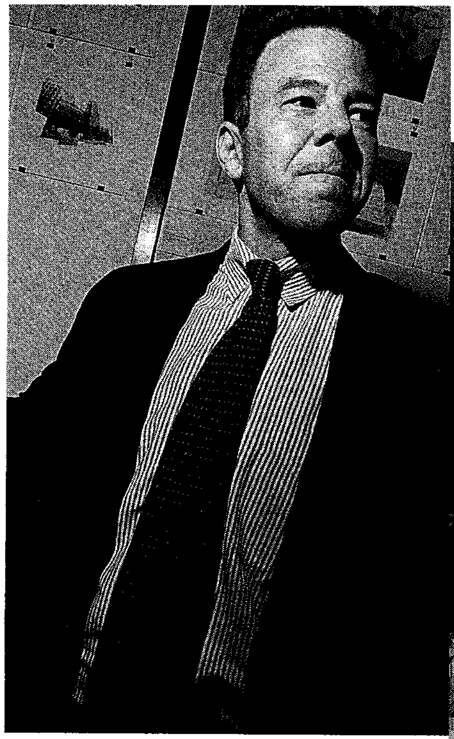


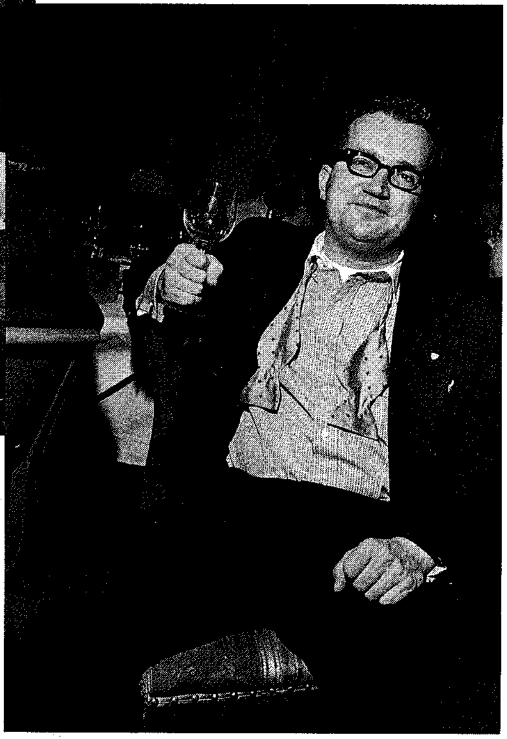
The wines tonight were: 1940 (a rare, though not memorable, wartime vintage, which was nevertheless holding up well; a second bottle, sweet and inviting but cloudy in color, was ignominiously poured down the drain), 1950 (rather weak at the knees), 1953 (a famous vintage that quickly fell off in the glass), 1955 (No. 4, "the ringer," which indeed seemed quite different from the rest, slightly metallic), and 1959 (easily the best, a truly *grande année*).

"I think I need a drink," a corrected sommelier mutters.

A SCANT 15 MINUTES LATER, THE TABLE HAS been cleared and reset, and *les plus grands sommeliers du monde*, as Alex Adlgasser terms this slightly chagrined group, sit down to eat, drink, and gossip. The chatty Adlgasser leads off with his tale of President Clinton's recent visit to New York: "So Clinton is having dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria, and David [Bouley, the chef-proprietor of Danube] is doing the cooking. And I'm there, and we're serving 1970 Latour. Dinner goes three hours, and you know what Clinton is drinking all this time? Cans of Diet Coke! Can after can. Oh, it's awful."

Adlgasser's story is received with much tongue-clucking and head-wagging. Wide-eyed looks, however, greet the news that a well-known Rhône winegrower has been hospitalized: "A liver transplant, can you believe it?" someone at the table says.





STUMP THE SOMMELIER

From left, tasters Jean-Luc Le Du of Le Cirque, Daniel Johnnes of Montrachet, Kurt Eckert of Jean Georges, and Alex Adlgasser of Danube.

No one laughs.

AS USUAL AT THE BEARD HOUSE, THE COOKing is being done by a visiting chef, this time Jennifer Maloney of Kansas City's Café Sebastienne. Her cooking is good but strongly flavored; the courses and the wines don't often match. The '94 and '97 Corton-Charlemagnes from Domaine Bonneau du Martray, for example, are overwhelmed by the coriander-and-sesame-seared ahi tuna with bok choy, crispy noodles, and spicy ginger sauce.

Being sommeliers, though, these guys taste the wines first. The verdict on the '94: "Marshmallows," the French-born Zardoni mutters. "Zees eez not uh . . ."

Tim Kopec fills in the blanks: "Not very Burgundian." Zardoni agrees: "Napa. Zees eez Napa, not Bourgogne."

Finally, the pièce de résistance of tonight's dinner arrives on the scene: an imperial of 1970 Pichon-Lalande.

It is spectacular—"smoky, very smoky," Zardoni says of it—and fortunately this time the grilled pork tenderloin with blackberry-mustard reduction and potato-fennel gratin matches it well. "This is a bull's-eye," Tim Kopec says of the pairing. He also likes the Pichon-Lalande: "This is a death-row wine. I don't think it will be as good as this tomorrow or ever again. But you don't care. You're not thinking about tomorrow."

The talk now is all about comparisons with the '70 Pichon-Lalande as well as old vintages: How the '62 Bordeaux were "lost in the shadow of the '61s"; a tasting of the '28 and '29 Palmers; the '29 Château des Jacques (a Beaujolais, no less—tasted at 70 years of age); and how similar most of the Pichons really were.

"The '59 eez beautiful. But zees eez zuh best," announces Jean-Luc Le Du. "Blackberry, strawberry—and a little beet of dung."

Murmurs of assent.

Finally, it's time for dessert: a delicious warm chocolate budino with fresh cream and berries. Against that, the wine, a fairly delicate 1975 Sauternes from the lesser-known Château Filhot, is pretty much dead in the water: a fizzled firecracker.

It matters not; by now the sommeliers, almost to a man, are floating. Someone's teasing Alex Adlgasser about his bright yellow bow tie:

"It's a clip-on, isn't it? You didn't tie that thing."

"Oh, you hurt my feelings," Adlgasser replies in mock pain. "Of course I tied it myself."

"Attention, attention," Sape interrupts, as if snapping out orders to a squadron of World War I pilots. "I want to thank you all for coming tonight. By now the lights are blinking. It's time for the sommeliers to go home, or wherever sommeliers go when the lights go out."

Olivier Zardoni knows where he wants to go: "Somewhere where I can have a glass of really good old cognac and a cigar. I only smoke Cubans."

As for Daniel Johnnes, he's ready to party some more. Nineteen French chefs, led by Paul Bocuse and Georges Blanc, are dining at Nobu tonight. On their menu: sushi and sake. "Let's go!" Johnnes hollers.

"Sake?" someone groans. "Who wants to drink sake after this?"

"Who said anything about sake?" Johnnes replies. "We'll stop by Montrachet and pick up some Burgundies. Real wine, George."

The jovial George Sape is savoring the pleasures of his evening. Behind him the magnums, bottles, and an imperial the size of a small water cooler are all lined up in a row on a sideboard. "This was serious, really serious tonight," he says, a glass of 1959 Pichon-Lalande in his hand. Then, gesturing to his glass, he asks, "Is this alive or what?" ■

BEST BETS

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BY CORKY POLLAN

Colorizing the Classics

For years Tiffany glass has been pretty much transparent, but the company has recently revived a Louis Comfort Tiffany legacy—think lamps—and created an exclusive new collection that's all about color. Handblown bowls, vases, and candlesticks come in pastels, shot with bold hues, striped, or tattersalled. And these awesome pieces are the work of such genius American glassblowers as Jesse Reese, Josh Simpson, and Bill Gudenrath, among others, along with two Venetians, Carlo Moretti and Salviati (from $150 for a candlestick to $325 for a large bowl to $975 for a large vase).

TIFFANY & CO./*727 Fifth Avenue, at 57th Street/212-755-8000*

A Tricycle Built for Three

Now that three-kid families are fast becoming a New York City norm, Kettler's new tandem tricycle is oh-so-street-smart. This German company's Jumbo Color Kettrike instantly converts (with add-ons) into a three-seated trike or (by removing the tandem insert) into a single. For a parent's peace of mind there are locking handlebars and a detachable push bar. The Jumbo has a tubular-steel frame, vinyl-tread wheels, slip-resistant pedals, and polypropylene-resin seats ($199.90, as shown; push handle, $59.95).

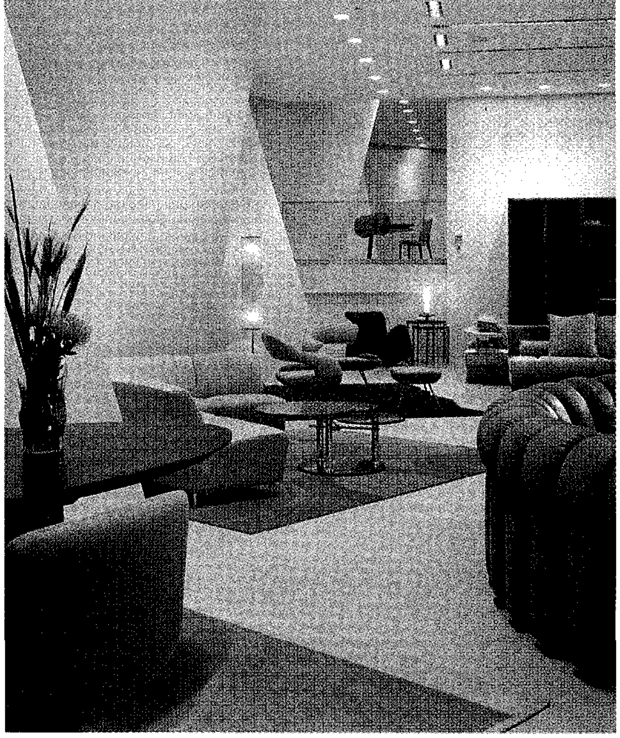
GEPPETTO'S TOY BOX/*10 Christopher Street/212-620-7511*

Send shopping questions to Corky Pollan, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999.

Hoe-in-One

It's a gardening truism that whatever trowel, watering can, pot, or seedling you need is sure to be somewhere you're not. With the new PFC garden caddie, you can organize your planting life. This heavy-duty tubular-steel cart is mounted on all-terrain tires so you can roll it over rocks, hilly fields, even through mud. There's a rack for tools, a platform to hold plants (with straps to secure heavy loads), and a mesh bag for gloves, seed packs, bug lotion, whatever. The handle height is adjustable, and, wonder of wonders, the caddie folds for storage (around $60).

BARSON HARDWARE/*35 West 44th Street/212-944-8181*
ZABAR'S/*2245 Broadway, at 80th Street/212-787-2004*



Instant Designs for Living

Nader Hakakian and his sons Seemak and Babak just might put some decorators out of business. At Domus Design Collection, their new stadium-size, Philip Johnson–designed emporium, you can quickly furnish every room in your apartment. See a bedroom you hanker after? You can buy it all—pillows, sheets, blankets, the rugs on the floor, the bed lamps, even the fully outfitted freestanding closets. The furniture is European, with lots from Italy, and some of the pieces have been in continuous production since the fifties and sixties. Modernism, with its spare lines, rules: There are de Sede sofas, Tisettanta beds and storage units, Elson & Company rugs, Halifax tables, Saporiti Italia chairs (from $35 for a microfiber pillow to $2,000 for a bed to $50,000 for a 22-piece nonstop modular sofa).

DDC DOMUS DESIGN COLLECTION/*181 Madison Avenue, at 34th Street/212-685-0800*

Plank Endorsement

Savvy chefs have resurrected the ancient Native American technique of grilling fish and fowl on wood planks. But these professionals mostly use cedar roofing shingles purchased in large quantities at lumber yards—no problem if you're cooking for zillions but a tad impractical for feeding just a few. Now Chinook, a Seattle company, has come up with a better way: untreated red cedar planks in very manageable sets of four. Just soak one of the planks (in water or, better yet, balsamic vinegar), place it on the grill, and wait till it smokes; then add a slab of salmon, a fillet of halibut, a breast of chicken, even vegetables, and be amazed at the resulting deliciousness ($12.50).

BROADWAY PANHANDLER/*477 Broome Street/212-966-3434*

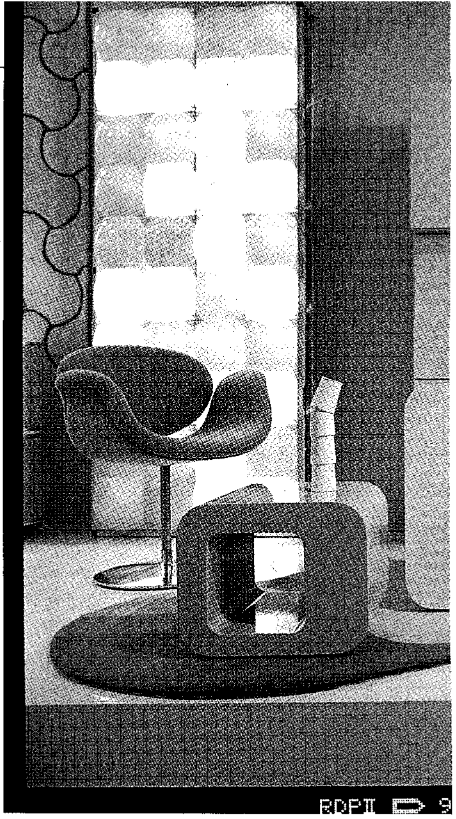
NEW YORK SIMPLIFIED

SMARTCITY

Home Makers

Spend an afternoon exploring TriBeCa's cluster of home-design stores.

By Wickham Boyle



MODERN LOVE Clockwise from above, the living room of the future at Totem; Neapolitan ceramics at Pescepalla Docks; Antik's showroom of Scandinavian design; the nipple chair at Pescepalla.

IN THE PAST FIVE YEARS, A CRITICAL MASS of home-design stores has settled amid the loading docks, security gates, and metal canopies of TriBeCa. Some are new to the neighborhood, others are recent expansions of the studios of artists who first colonized the area two decades ago. All are within a few blocks, and unlike "to the trade" showrooms, they are open to weekend strollers and design divas alike. Whether your tastes lean toward the perfectly period, the vaguely retro, or the stridently modern, it's easy to lose a few hours shopping and browsing here.

Whisler
428 Greenwich Street (212-343-7967)
This raw loft space was originally a warehouse, then a theater space, then an artist's studio. Now it's sculptor Stephen Whisler's shop, filled with his signature whimsy: a maple medicine cabinet with a cutout of a hand with a bandaged finger ($680), and playful folding screens with cutout shapes and numbers ($3,000).

J. Mabley Fabric Co.
39 N. Moore Street (212-966-5464)
Looking like reams of ribbon candy, meringue, and spun sugar, the fabrics at Jennifer Mabley's shop come in 100 different patterns and up to 75 colors. They can be combined for custom upholstery or done up as drapes. At 54 inches wide, silks start at $28 per yard, velvets at $40, and linens at $30. Mabley often collaborates with her neighbor Kevin Hart, covering his custom designs.

Urban Archaeology
143 Franklin Street (212-431-4646)
Co-owner Gil Shapiro started in 1978 by selling architectural salvage found in old buildings slated for demolition. He now employs 80 workers to make extravagant copies of lights and fixtures from U.A.–owned originals. Shapiro's current offerings include an antique copper American factory clock from the twenties ($850) and turn-of-the-century mahogany office chairs ($375). You can also take home the original iron statues from the Place de la Concorde fountain in Paris (they were replaced in 1929 as part of France's version of the WPA), a relative bargain at $1 million.

Mobilier
180 Franklin Street (212-334-6197)
Patrick Marchand's tiny shop resembles the movie set for Jacques Tati's film *Mon Oncle*: sort of French-fifties-family-gone-wild. Settle into a pair of cobalt-blue, triangular foam chairs ($6,000). For above the chairs, consider oblong tube lights in orange, blue, or white glass ($2,000).

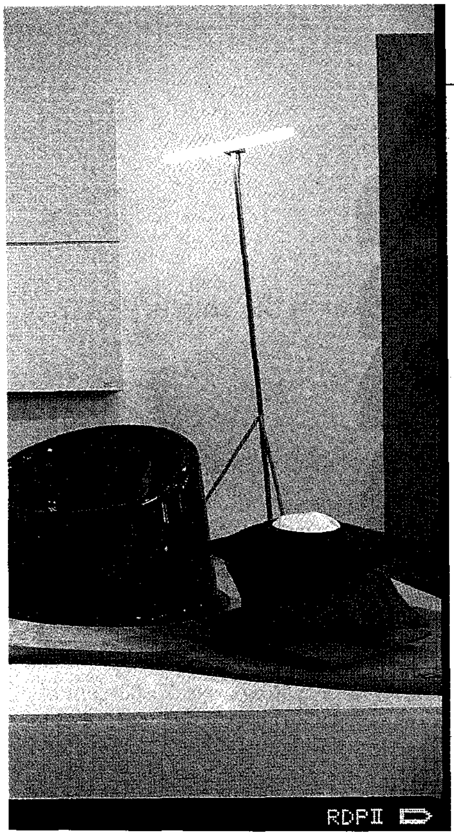
The Orange Chicken
152 Franklin Street (212-431-0337)
It may sound like a Chinese takeout joint, but beyond the turquoise façade is a boutique filled with decorative *objets,* from Venetian-glass and one-of-a-kind Donald Joint mosaic tables (starting at $1,200) to Zsolnay's iridescent glazed tiles ($40). The house specialty is vintage-fabric pillows in polka dots, stripes, and fleur-de-lis, ranging from $100 to $2,600.

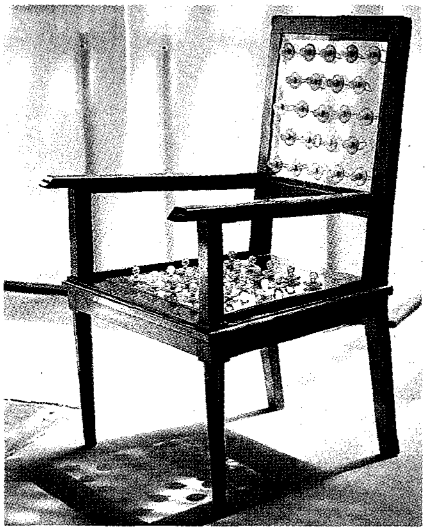
Antik
104 Franklin Street (212-343-0471)
This shop, in choreographer Twyla Tharp's old dance space, focuses on twentieth-century Scandinavian furniture and ceramics. Highlights are a collection of tables, including a 52-inch diameter Josef Frank beech table inlaid with ebony ($14,000), and vintage Berndt Friberg "hare's fur" glazed ceramics in colors like orange and celestial blue; prices for a Friberg vase begin at $450 and run to $3,000.

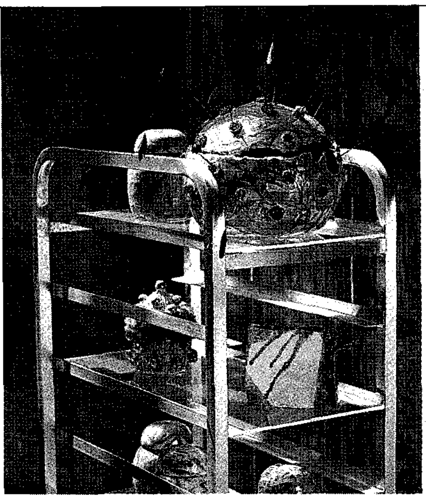
Totem
71 Franklin Street (212-925-5506)
Youth reigns eternal at this upbeat contemporary-furniture store. Lounge on a David Hockney–designed flannel sofa ($10,000), or perch on frosted glass bar stools ($424). Among their newest offerings are table lamps called Genesi. Made from a plastic formerly reserved for crude-oil filters, they are beautiful sunbursts of yellow, orange, or red (small $85, large $145). On your way out, sign the mailing list to get on the Totem party roster.

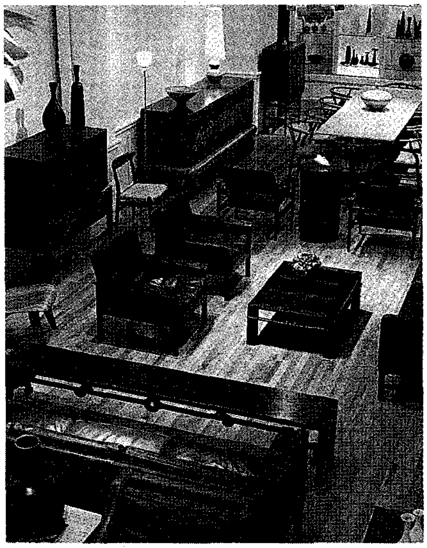
Anandamali
39 N. Moore Street (212-343-8964)
The tables, chairs, mirrors, and jewelry boxes here are covered with mosaics made from chips of antique dishes like Limoges and Wedgwood. A wooden side table with a tiled top goes for $150; a similar-size end table with bent metal legs and a hand-cut mosaic can run you $3,000. If you don't see what you're looking for, commission it. Anandamali also offers classes in the attached studio; two-day courses are $450, and every student leaves with a mosaic table.

Photographs by Carina Salvi.









Pescepalla Docks
345 Greenwich Street (212-625-3148)
An artist couple from Naples who have collaborated on dance, theater, and now decorative art are the whimsical force behind Pescepalla Docks, a gallery-like store where vases float in pools and paintings are sold by the foot (suitable for framing, or dressmaking). Side chairs embedded with rubber nipples (starting at $1,200) and vases rimmed in fur (starting at $1,200) may not be to everyone's taste, but it's worth a visit.

Donzella
17 White Street (212-965-8919)
Audrey Hepburn would have felt at home in this showroom of mid-century design items from North America and Europe. Located in Jim Dine's old studio, the store has eight-inch square Gio Ponti tiles ($40), Paul Laszlo custom-designed walnut end tables ($10,500 a pair), and Edward Wormley's low chairs, vintage 1958 ($6,500 a pair).

Kevin Hart and Company
31 N. Moore Street (212-966-1963)
Kevin Hart's store is dedicated to "global style," a look that alludes to far-flung places and juxtaposes contrasting cultures. A Chinese basket storage table ($1,450) shares space with an onyx lamp with a Mica lampshade from Maine ($295).

Hook & Ladder Company 8
14 N. Moore Street
Housed in the fire station where *Ghostbusters* was shot is an exhibit of melted telephones, pitchers, fax machines, buzzers, and gewgaws collected during 25 years of fighting fires in the neighborhood. If the garage doors are open, have a look.

N A V I G A T O R

Q: Although I've played tennis for years, I've never been sure how often I should take my racquet in to be re-strung.

A: The rule of thumb followed by many pros is that, in a given year, you should have your racquet re-strung as often as the number of times you play per week. "But it really has to do as much with how you play the game as with how often you play," says John Curtis, head coach of New York University's men's tennis team. For example, topspin and slice shots can wreak havoc on your opponent's game, and the resulting friction is equally deleterious to your strings. Power players tend to wear out strings faster than less aggressive ones, but even novices should keep an eye on their racquets, as strings tend to go stale in the closet. Before stepping out on the court this summer, drop your racquet off at a sporting-goods shop for a tune-up.

Grand Central Racquet (Grand Central Terminal, between tracks 38 and 39; 212-856-9647; $24 to $38) offers same-day service to commuters who drop their racquets off in the morning. Paragon Sports (867 Broadway, at 18th Street; 212-255-8036; $10 to $50) can refurbish your racquet in two days. And Sports Authority (for locations, call 888-LOOK-4-TSA; $8 if you bring your own strings, free with store purchase) will have your strings taut for the clay in a day or two. DAVID AMSDEN

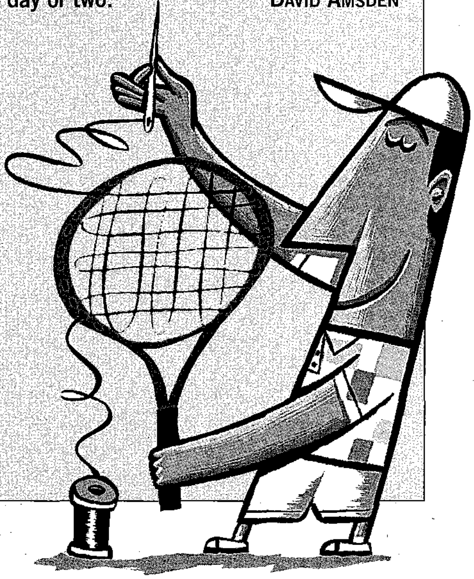


Illustration by Chris Pyle.

SALES & BARGAINS SHYAMA PATEL

Get a Grip

Makeup lessons: *Fendi may be beyond your reach, but you needn't be left holding the bag. These under-$60 pouches* **perform in the clutch.**

patch
nyc
by Rosa & Garcy

Cosmetics plus: makeup bags, above from left, by Nordic House Designs, LiBags, PATCH nyc. Below from left, by Pixie Yates, Coach, Oscar de la Renta, Inca, and Bindya.

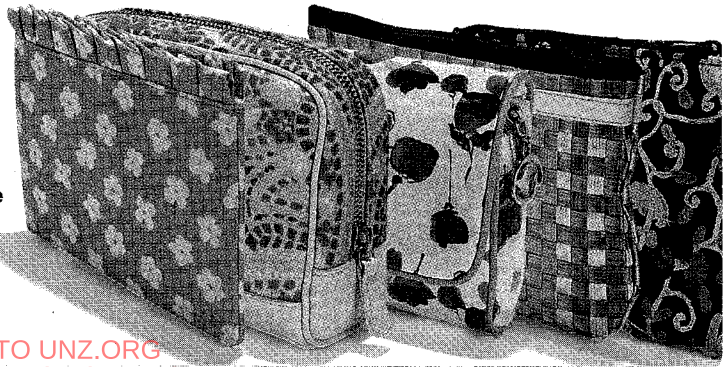
THE SEASON'S BEST HANDBAGS FIT—and are meant to be carried—in the palm of your hand. Need more than a cell phone, AmEx, and a couple of twenties to get you through the afternoon? Use your big tote all day, trim down your evening essentials, and pick up a sharp cosmetic bag that doubles as a simple summer clutch.

The obvious styles to convert actually look like miniature bags, such as **Coach**'s blue paisley pouch ($68 at Coach stores—a smaller version is $48). For a sweet, girlish look, pick up **Pixie Yates**'s flat lavender envelope with ruffled trim ($40 at Clyde's). On July 4, we'll be making the scene with a starry blue one from **Old Navy** ($8.50 at Old Navy stores).

But soft things can be equally splashy. Try **LiBags**' *faux*-pythons (about $38 at Bigelow and Zitomer), **Inca**'s woven plastics ($30 at www.incabag.com), or **Bindya**'s embroidered, hippie-chic wools ($55 at Olive & Bette's). A knit pouch from **The Sak** comes in solids and stripes ($25—and many other items here are now 25 percent off). For a bit of preppy chic, check out vintage printed bags by **PATCH nyc** ($59 at Kirna Zabête).

Plastic pouches are harder to pull off, so pick carefully. Our faves: A floral style from **Oscar de la Renta** that'll dress down vintage frocks for casual evenings ($28 at Macy's) and **Nordic House Designs**' tiny, Marimekko-ish coated cotton—this one *really* won't hold much, but maybe your date could carry that extra lipstick ($10 at Clyde's).

Clyde's, 926 Madison Ave., near 76th St. (212-744-5050); Bigelow Apothecaries, 414 Sixth Ave. (212-533-2700); Zitomer, 969 Madison Ave., near 75th St. (212-737-4480); Olive & Bette's (call 212-717-9655 for store locations); The Sak, 521 Broadway, near Spring St. (212-625-3200); Kirna Zabête, 96 Greene St. (212-941-9656); Macy's Herald Square (212-695-4400).



DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

Picks of the Week

Betsey Johnson's fabulously funky summer clothes are now half price, from $75 to $150 per piece. *Four stores in Manhattan, for locations, call 212-244-0843; A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 11–7, Sun. noon–7; 7/4–7/31.*

Kirna Zabête is taking up to 75 percent off edgy designs from Balenciaga, Hussein Chalayan, Clements Ribeiro, and others, from $35 for a T-shirt to $1,225 for a Thimister gown. *96 Greene St. (212-941-9656); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 11–7, Sun. noon–6; 7/6–7/20.*

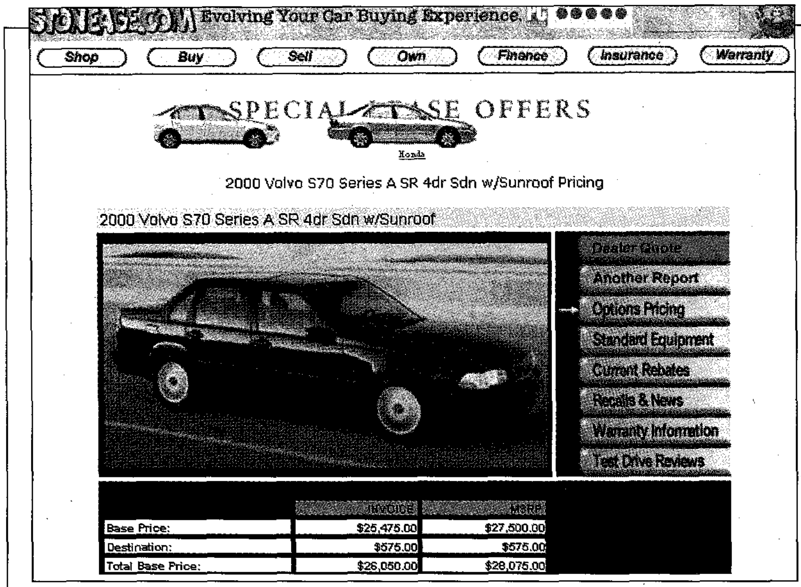
Jill Stuart's sale means 50 to 75 percent off her pretty, flirty spring styles (pictured, right). You'll find buttery leathers, chiffon dresses, and cashmere, all for $50–$342. *100 Greene St. (212-343-2300); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 11–7, Sun. noon–6; 7/3–7/24.*

Liz Lange's chic, streamlined maternity clothes are about 75 percent off: Dresses are $130–$150, pants are $70, knits are $50. *958 Madison Ave., near 75th St. (212-879-2191); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Mon.–Fri. 10–7, Sat. till 6, Sun. noon–5; 7/3–8/6.*

Morgenthal Frederics is clearing top-end designer frames at half price (Gaultier, Armani, Helmut Lang, etc.), starting at $125. Prescription lenses for them are 10 percent off. *For locations and hours, call 212-838-3090; A.E., M.C., V.; 7/3–7/17.*

SMARTCITY

NET NEWS



2000 Volvo S70 Series A SR 4dr Sdn w/Sunroof Pricing

2000 Volvo S70 Series A SR 4dr Sdn w/Sunroof

	INVOICE	MSRP
Base Price:	$25,475.00	$27,500.00
Destination:	$575.00	$575.00
Total Base Price:	$26,050.00	$28,075.00

Lemon Aid

Like answering machines, online classifieds are one of those beautifully intuitive inventions that make you wonder how anything ever got done without them. Take shopping for a used car: Rather than searching for your '67 Mustang by collecting all the giveaway papers you can carry, you can simply sign on and search through a nation's worth of Fords from your living room. Throw in search engines that let you comparison-shop for insurance and finance rates, and you might even save enough for parking.

Autoweb.com aims to "put you in control of the car-buying process" and offers a trunkload of useful information, as well as a troubleshooting area for when something goes wrong. Helpfully, the guide is divided into symptom categories, like "braking problems" and "engine problems" as well as the more intuitive "smell," "hear," "see," and "feel."

Stoneage.com, in true Internet fashion, settles for nothing less than "evolving your car-buying experience" with more than 600,000 classifieds from newspapers and Websites around the country. Less evolved is the registration process users have to complete before seeing sellers' information.

Cars.com includes news and reviews as well as classifieds, many of them from dealers. The site's search engine lets customers get hyper-specific, selecting everything from make, model, and year to distance from your Zip Code you're willing to travel.

Edmunds.com offers reviews, classifieds, and an online version of the Edmunds buyer's guide series for sale at newsstands. Many of its listings are culled from other sites, but Edmunds.com adds its own spin: a feature that calculates the average price and mileage for every car that fits your specs. It even comes up with a suggested retail price to help sniff out scams early on.

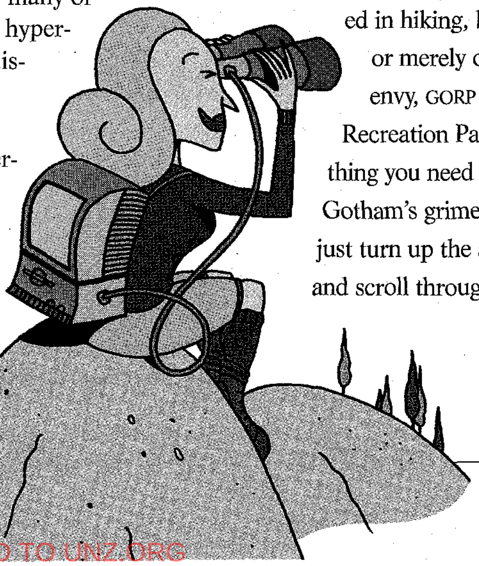
BY HILLARY ROSNER

Cookie Monster

Many Internet sites know exactly where you've been, thanks to electronic "cookies" that track your every click. The site www.MValue.com not only lets you control which companies know where you're going, it forwards offers from advertisers who are willing to pay good money to track your travels through the Web. It can even broker that information (anonymously, of course) should you decide to sell. Don't give up the day job—the payoff is only 50 cents an hour—but getting paid for something you're already doing can't be a bad thing. Guess that's the way the cookie crumbles.

The Geek Outdoors

"A cacophony of croaking, knocking, drumming, and shrill notes fills the air." Are you sweating in your apartment, cringing at the construction below? Or hiking Little Pond Loop in the Catskills, passing a beaver dam as you traverse a swollen brook? If you chose the latter, hike your browser over to GORP (**www.gorp.com/gorp/location/ny/ru_hudva.htm**), an outdoor-adventure site that features an extensive section on Hudson Valley activities from the city all the way up to Albany. Whether you're interested in hiking, biking, boating, or merely outdoor mansion envy, GORP (Great Outdoor Recreation Pages) has everything you need to escape Gotham's grime. Or you could just turn up the air conditioner and scroll through the pictures.



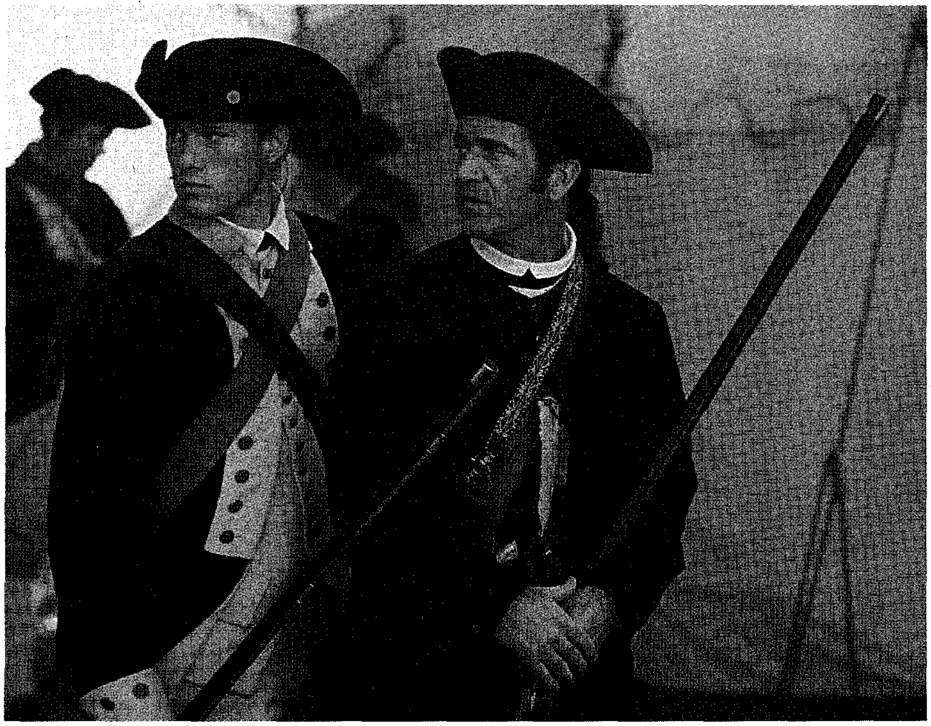
Illustrations by Ingo Fast.

PETER RAINER

Braverheart

For Mel Gibson's 'Patriot,' the politics of revolution is personal; there's greater insight into American-British relations in 'Chicken Run.'

THE AD FOR **The Patriot**, SET IN 1776, FEATURES an immense, close-cropped portrait of Mel Gibson's famous head, and his longish sideburns are the only real clue that the man might not be up-to-date. Accepting Gibson in a period setting has never been difficult, but the period here is a movie no-no: the Revolutionary War era. Maybe it's all those powdered wigs, or maybe the genre is too close to a high-school history class; in any event, the few movies that have taken the period on, such as *Revolution* and *Jefferson in Paris,* had most of the audience pining to be saved by the bell. *The Patriot* gets around the historical mustiness by turning itself into a high-minded revenge thriller that consciously echoes *Braveheart* when it isn't invoking the *Mad Max* series. It's a Mel Gibson action anthology in Colonial drag.



Freedom fighters: Heath Ledger and Gibson are son and father in *The Patriot*.

Photograph by Andrew Cooper/SMPSP.

The period décor and costuming and production design may be in the overhoned Hollywood classic style, but the plotting is pure melodrama: Someone *important* is killed, revenge is taken, another biggie is offed, prompting further revenge, and so on—a daisy chain of vengeance. Gibson's Benjamin Martin is a widowed father of seven who, word has it, committed unspeakably bloody deeds during the French and Indian War and now, repentant, lives only to peaceably preserve his brood and his South Carolina plantation. (The blacks who work the plantation are not slaves, conveniently eliminating a rather nettlesome issue.) Benjamin is introduced to us not as a patriot but as a father, and the movie initially makes the large and unconvincing point that the two are mutually exclusive. Refusing to join the Continental army to fight the British, Benjamin ends up watching one son murdered by the redcoats under the command of Colonel Tavington (Jason Isaacs), who makes Vlad the Impaler look like a charm-school graduate. His eldest boy, Gabriel (Heath Ledger, who has a teen-heartthrob stalwartness), is then carted off for hanging, whereupon Mel goes into Thunderdome mode for the rescue operation. It's as if *Little House on the Prairie* suddenly went ninja; with two preteen musket-toting sons spotting him, Benjamin slaughters an entire squadron with wraithlike finesse.

When he finally joins the militia and the revenges pile up, he seems to be engaged in a battle against the British that is more about class than about Colonial independence. Benjamin's ragtag warriors show off their earthiness and love of liberty by baring their bad teeth and their bad grammar while the British, led by General Cornwallis (Tom Wilkinson), are sleek snoots who can't wait to get back to their gold chandeliers and Chippendale. (After routing the Colonials, Cornwallis laments that fighting these rustics takes the honor out of victory.) I hope it won't be misinterpreted as unpatriotic if I point out that the British come across about as bad in this movie as I've ever seen—even worse than in *The Messenger,* where a British soldier is shown raping a French girl *after* killing her. The atrocities perpetrated here by Tavington, especially one involving a churchful of townspeople, don't appear to bear much resemblance to recorded history; but even if they do, it seems remiss to turn the Revolutionary War into the kind of hero-villain confrontation that might be better suited to a Sega video game. The director Roland Emmerich made *Godzilla* and *Independence Day,* so perhaps this approach should come as no surprise, but the screenwriter Robert Rodat wrote *Saving Private Ryan.* What's *his* excuse?

The French, on the other hand, who have generally been viewed in American movies as a race of Pepe Le Pews, get what amounts to a free pass in *The Patriot.* A Lafayette-ish character played by Tchéky Karyo is made fun of—he insists on looking good even in battle—but it's the kind of affectionate needling that lets you know we're all brothers under the skin (or at least under the epaulets). The sympathy quotient in this movie is so skewed in favor of the French over the British that one suspects it's the result of a studio demographic survey: Did Sony Pictures determine the English market to be a write-off for this material and therefore decide to fall in with the French?

As in *Braveheart,* Mel Gibson turns himself into a great big sufferer, and boy, does he get a lot to suffer about. The scenario is ruthlessly punitive; as his friends and family are systematically eliminated, Benjamin seems to bloat with pain. There's an uncomfortable element of masochism in the way Gibson serves up these recent heroes of his; the camera lingers a bit too lovingly on the racked ruination of his stellar visage. He can be powerful, but his fondness for grandiose displays of martyrdom has its unseemly side. Gibson is better when he's not so balled up in anguish; when, as in *Conspiracy Theory,* he lets some screwiness and wit and ardor come through.

Humorlessness, however, is a trademark of historical epics, and *The Patriot* is full of speeches where Colonials talk about building a new world where all men are created equal (although, presumably, only white land-owning men need apply). Meanwhile, the audience hangs in for the wide-screen battles and the inevitable close-ups of heads being sheared off. The filmmakers want to make an anthem about the founding of this country, but they also want to rack up the gross-outs. How very American of them.

A MUCH BETTER MOVIE ABOUT U.S.-BRITISH relations is **Chicken Run,** which also features a jauntier performance by Mel Gibson, as the voice of the rooster Rocky "the lone free-ranger" Roads. This first feature-length claymation marvel from the Bristol, England–based Aardman studios—which brought us, among other delicacies, the *Wallace and Gromit* shorts—is a prison-break movie starring chickens. The idea itself is funny—an egg-layer *Stalag 17*—but that's just where the fun begins. The hens dreamed up by co-directors Nick Park and Peter Lord embody all the biddiness and eccentricity of English spinsterhood. When Rocky, an American interloper into their barbed-wire-enclosed egg farm, struts his roosteriness, he's both caricature and exemplar, the Yank in all his high-flying pluckiness. His inamorata, Ginger, voiced by *Absolutely Fabulous*'s Julia Sawalha, is so considerate and matronly that she can support a prison break only if *all* the hens are saved. Most recent animated features, such as *Dinosaur* and *Titan A.E.,* are fine as long as you're looking and not listening. *Chicken Run,* with a script by Karey Kirkpatrick, is fun even with your eyes closed; the jokes and Britishisms and sound effects work all by themselves. It's a good thing the jokes *are* worthy: These chickens have crack comic timing and deserve the best.

The Perfect Storm, DIRECTED BY WOLFGANG Petersen and written by William Wittliff (based on the Sebastian Junger nonfiction best-seller), has an impressive assortment of computer-generated monstro-waves and lots of hollering between shipmates trying to be heard above the crash of those waves. The film is about what happened, or may have happened, when a swordfishing boat departing in the fall of 1991 from Gloucester, Massachusetts, ran into perhaps the biggest storm in modern marine history. George Clooney is the skipper whose crew includes Mark Wahlberg and John C. Reilly, and you can literally see his thin dark beard go grayish as the waves start to hit. He's the kind of hard-bitten guy who feels the need to explain that he's "never good at doing things the way they were meant to be done." Of course. If he were, there wouldn't be a movie.

There's practically no way to respond to *The Perfect Storm* except as spectacle. The filmmakers are so intent on setting up the fishing trip as a heroic-mythic quest that they shortchange the more obvious question of why these men would risk so much for thrills and pride and a paycheck when, with far less difficulty, they could have made their way to safety. The audience, with good reason, is much more conflicted in the end about this voyage than the crew, and so we are put in the unfortunate position of feeling superior to these men. Heroism without much of an undercurrent—that's what this movie is selling. Pyrrhic gestures work best when the gestures don't appear to be so dunderheaded.

In brief: AFTER GOING ON A WALKABOUT into Oscarland with *The Truman Show* and *Man on the Moon,* Jim Carrey is back at his frenzied near-best in **Me, Myself & Irene,** the latest gross-me-out from the Farrelly brothers. He plays a Rhode Island trooper with a split personality: One is a Milquetoast, the other insanely bullying, his voice a Dirty Harry rasp. There's nothing here as blissfully satisfying as the best bad-taste parts in *Dumb and Dumber* or *There's Something About Mary,* but Carrey is a phenomenal whirling dervish of a performer who could probably have added another four or five personalities to the mix without breaking a sweat. If he and Eddie Murphy, another performer who likes to split himself up, ever decide to make a movie together, the blur of guises will induce mass vertigo in the audience. ■

Peter Rainer's reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

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BOOKS DANIEL MENDELSOHN

Goomba Gothic

With 'The Godfather,' Mario Puzo invented a genre mixing family rituals with vengeful violence. 'Omerta' shows it outlives him—just barely.

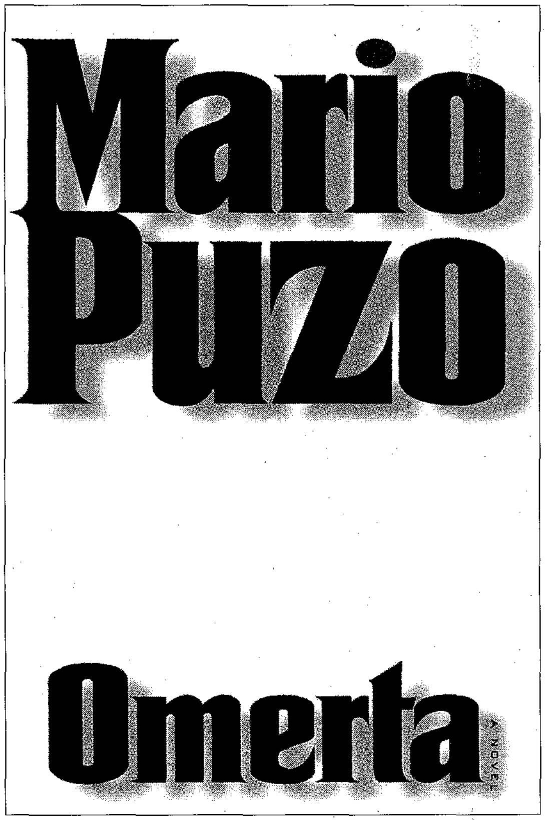
Omerta

BY MARIO PUZO

Random House; 316 pages; $25.95

IT WAS AN OFFER I THOUGHT I COULDN'T REFUSE. "IN the stone-filled village of Castellammare del Golfo facing the dark Sicilian Mediterranean," goes the first line of Mario Puzo's last, posthumously published mobster saga, "a great Mafia Don lay dying." With a contented sigh, I ground my hip more snugly into the sand underneath my beach blanket, checked my sunblock level, and prepared myself for the unique pleasures of Goomba Gothic, a genre—at once operatically extreme and reassuringly domestic—that Puzo, if he didn't actually father, certainly Godfathered.

Okay, okay, so it was actually one of those weirdly cold days we had last month, and I was sitting in bed shivering in my p.j.'s. But I wasn't lying about the unique pleasures of the Mafia novel. I've never believed the line about how we love books and movies about the mob because they allow us legitimate access to our (hopefully repressed) illicit urges. To me, it's always been clear that "Family" narratives are so satisfying because they're just extreme versions of stories common to all families: Once you get past the extra-legal window-dressing (the shiny silk suits concealing equally shiny weapons, the "suicides" who manage to end their lives in locked car trunks), Mafia stories always come down to the same everyday issues—property, loyalty, betrayal, the desire for revenge, and inheritance—that keep family therapists in business. As with Greek tragedy, another "family-based" genre that can't resist a high body count, it's the extremity that's so much fun: The property is counted in the billions, love is always obsessively possessive, betrayal becomes a matter of life and death, and revenge is elevated to a high art form. In my family, when you fall out of love with your wife, you go to a lawyer and get divorced, while your great-aunt Sylvia clicks her dentures tragically and keeps asking you to explain what "no-fault" means. In the Family, when you fall out of love with your wife, you're likely to get paraded around town nailed to a cross wearing your testicles on your head, which is what happens to one unlucky adulterer in *Omerta.* So whose family you gonna buy the book about?



The last don: Puzo's bruisers seem lost in a bland corporate life that is no match for their old-world characters.

It's easy to forget now that Puzo began his career 45 years ago with a couple of really good "straight" novels. *The Fortunate Pilgrim* (which Puzo considered his favorite), a story of an immigrant Italian woman trying to hold her family together in Hell's Kitchen in the twenties, is particularly moving, and garnered high praise for its "highly charged language [and] penetrating insights" when it was published in 1964. At the time, critics thought Puzo might be the Italian Henry Roth. Then came *The Godfather,* which—partly because of its own thumping virtues, which were those of a good juicy blockbuster rather than those of serious art, and partly because of the phenomenal success of the movie, which was seriously artistic—created the "golden triangle" novel (New York–Hollywood–Vegas), a franchise that Puzo operated for the rest of his working life.

Omerta feels, unfortunately, like a mass-produced product. The plot can best be described as Five Towns Rococo: Its garishness, its intricate, exhausting curlicues can't disguise the disastrous fact that its main character, Astorre Viola, remains a bland cipher without the ol' Corleone iron-hand-and-velvet-glove panache. Let's see if I got this right: The great Don is dying. On his deathbed, he gives his infant son Astorre to one of his three loyal henchmen, Don Raymonde Aprile, while pledging the remaining two to undying loyalty, etc., etc. Aprile goes back to New York, where he raises little Astorre along with his own children, who at the Don's insistence grow up to be totally "legit": Valerius (no, I am not making these names up) teaches at West Point; Marcantonio is a network-programming bigwig; and Nicole is a feisty beauty whose face, which "revealed every emotion she felt," would, I couldn't help thinking, be something of a handicap in her work as a high-powered lawyer. In one of those trademarked Puzo scenes in which the author throws both violence and Catholic ritual into the narrative blender (the baptism in *The Godfather*; the assassination of the pope on Easter Sunday in *The Fourth K*), the elderly Don Aprile, now retired, is gunned down in front of Saint Patrick's after his grandson's first communion. Astorre spends the rest of the novel evading a true-blue FBI agent named Cilke and a corrupt black female NYPD cop named Aspinella Washington (*still* not making it up), and hunting down and killing the man who ordered the hit: the dreaded Inzio Tulippa (nope!), an international drug dealer who needs the old Don's private banks to launder his dirty money—and who wants some pin money to build his own nuclear warhead, just in case he can't persuade the U.S. government to legalize drugs. Watch out, Dr. Evil.

There are tiny flashes here of the Mafia-novel stuff I love: the clunky Cecil B. DeMille diction that inevitably alerts you to the presence of a Powerful Mediterranean Personage ("His eyes are as green as olives that spring from my best trees"); the arcane, deliciously scary Sicilian ethics ("Those who give mercy commit an unpardonable offense to the victim"); the fascinating news—well, fascinating to me—that hit men, like freelance magazine writers, get kill fees for jobs they undertake but don't complete. But in the end you realize that *Omerta*'s opening line, which hints of 300 pages of narrative pasta alla sarde, is just bait; the soul of this formulaic novel doesn't reside in the colorful, emotionally excessive milieu that Puzo visited and revisited with such success in his earlier work, but dwells in the buttoned-down world of private banking and takeovers, which, we are told again and again, now constitute the arena in which organized crime operates. That may be true; but I don't want to read $25.95 Mafia novels for what I can get for 75 cents in the D section of the *Times*. "What do you think of moving more heavily into deutsche marks?" someone urgently asks at the end of the novel. *Zzzzz.*

It seems pretty clear that Puzo's heart wasn't really in all this, either. (To say nothing of the hearts of the Random House editors: The FBI director, Cilke's boss, is described as "a tall, elegant man whose descendants came to America on the *Mayflower*," which by my count would make him about 400 years old.) His last book ends, indeed, on a regretful note. "The old Mafia was dead," the author writes on his penultimate page. "The great Dons had accomplished their goals and blended gracefully into society, as the best criminals always do. The few pretenders who remained were a disappointing assortment of dim, second-class felons and impotent thugs. Why would anyone want to bother with the rackets when it was much easier to steal millions by starting your own company and selling shares to the public?" Puzo died in July 1999; reading these closing lines, you can't help thinking that he was as aware of—and disenchanted with—*The Sopranos*, with its dim, ill-dressed suburban felons, as he was with the khaki-clad IPO-maniacs who were also laying siege to the public's attention that summer.

It's not that Puzo didn't like big business: He always slyly enjoyed implying that the difference between the Cosa Nostra (which you can translate as "our thing," "our business") and the Republic itself (which is Latin for "the public thing," "the public business") was one of degree rather than kind. (The ruthless hero of his 1991 political thriller *The Fourth K* was a don in everything but name; it was merest accident that he happened to be president of the United States.) After I finished *Omerta*, which opens with a deceptive look back at the romantic past that had so enthralled Puzo and had, in turn, made the tales he told so enthralling to his millions of readers, and yet which is, ultimately, as corporate in its mass-produced soul as are the global banks that its protagonists run, I realized why this novel was so lackluster—why it had no garlic. For Puzo, the fun had gone out of both capitalism and crime. *Omerta* shows the strain; this final literary offering is all too easy to refuse.

IF YOU WANT THE REAL SICILIAN THING THIS summer—the olive-green eyes and the olive groves, the powerful, elaborately courtly men forced to witness the disintegration of the families and institutions they spent their lives building, all against a backdrop of vivid Mediterranean color—try Giuseppe di Lampedusa's masterpiece *The Leopard*, which is available as an (ugly and undignified-looking) paperback from Pantheon. Set during the 1860s but incorporating Proustian flashbacks and a final heartbreaking coda in 1910, this dense, dazzling novel, which contrasts the aging, melancholy prince Don Fabrizio with his headstrong nephew Tancredi, is one of the five or six greatest of the nineteenth century; it just happened to be written in the 1950s. Lampedusa himself, an eccentric polymath who worked quietly on his masterpiece while playing a pudgy Fabrizio to a group of young Tancredis, was a Sicilian aristocrat, and knew whereof he so beautifully wrote: His handsome, proud, and ultimately tragic protagonist is based on his own *grand*father. ▬

Daniel Mendelsohn's reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

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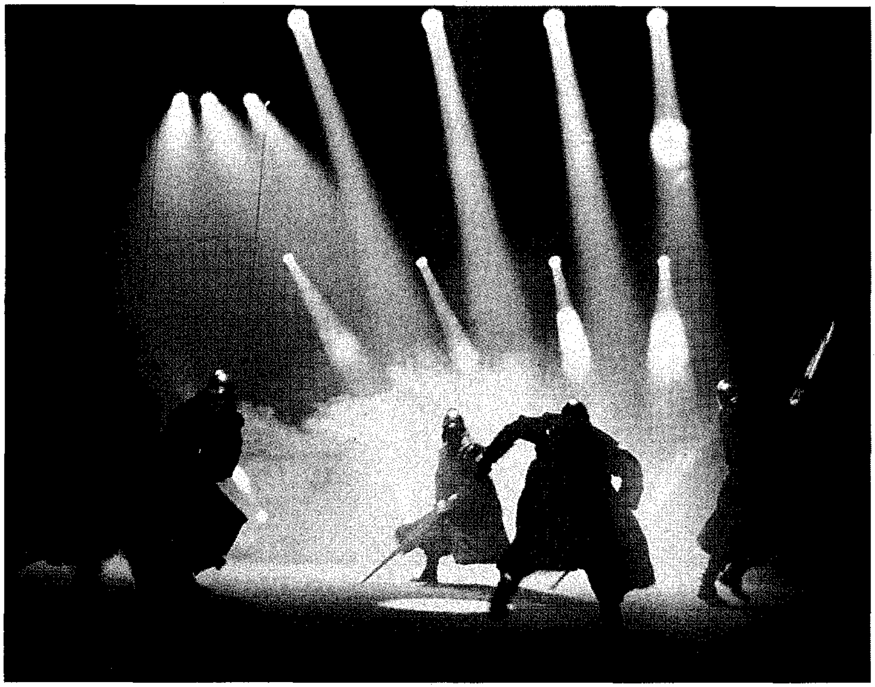
THEATER **JOHN SIMON**

Out, Damned Scot!

From Broadway's womb Kelsey Grammer's 'Macbeth' was (not so) untimely ripped; the RSC, meanwhile, offered Antony Sher's more cunning version.



Melancholy thane: Director Terry Hands's short-lived staging of *Macbeth*, with Grammer in the title role.

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

DUSTIN HOFFMAN USED TO TELL A STORY (APOCryphal, no doubt) about John Wayne's essaying the lead in a stage production of *Macbeth*. In no time, the audience erupted in guffaws. Angered, the Duke marched downstage and bellowed, "Listen, I didn't write this crap!" The good news about Kelsey Grammer's version of **Macbeth** is that it wasn't funny. The bad news is that it would have been better if it had been, rather than what it was: dull.

Clearly contrived on the cheap and in haste, this production, since closed, turned "the Scottish play" into a skittish play, and, worse yet, a sottish play. It sprinted (actually huffed and puffed) through the text in under two hours, either to make the *Guinness Book of Records* or to emulate Tom Stoppard's *The 15-Minute Hamlet*. The words were spoken not only trippingly on the tongue but also without much thought or feeling allowed to get in their way. When more emotion was needed, the volume was turned up, or the elocution became more orotund. Sometimes, especially by Grammer, the relentless rush was encroached on by misplaced caesuras or unwarranted pauses, producing a vocal arrhythmia without significant deceleration, let alone significance.

The text, though Shakespeare's shortest, was somewhat cut, and played without intermission, sanctioned perhaps by Malcolm's "We shall not spend a large expense of time" and Macduff's "Gentle heavens, cut short all intermission," however different their context. This may have helpfully covered up some of the (to rephrase Proust) intermittences of the art, but it also increased the sense of hugger-mugger. The set-and-costume designer, Timothy O'Brien, had made everything black (Ad Reinhardt would have rejoiced), except white tops for the Macbeths on ceremonial occasions and blue-gray for Lady Macduff and her children. This could have worked (see below) if variety had been achieved elsewhere. It would also have worked to keep the period vaguely modern (see below again) if this had been consistent. But Terry Hands, the director, began with an invented longish battle sequence with distinctly medieval broadswords and even some visored helmets, only to drop the helmets, but not the swords, as the costumes o'erleaped a handful of centuries.

The mostly empty stage nevertheless featured a drawbridgelike staircase and a similarly retractable catwalk, but Hands's lighting was more elaborate and did create some striking effects. Other things, though, were badly garbled. One wonders, for instance, why the witches, two of whom were already played by blacks, had their faces blackly besmeared like mud wrestlers, though all they wrestled with was their lines, Myra Lucretia Taylor even managing to make hers incomprehensible. The supporting cast, which had some name recognition, did not offer a single noteworthy performance.

More disturbing was that Diane Venora, a usually fine Shakespearean (her Gertrude managed to survive even Andrei Serban's stage *Hamlet* and Michael Almereyda's movie one) was a clichéd Lady Macbeth. Looking unduly matronly, moving foursquarely (poor blocking from Hands), and delivering her lines with rote histrionics, she sadly sank to her co-star's level. Kelsey Grammer was not awful, merely unpoetic, untragic, uninteresting. Shakespeare somewhat cavalierly stinted on showing us much of Macbeth's initial positive sides, save his martial prowess, so that his corruption through vaulting ambition does not readily make us feel the loss of a good man. Hence it helps if the actor is a fine figure of a man, of noble countenance and with a beautiful speaking voice. Grammer can't claim any of this. He conscientiously delivered the words and went through the prescribed motions, but there was nothing noble about his visage, virtuosic in his movements, arresting about his voice. He could not make even the greatest verses sing.

B. H. Barry had worked out some scary dueling sequences with those heavy swords, for which the actors deserve medals for bravery. But what sort of coronation banquet is given for only two invited guests, and without the ghostly Banquo either visible or adequately suggested? The witches' cauldron was of thermos size for Weird Sisters traveling light; the Sisters themselves impersonating the awesome prophesying apparitions as they circled Macbeth in a ring-around-the-rosy. Macbeth twice got the better of Macduff in their climactic duel—even knocked him down once—and could easily have finished him off were it not that the witches appeared (unsolicited by the text) and did him in. Could it have been, given that Macduff was played by a black actor, racial solidarity? Malcolm, looking rather like funny little Teller of Penn and Teller, did not hold much promise for running post-Macbeth Scotland.

MEANWHILE, NEW HAVEN'S INTERNATIONAL Festival of Arts and Ideas imported intact a highly successful Royal Shakespeare Company production of **Macbeth** (also now closed), running about ten minutes longer than the New York one but hardly dawdling. Its likewise black sets and costumes were by Stephen Brimson Lewis, inventively lighted by Tim Mitchell. It had live musicians performing rousing Japanese-flavored music by Adrian Lee that beat Colin Towns's canned score for the Grammer version, though it did at times become too raucous. These costumes, too, were modern, but more aptly devised and with more relief from straight black.

Here, too, there was a kind of drawbridge, albeit a traditional one, from behind which a golden glow bathed the Macbeths at their coronation. There were some stirring *coups de théâtre,* as when the witches were heard from under the banqueting table, which they crashingly overturned as they emerged. The ghostly presences were faces pressed from behind against a black rubber backdrop, molding themselves into creepy high relief. The cauldron here, too, was modest but not diminutive, and there was something interesting suspended from above that could have been clouds, branches, or abstract sculpture. The witches had powerful voices but rather odd, tomboyish costumes. Hard as it must be to get small British children away for a tour, it was unfortunate that Lady Macduff seemed to have only one boy to represent "all my pretty ones," especially since Fleance was played here by a boy who could have done some doubling.

But the grossest violation of the text by the RSC involved the porter. Played by an atypically young man, and haranguing the audience like Dame Edna, he launched on a spoof of Bill Clinton, interpolating into the "equivocator" passage references to Arkansas and some of the notorious Monica doubletalk. Otherwise, this was a good production, even if Antony Sher, the Macbeth, looked rather plebeian, not unlike Bob Hoskins. He made up for it by being a most accomplished actor, with a sardonic glitter in his darting eyes, a way of exuding intensity even when perfectly still, a voice suffused with streetwise cunning, and a coiled-spring quality hovering between mockery and menace. But he did go astray with the "Tomorrow and tomorrow" soliloquy, which he declaimed too artificially.

Harriet Walter was a wonderful Lady Macbeth: a faintly neurotic society hostess with aristocratic hauteur that did not quite conceal traces of hysteria. Her gaze was haughty, her manipulation of Macbeth rather grande dame–ish as she nudged and shamed her somewhat less classy husband upward. This worked much more chillingly than the usual frenzied exhortation of a power-hungry climber, and made the unraveled sleepwalking scene, by contrast, even more pathetic. The others contributed handsomely under Gregory Doran's generally sound direction. A final cavil, though, about Macduff's fighting Macbeth's broadsword with a wooden pole, particularly bizarre after Macduff's plea, "Within my sword's length set him." A case of pole-vaulting ambition?

Finally, what set this production many lengths ahead of Grammer's American *Macbeth* was its Britishness. British English, however it may have sounded in Shakespeare's day, has acquired a poetry-enhancing speech melody that tuneless, flat American cannot match. Great acting can compensate to an extent, but the New York production had none of that, with the master of Dunsinane little better than an inane dunce.

SHOW-BIZ AUTOBIOGRAPHIES HAVE BECOME just about the dreariest nonentertainments visited on us. They are even more alike than Tolstoy's spurned happy families. Although Kirsten Childs has denied that **The Bubbly Black Girl Sheds Her Chameleon Skin** is autobiography, a mere reading of her program bio gives the lie to that, her accomplishments being roles in four musicals and one movie. She has received five major awards for this project, for which she wrote book, music, and lyrics. And indeed, she is quite literally a triple threat, being equally untalented at all three.

To her awards, I would add a sixth for most misconceived title. A chameleon skin is not one that, though black, thinks itself white, but one that keeps changing its color. And a show that is only skin-deep yet reminds us of skin-shedding courts the disaster of being flayed alive. ■

John Simon's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

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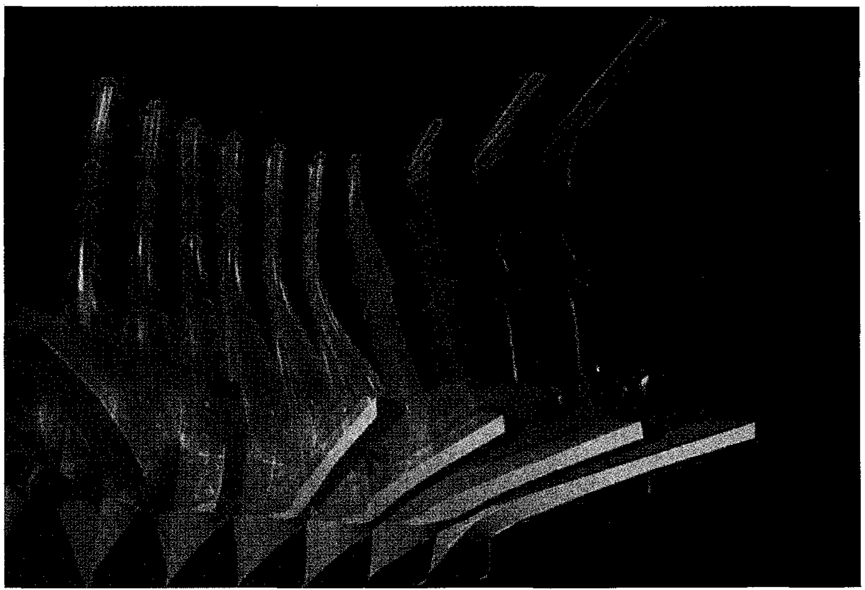
ARCHITECTURE **JOSEPH GIOVANNINI**

The Untouchables

At the Venice Biennale, a new wave in architecture—digital, abstract, evanescent as a dream—all but displaced the Renaissance forms of old.

VISITORS TO THE SPRAWLING CENTRAL ITALIAN pavilion at the **Venice Biennale**, which opened two weeks ago, stepped into a darkened hall as if into outer space, just paces away from a scale replica of the new space station to be launched by a European consortium in 2004. Projected images of astronauts in silver suits, drifting to the strains of a Viennese waltz, rolled around the room in the penumbra. In this most scenic of cities, the biennale's Italian coordinators established the exhibition's principal themes by setting an extraterrestrial scene. The roaming station represented the metaphysics of finding a new basis for architecture in a globalized world with an indeterminate address. Cellular phones spontaneously sounded off everywhere, confirming that everyday space is no longer hardwired and fixed but beamed and mobile.



Through-lines: An X-ray wall system designed by Greg Lynn's architecture students at UCLA.

In Venice, there have been only seven architecture biennales since their inception in 1980, and most have self-consciously shouldered the responsibility of defining the field at its leading edge. Conceived and organized by Roman architect Massimiliano Fuksas, with Doriana Mandrelli, this millennial showcase, more than previous biennales, pursued a credible thesis (it's titled "Less Aesthetics, More Ethics") sustained by dozens of high-tech exhibits. Architecture is being displaced from its traditional foundations by unstoppable forces, and its character—internationalized, globalized, digitized—is now up for grabs. Architects can't build without knowing where they and their buildings are, and location now is uncertain as absolutes dissolve. The issue is how to find a place for architecture in the placelessness.

"The design of a new sky has been under way now for some years, and the construction of this artificial firmament is displacing the old geographic system of measuring the world," writes Franco Purini in his exhibit several galleries away from the space station. The Italian architect was maintaining that earthly coordinates based on meridians of longitude and parallels of latitude are being displaced by a new, uneven, and open field of beams linking the continents in a skein of relativity. "There emerges a new overall pattern to the world, a different approach that discredits the equator in favor of an intrinsically destabilizing stance," writes Purini. "Orbiting satellites still have no form."

Even the human body, that mainstay of the Renaissance humanist tradition so eloquently displayed in Palladio's classicized porticos up the lagoon in St. Mark's Square, is being morphed into uncertainty. In its exhibit, the architecture firm R & Sie.D/B:L notes that the body is being hybridized with silicon, collagen, and other biotechnologies; skin itself is no longer a protective covering subject to long-term evolution but a reactive surface responding to voluntary processes of mutation. The body, in short, is negotiable. "The integrities of modernity have imploded," the architects declare.

About six years ago, the Palazzo Grassi staged an illuminating show of stately architecture models straight from the Renaissance: Some models hinged open, like a body being dissected for anatomical study in one of the period's new surgical amphitheaters. Sumptuous drawings by Raphael, Leonardo, and Michelangelo documented the cunning beginnings of the age of perspective.

It's been a neat 500 years since the High Renaissance, and the architectural corollary of the new cosmogony and anatomy could be seen in exhibits where traditional drawings and models have given way to powerful computers dancing to beguiling programs. The locus of architectural invention is onscreen. Marcos Novak, an American of Greek parentage exhibiting in the Greek pavilion, offered a screen of revolving computer-generated images that served as progenitors of solid physical models that looked like frozen plasma. In a discussion with Pantelis Nicolacopoulos, a Greek showing elegantly Modernist designs (the conservative position in this biennale was Modernist), Novak maintained that the digital thrust in the field was irreversible. Nicolacopoulos did not contest the claim. Even the profession's stars, most of them digitally challenged and at least a generation older than the young Turks, took a back seat here to young (computer-) keyboard virtuosos. "The significant work is moving into a younger and younger generation," said Greg Lynn, a Los Angeles architect and already a grandfather in computer-design terms.

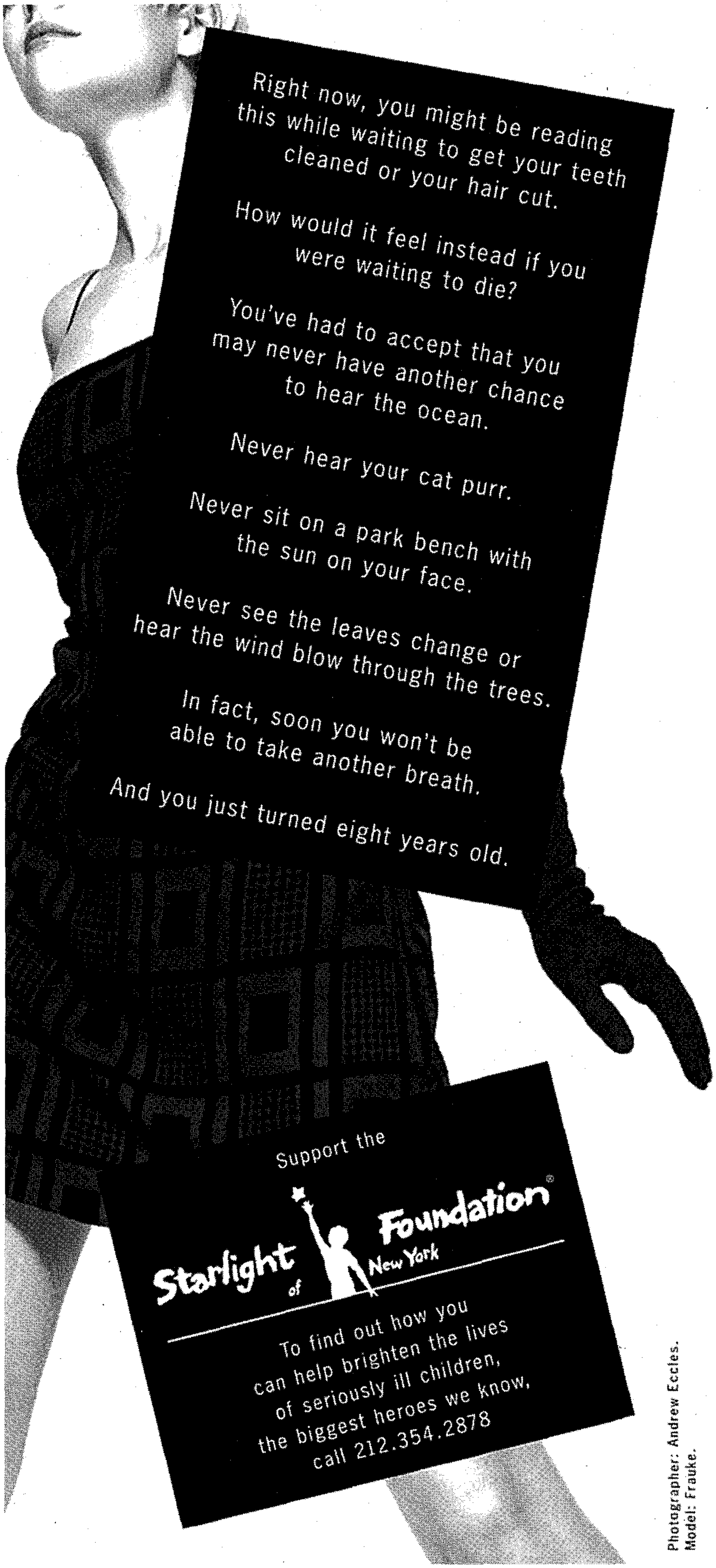
THE AMERICAN PAVILION WAS DEVOTED entirely to computer research, and the two wings of the quaintly Jeffersonian structure were overseen by students from the architecture schools at Columbia and UCLA. The two sides of the pavilion represented very different digital realms. Hani Rashid, a professor at Columbia, presided over students who tried to bring computer-generated visions out of the screen into real space. In one exhibit, a web of luminescent wires projected from a continuously morphing screen image. "The installation addresses our desire to be inside these digital environments," says Rashid.

In the opposite wing, Lynn's UCLA students directed their research toward the industrial fabrication of digitally invented forms. Students at banks of powerful computers, the envy of the biennale, generated complex curvilinear figures that, at the press of a button, were milled by a machine sawing slabs of wood. With these intelligent instruments, the notion of machine production was shifting from the serial assembly of identical parts to individually variable components. The industrial paradigm was changing from uniformity to differentiation, from simplicity to complexity. Similar computer-generated objects, with highly involuted forms, could be found throughout the vast exhibition, suggesting a new international style produced by the flows of computer programs.

The likenesses open the computer up to charges of a new homogeneity. One architect criticized the computer for treating the world "as surfaces failing to connect with the deep histories of place," and another said that space itself, and not the computer, should be interactive. Mark Goulthorpe, of dECOi, designed such a building, with a metal-shingled façade whose surface was continuously deformed into ripples by electronic stimuli. This was perhaps the only project in which the building changed form physically in real time rather than being freeze-framed simply as an image of change. The façade had a nervous system.

In a biennale that confirmed the potentially apocalyptic advent of the computer (see for yourself at www.labiennale.org), architects were already planting seeds of a resistance to what may become its globalizing hegemony—as though the computer, a potentially powerful agent of world-design monoculture, should be programmed for greater biodiversity. Nowhere was there any mention of designing the computer programs themselves: Architects seldom create the programs that in many ways now surreptitiously regulate their creations.

Joseph Giovannini's reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**



Right now, you might be reading this while waiting to get your teeth cleaned or your hair cut.

How would it feel instead if you were waiting to die?

You've had to accept that you may never have another chance to hear the ocean.

Never hear your cat purr.

Never sit on a park bench with the sun on your face.

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DANCE TOBI TOBIAS

Take Five (Please)

Need more sad evidence that the once-brilliant City Ballet has lost its luster? This year's Diamond Project should convince you.

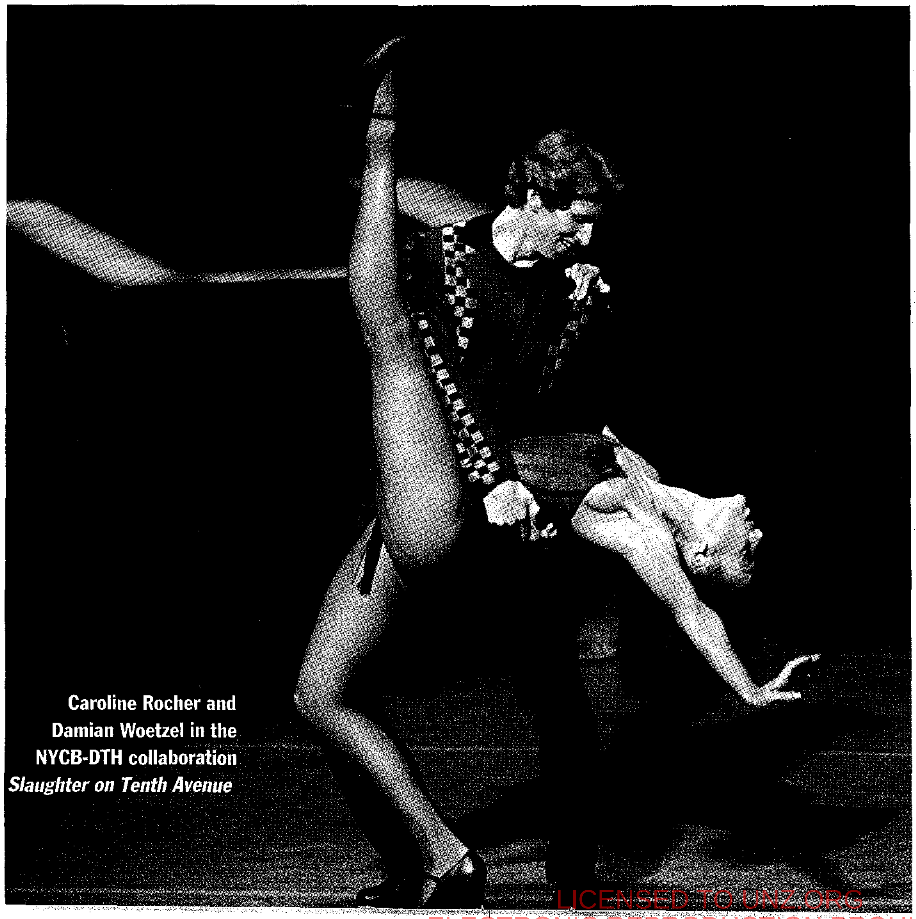
HERE IS MY REPORT ON THE FIVE RECENTLY UNVEILED ballets created under the auspices of the New York City Ballet's **Diamond Project**. (Four earlier ones were discussed in these pages May 29.) I wish I felt confident that these works—perhaps even one of them—justified the time and money, the energy and attention that all concerned, from artists to audiences, have expended on them. What I feel instead is a profound sense of futility, watching a company that, despite the richest resources and the most compelling reasons to maintain its former glory, cannot find a viable contemporary identity and is, instead, steadfastly marching down a path to nowhere.

The most outrageous entry of the whole lot was Peter Martins's *Harmonielehre,* to a John Adams score. Every once in a while, it would seem, Martins, whose work tends toward the dry and mechanical, attempts to follow the advice of folks urging him to consult his heart. *Harmonielehre,* which begins in a jungle whose inhabitants happily fulfill their natural, primitive instincts and ends up in a cloud-strewn outer space with a finale of celestial fireworks, looks like Martins's take on life, death, and intergalactic rebirth. The jungle love-in, utterly unconvincing because of its rigid patterns, features costumes cut from the same cloth (painted in swirls of orange and green) as the backdrop. Jock Soto and Charles Askegard, an ill-matched pair of emissaries of death, ludicrous in black dinner gowns, manipulate Darci Kistler endlessly in the air—a cruel reminder that this once-entrancing dancer's technique has disintegrated. Hair unbound, women bedecked in *shmattes* of white tulle waft aimlessly around a stage hung with school-pageant clouds. Finally, much is made of a nymphet from the School of American Ballet, whose role I don't even want to think about. This is a ballet that should never have been allowed to happen.

Tributary, a collaborative effort from Robert Garland of Dance Theatre of Harlem and Robert La Fosse of the NYCB, provided novelty for a program saluting the thirtieth anniversary of DTH, the company founded by Arthur Mitchell, then a principal with the NYCB, to allow dancers of color a greater presence in classical ballet. The new piece was framed by Balanchine's *Agon* and *Slaughter on Tenth Avenue*—works in which Mitchell was memorable—performed for the occasion by mixed DTH and NYCB casts. This juxtaposition was tactfully done, with the visiting DTH stars, Donald Williams and Caroline Rocher, acquitting themselves elegantly and NYCB's few black dancers included in the mixed ensembles.

The disparity in technical prowess between the NYCB and the DTH dancers was glaring only in *Tributary.* The piece showed the DTH personnel at a disadvantage in a way that Balanchine, a master at enhancing the strengths and concealing the weaknesses of the dancers at his disposal, would have avoided by instinct. The Garland–La Fosse ballet, which glides along the surface of its Mozart score, is discomfortingly naïve on other counts as well. Its references to social dances built on geometric floor patterns are so simplistic, you'd think the choreographers had had no access to the lessons to be learned from Balanchine's *Square Dance.* The stars of the piece, Williams and Kyra Nichols, in their extended duet, disguised the feebleness of what they'd been given to do with their nuanced, luminous dancing.

The square-dance motif surfaced again in Miriam Mahdaviani's *Appalachia Waltz,* set to folk-inflected music by Edgar Meyer and Mark O'Connor. Mahdaviani's choreography tends to be sweet, innocent, and unassertive compared with the hard-edged, often mean-minded school-of-Peter Martins vein that prevails at the NYCB. This piece is no exception. Corny references to agrarian America abound, with "guys" in shirtsleeves *(continued on page 62)*



Caroline Rocher and Damian Woetzel in the NYCB-DTH collaboration *Slaughter on Tenth Avenue*

Photograph by Paul Kolnik.

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TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

Jockeying for Position

In A&E's delectable 'Longitude,' Michael Gambon invents the chronometer, though class prejudice would prevent its acceptance for half a century.

Clocked: Jeremy Irons's Rupert Gould (left) restores the reputation of Michael Gambon's inventor, John Harrison, in *Longitude*.

RETURNING IN HEAVY FOG FROM A MEDITERRANEAN skirmish with the French on the night of October 22, 1707, four British warships were dashed to pieces on the coastal rocks of the Scilly Isles. Although Admiral Sir Clowdisley Shovell had been warned of danger the day before by a common seaman with his own dread reckoning of their cloudy passage, "such subversive navigation by an inferior was forbidden in the Royal Navy." So the sailor was hanged on the spot for mutiny, the fleet sailed on, and 2,000 troops drowned. Sir Clowdisley himself would wash ashore, where he was murdered on the beach by a woman who wanted his emerald ring.

So begins **Longitude** (Sunday, July 9; 8 P.M. to midnight; A&E), the absorbing docudrama based on Dava Sobel's terrific little science book of the same name published by Penguin. To sail the seas, we must see the world in imaginary lines like the Arctic Circle and the Tropic of Cancer. Lines of latitude are a constant series of shrinking concentric circles, mapped since Ptolemy, with the Equator marking the zero-degree parallel. So the sun commands: "Any sailor worth his salt," Sobel explains, "can gauge his latitude well enough by the length of the day, or by the height of the sun or known guide stars above the horizon."

Whereas meridians of longitude loop, from the North Pole to the South and back again, in great circles of the same size, converging at the ends of the earth. One degree of longitude equals four minutes all over the world, "but in terms of distance, one degree shrinks from sixty-eight miles at the Equator to virtually nothing at the poles," Sobel writes. To calculate your longitude at sea, you need to know what time it is onboard ship and also, at that very same moment, the local time in your home port. Zero degrees longitude, the prime meridian, could be anywhere—and has been, from the designated home ports of Rome to Paris to Jerusalem to Philadelphia to St. Petersburg. Since the eighteenth century, we've most of us agreed to accept London as our home port and Greenwich mean as our local time, all because in eighteenth-century London a mechanic named John Harrison made the first seaworthy clock.

Sir Clowdisley lacked a reliable watch, and probably the brains as well to know he needed one. But his hanging of the common seaman who dared to calculate on his own is also conveniently symbolic. *Longitude* is as much about class as it is about science. It wonders out loud about who gets to be brilliant. The disaster of 1707 was the culmination of four centuries of bad luck, lost loot, and rampant scurvy so distressing to everybody from Galileo to Isaac Newton to the kings of France to the British East India Company, in a high-seas age of exploration, trade, plunder, and piracy, that in 1714 the British Parliament offered a king's ransom of £20,000 (several million dollars in today's currency) for a "Practicable and Useful" means of determining longitude. A Board of Longitude was established to assess any bright ideas. It took John Harrison more than 50 years to get his clock accepted by this board—because he was neither a member of the Royal Society nor an astronomer nor a gentleman.

On television, he is Michael Gambon. And his loyal son William is Ian Hart. And his lifelong nemesis, Nevil Maskelyne, is Samuel West. (You may recognize the astronomer Maskelyne if you are a loyal reader of Thomas Pynchon. But I will get to *Mason & Dixon* in a minute, and to Umberto Eco's *The Island of the Day Before*. *Longitude* has a wonderful literary pedigree.) Adding to the bare-bones elegance of Sobel's book—like a fine eighteenth-century timepiece itself, a sort of Mozart cuckoo clock—director-screenwriter Charles Sturridge fleshes out the part of Rupert Gould (played by Jeremy Irons as if he were J. Robert Oppenheimer), who in the twentieth century would recover and refurbish not only Harrison's ingenious mechanisms but also his reputation. Thus these four hours flash forward and back from workbenches in two different eras. In both locations, women (Gemma Jones, Barbara Leigh-Hunt, Anna Chancellor) get short shrift. Like the latitudes, they are fixed, maybe even equatorial, while the men are loopy all over the place.

To be sure, the Board of Longitude had to consider a number of mad ideas, chief among them "Powder of Sympathy." "This miraculous powder," Sobel tells us,

Photograph by Granada Media.

THE UNDERGROUND GOURMET **ROB PATRONITE & ROBIN RAISFELD**

Our Delhi Bread

Downstairs from Tabla, chef Floyd Cardoz is reworking the meals of his Subcontinental youth at his cheaper and (dare we say it?) fresher Bread Bar.

SINCE IT OPENED A YEAR AND A HALF AGO, Tabla—Danny Meyer's South Asian experiment, a formal mezzanine dining room with an innovative Indian-American fusion menu—has garnered more than its share of the spotlight, dwarfing its casual, less expensive sister restaurant downstairs. **Bread Bar** (11 Madison Avenue, at 25th Street; 212-889-0667) has been taken too literally, perhaps, misconstrued as simply a place to nibble novelty-item nans and dips with a thematic cocktail or two, or as a holding pen for incomplete parties to gather in before traipsing upstairs.

That's unfortunate, since the humbler quarters of two-in-one restaurants, a format popularized by Meyer's own Gramercy Tavern, are a favorite off-hours refuge of the Underground Gourmet. Pair a fabulous, special-occasion restaurant with a place that you can stumble into, without reservations or a fat expense account but with the prospect of an inspired meal masterminded by the genius behind those extravagant tasting menus for the high-flying folks in the next room, and you can't help feeling like you're getting away with something. Think Alice Waters at austere Chez Panisse, with its freewheeling upstairs café. Or Rick Bayless's Topolobampo and more economical Frontera Grill in Chicago. Chef Floyd Cardoz has been doing the same thing (without, thus far, commensurate recognition) at Bread Bar, and over the past few months, he's rejiggered the menu, attempting to reposition the attractive, comfortable room as its own, moderately priced dining entity ($13.50 to $18.50 for main courses, versus the upstairs prix fixe, ranging from $54 to $85).

How, exactly? By creating a greater distance between Tabla and Bread Bar than the length of a staircase—keeping upstairs haute and nudging downstairs, formerly more of a nouvelle knockoff, into the cozy constructs of "home-style."

"If you ask any Indian where to get the best Indian food," Cardoz says, "they won't tell you a restaurant. They'll say, *At home.*" So he's larded Bread Bar's new menu with familiar-sounding, dressed-down dishes that aspire less to break new ground than to rekindle old taste memories, specifically his own. The Bread Bar's former fowl, tandoori poussin with onion confit, for example, has made way for the chicken tikka Cardoz cooks for his kids in his backyard. But he distinguishes his upmarket rendition from the all-too-dehydrated, flame-colored norm by cooking the juicy boutique Murray's organic bird to order, and omitting the telltale tandoori rang, a natural red dye, from the marinade of yogurt, curry leaves, soy sauce, ginger, and garlic. Likewise, the old menu's spice-rubbed tandoori lamb has been supplanted by the pulled-lamb-and-mustard-mashed-potato sandwich, a snack, the new menu tells us, "traditionally sold by street vendors in Bombay" patronized by college students (like the young Cardoz) on study breaks.

Sure, all this new whimsical, folksy menu narrative is a selling tactic, as is Cardoz's wont to translate it into American comfort-foody lingo. After all, what would *you* really rather have for dinner? What the new menu headlines as Indian pot roast with cayenne onion rings, or what its small-print description identifies as "beef assad"? They're the same thing, but Cardoz and his copywriters pull all the right semantic strings. The powerfully flavored dish—oven-braised-then-pan-fried caramelized beef seasoned with clove and turmeric—is not only "a culinary legacy of the British and Portuguese colonists" but Cardoz's mom's own recipe. He's taken more liberties with his college days' lamb sandwich, which became the inspiration for his irresistible flavor-packed version: peppery lamb and fiery chilis, slathered with pungent, mustard-laced mashed potatoes and a sprinkle of lime juice on rosemary nan, served with a balm of cool mint raita—a stellar combination. And since Bread Bar is, the menu tells us, "an homage to . . . the familiar flavors of his Goan home," Cardoz has concocted a seafood-laden spaghettini dish, integrating that coastal state's shellfish with the pasta "introduced by soldiers stationed in India during World War II," and a tequila-infused shrimp cocktail revved up with clove, ginger, and cayenne.

Make no mistake: Bread Bar doesn't aspire to replicate an authentic Indian home-cooked meal. If it did, all the food would be served at once, and bread or rice would be included. (They aren't. But you should still order at least one of the signature tandoor-baked breads now relegated to a corner of the menu.) Cardoz wants to make us stop equating cheap Indian with characterless curry and those tired trays of dal, mango chutney, and papadum. Bread Bar has staked a solitary claim to the middle ground, expensive for Indian food as we know it but cheap for Floyd Cardoz food, whatever he chooses to call it. Comfort food, after all, is an international language. ■

Rob Patronite and Robin Raisfeld's reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Nan plus: Bread Bar's pulled-lamb-and-mustard-mashed-potato sandwich on rosemary nan.

Photograph by Magdalena Caris.

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Tobias *continued from page 58*

and suspendered trousers and pert "gals" in ponytails cavorting in hoedowns, indicating through a stylized gesture or two the odd bit of farm labor, and succumbing to bouts of nostalgia about youthful romance. Two problems defeat Mahdaviani: She can't mate her vernacular references with classical ballet as she understands it, while the phrases she creates in both categories remain shapeless and underpowered. Inevitably, her piece refers you to Martha Graham's *Appalachian Spring* and Agnes de Mille's *Rodeo*, and the moment you think of those landmark works, you know that Mahdaviani's Americana lacks the requisite passionate conviction. Albert Evans and Jennie Somogyi salvage the occasion somewhat as a quirky beau and a rural femme fatale who is part sexpot, part hoyden.

Christopher d'Amboise and Kevin O'Day both handed in the sort of glossy product that has all the outward signs of being up-to-the-minute and no indication whatsoever of possessing any inside. O'Day's *Swerve Poems* (to a score commissioned from John King) is by far the more complex and sophisticated effort. Its handsome, arrogantly inscrutable, and eventually pointless manipulation of the stage space through design seems to govern the choreography as well. The ballet consists, essentially, of a series of images that would look fabulous in a glossy magazine, especially if photographed by Helmut Newton. The justification for everything that occurs lies in surface effect rather than with some urgency or meaning resting secure at the heart of the ballet. A duet parceled out to several couples in sequence seems to aim for significance, as does the coupling of the classical and the colloquial (you know—grand jeté, somersault), as does, even, the fact that men and women alike are clad in tennis dresses. Not a single one of these portentous hints achieves a resolution. You'd think the paying customers would demand their money back.

D'Amboise's *Triptych* (to Bartók's *Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta*) is, for all its slick surface, embarrassing in its combination of incompetence and hollowness. The compositional flaws are blatant: This is a dance that essentially doesn't move and lacks a third dimension. Most often, the performers are rooted in place or locked into a grid formation, flatly displaying themselves dead front or in profile, with none of the sculptural effect that makes dance a plastic art. As for meaning, the ballet abounds in trite, pointed suggestions that contemporary existence is a blend of angst and alienation. But we knew that already. ▬

Tobi Tobias's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

DANCE

"could purportedly heal at a distance. All one had to do to unleash its magic was to apply it to an article from the ailing person. A bit of bandage from a wound, for example, when sprinkled with powder of sympathy, would hasten the closing of that wound" wherever the patient happened to be, with of course some pain involved. And so the notion of sending wounded dogs to sea; and then, ashore every day at noon, dipping their left-behind bandages in the Digby sympathy solution. The dog's yelp onboard would be a time cue for the captain: "The Sun is upon the meridian in London."

But mostly their minds were already made up that the solution would come from "lunar observations" by their established scientists, the mapping of the stars by such pet astronomers as Maskelyne, and the publishing of manuals and charts for navigators to consult, whenever, of course, the weather permitted. (John Harrison himself, despite his intimate acquaintance with pendulums, was notoriously prone to motion sickness, which made the high-seas testing of his "chronometers" a wretched trial.)

This accounts for the eighteenth-century craze for the "Transit of Venus" eclipse, which sent engineers like Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon off to Cape Town with their "Snouts," and Maskelyne himself to St. Helena. To give the prize to a village clock-maker, a very rude peasant indeed, would insult British science, Cambridge University, and the glorious twinship of privilege and credentials. Ultimately, King George III had to intercede on Harrison's behalf, and by then he was 80 years old and his grown son was feeling neglected.

It's an enthralling story, inside the official buildings, onboard the tall ships, deep down among the oak wheels and boxwood axles of Harrison's first clock—his "grasshoppers" and his "gridirons," his "springing set of seesaws, self-contained and counterbalanced to withstand the wildest waves." My advice is to buy and read Sobel's paperback. Then, acquainted with the problems and personalities, watch the docudrama, where you'll actually see the fabulous clocks and get to seethe at the Board of Longitude. And then go on to read Eco's novel, which is full of Paris meridians, lunar parallaxes, the moons of Jupiter, and the Powder of Sympathy. And then finish up with Pynchon, in whose *Mason & Dixon* our heroes meet up with mad Maskelyne on St. Helena and first begin to intuit that somebody else is pulling their strings, that they serve an imperial puppet master for whom longitude is calculated in spices and slaves. ▬

John Leonard's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

TELEVISION

cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York

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KIVIC
OLUWO

Bead-Dazzled

Light—and beads—are the focus of shows by **Yorùbán artists** at the Studio Museum and the Museum for African Art (page 74)

movies

Blood Simple . . . Kiss Me Kate . . . Shower

New Films

The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle—Those two cantankerous rascals have been living off royalties from their syndicated cartoon show, but the nefarious Boris and Natasha have crossed over into reality to join forces with Fearless Leader, a despicable criminal. Will Rocky and Bullwinkle save the day? (1 hr. 33 mins.; PG) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kent Triplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island; YWCA Cine-Club.*

★**All About My Mother**—Pedro Almodóvar's movie about a mother, magnificently played by Cecilia Roth, who becomes a caregiver to an entire carnival of lost souls is his best in years. It's a heavily sentimentalized vision of femalehood, a cross between Tennessee Williams and Ross Hunter. In Spanish with English subtitles. (Rainer; 11/29/99) (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *The Screening Room; CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

American Pimp—The Hughes Brothers' first feature-length documentary examines the wide and not-so-witty world of pimps: the expensive clothes, the flashy automobiles, the fat bankrolls—not to mention the multitude of women that they exploit. (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

American Psycho—Christian Bale plays the designer serial killer and Wall Street hotshot Patrick Bateman in this overconceptualized movie adaptation of Bret Easton Ellis's controversial, overconceptualized novel. Director Mary Harron has done an admirable job paring down Ellis's numbing catalogue of conspicuous consumptions, and the film is less gory than the book. The movie comes across as a classy slasher flick. (4/24/00) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *The Screening Room; Loews State.*

Big Momma's House—*The Nutty Professor* meets . . . *The Nutty Professor* in this Martin Lawrence vehicle, which finds the would-be funnyman playing an FBI agent who has to dress up as an obese Southern grandmother in order to nab some crooks. *CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island; YWCA Cine-Club.*

Boricua's Bond—Love, death, and racial discord run rampant through this South Bronx tale, which features cameos by the late Big Pun, as well as by Method Man, Treach, Stickyfingaz, and model Tyson Beckford. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) *Loews State; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

Bossa Nova—The music and the scenery are as important as any of the situations involving Amy Irving and her Portuguese-speaking supporting cast in a comedy about mostly middle-aged singles looking for sex and love. In Portuguese, with subtitles, and English. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) *Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Boys and Girls—Freddie Prinze Jr. and Claire Forlani co-star in this teen romantic comedy. At first, the two college students despise each other. But then . . . (1 hr. 33 mins.; PG-13) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; CC Crown Gotham; Loews 84th Street; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay II; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

But I'm a Cheerleader—The tale of a teenage girl (Natasha Lyonne) whose high-school friends become convinced she's a lesbian after learning she likes Georgia O'Keefe, hates kissing her boyfriend, and doesn't eat meat. (1 hr. 24 mins.; R). *Opens July 7.*

Butterfly—This film—a huge hit at the Sundance Film Festival as well as the recipient of thirteen Goya (Spanish Oscar) nominations—stars Spanish megastar Fernando Fernán-Gómez as a kindly schoolmaster who helps a timid new student adapt both to his campus and to the world around him. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center.*

★**Chicken Run**—See Rainer, page 50. (1 hr. 33 mins.; G) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Croupier**—Mike Hodges, the much underrated English director, teams with screenwriter Paul Mayersberg in this sharp, cool drama about a would-be novelist, smashingly played by Clive Owen, who works as a croupier in a posh London casino. (Rainer; 5/1/00) (1 hr. 29 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Dinosaur—This latest Disney animated feature uses digital techniques against mostly live-action backdrops, and the cost of the whole shebang is said to top $140 million. The visual expressiveness of the dinos is expert, but the script is the usual homiletic Disney dishwater. Thankfully, it's not a musical. May be too scary for little kids. (5/29/00) (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG) *Clearview's Chelsea; CC Crown Gotham; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

★**East Is East**—The great Indian actor Om Puri towers in this jagged, well-made comedy about a Pakistani father in England trying to cope with his unruly family and his own fundamentalist ways. It could have come across as a mixed-race *Life With Father*, but the complexity of Puri's performance transforms it. (4/24/00) (1 hr. 36

Festivals
Indie 2000

At long last, the International Independent Film and Video Festival returns to New York, screening more than 150 features that showcase familiar faces (Rosanna Arquette stars in *Pigeon-Hole*), virtual unknowns (Leslie Ann Coles, the writer-director-star of *In the Refrigerator,* pictured), and those who fall somewhere in between (Olivia Newton-John in *Sordid Lives*). Opens July 7 at Madison Square Garden. For tickets and information, call 212-777-7100.

Photograph courtesy of L.A. Coles Fine Art Films.

'Cue' cover photograph courtesy of the Museum for African Art.

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.

mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; CC Sutton; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas; North Shore Towers.*

★**East-West**—A hokey, melodramatic, enjoyable Cold War drama from France about a Russian émigré physician (Oleg Menchikov) who returns to Stalin's postwar police state with his French wife (Sandrine Bonnaire) and pays the price. Catherine Deneuve plays the French actress who helps save the day, and her cheekbones and lip gloss have never seemed so politically correct. In French and Russian with English subtitles. (2 hrs. 5 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; CC Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; North Shore Towers.*

Erin Brockovich—Julia Roberts plays a high-heeled, cleavage-enhanced, tough-talking, sparsely educated, twice-divorced mother of three who also spearheads an investigation leading to the largest payoff ever made in a direct-action lawsuit in this intermittently enjoyable crusading-underdog movie directed by Steven Soderbergh. For a while, it promises to be something more than conventional; it has a nice, uncondescending feel for the little moments that make up little lives. Albert Finney plays the lawyer who is also Erin's foil, and his underplaying is a boon amid all the posturing and righteousness on display. (Rainer; 3/27/00) (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

Fantasia/2000—A restored print of "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" and seven other animated IMAX extravaganzas set to the sounds of the Chicago Symphony. (1 hr. 25 mins.; G) *CC Village East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Whitestone; Pavilion; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Final Destination—A young man gets a premonition and tells his friends that their plane is going to crash. They don't get on, but they die anyway. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

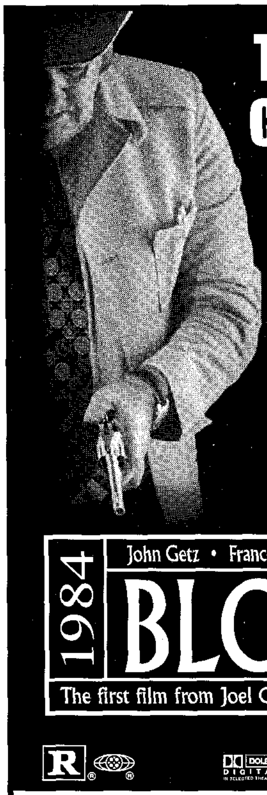
The Flintstones in Viva Rock Vegas—Prequels being all the rage, the Flintstones take us back to Fred and Barney's youth, when they were courting their future wives. Mark Addy and Stephen Baldwin star as Fred and Barney, respectively. Features Alan Cumming in dual roles. (1 hr. 31 mins.; PG) *Main Street Cinemas.*

Frequency—Jim Caviezal plays a Queens cop who, courtesy of a rip in the space-time continuum and an old ham radio, communicates with his firefighter father (Dennis Quaid), who perished in a blaze in 1969. The radio isn't the only thing that's ham in this misguided hunk of heartfelt mumbo-jumbo. (Rainer; 5/8/00) (2 hrs. 1 min.; R) *CC Village East; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

Getting to Know You—Teenagers, showbiz parents, and plain country folks run rampant in this lush adaptation of three Joyce Carol Oates stories, which stars Bebe Neuwirth, Heather Matarazzo, and Zach Braff. (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Ghost Dog: The Way of the Samurai—Forest Whitaker gives a resonant and affecting performance as a hit man who pores over ancient samurai texts in this allusive Jim Jarmusch movie that is by turns irritating and inviting. (Rainer; 3/20/00) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center.*

★**Gladiator**—Ridley Scott's latest is an attempt to make a Roman epic on the scale of *Spartacus* or *Ben-Hur* while, at the same time, presenting us with a hero, Russell Crowe's Maximus, who is monumentally withdrawn. Crowe's intensity holds the film together. As the Roman general who becomes a slave and then a gladiator and a folk hero,



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New York

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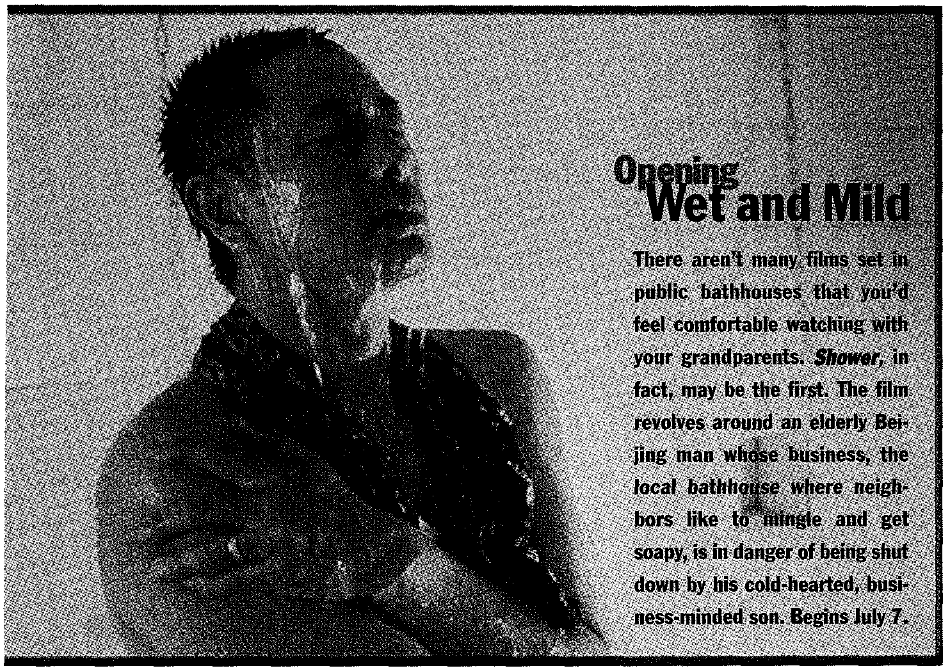
he radiates a force-field thicker than any armor. Richard Harris, Joaquin Phoenix, and, in his last role, Oliver Reed contribute some entertaining moments. (Rainer; 5/15/00) (2 hrs. 30 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews New York Twin; UA East; Sony Lincoln Square; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

Gone in Sixty Seconds—Nicolas Cage stars in this update of the 1974 classic about a thief who has to pull off one final heist—stealing 100 cars—in order to save his younger brother's life. Opens 6/9. (PG-13) *Loews Village; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Loews 19th St. East; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*



Opening
Wet and Mild

There aren't many films set in public bathhouses that you'd feel comfortable watching with your grandparents. *Shower,* in fact, may be the first. The film revolves around an elderly Beijing man whose business, the local bathhouse where neighbors like to mingle and get soapy, is in danger of being shut down by his cold-hearted, business-minded son. Begins July 7.

Groove—Greg Harrison's sweet, disposable movie about the San Francisco rave scene appears at times to be a cross between a sixties American International picture like *The Trip* and a seventies disco flick. Despite all the drugs ingested, not to mention bottles of distilled water, lurking within all the techno-thump is a standard boy-meets-girl scenario. (Rainer; 6/19/00) (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

★**Hamlet**—Michael Amereyda's overconceptualized nouveau version of Shakespeares high-body-count classic is set in a present-day fortresslike New York and features the youngest and most grad-student-ish Hamlet in memory, affectingly played by Ethan Hawke. Streamlined and clotted with references to our consumerist media culture, Denmark here is Denmark Corp. The film is notable mostly for its occasional daring and for some of the performers, including Diane Venora (Gertrude), Sam Shepard (the Ghost), Liev Schreiber (Laertes), and, yes, Bill Murray (Polonius). (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Clearview's Cobble Hill.*

★**High Fidelity**—John Cusack is the owner of a retro record store in Chicago whose girlfriend (Iben Hjejle) has just walked out on him in this raffish, highly entertaining comedy directed by Stephen Frears. It's one of the few comedies around that really get into the way men try to make sense of themselves. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *CC Village East.*

Humanité—This achingly slow film, which, despite its pace, garnered three awards at Cannes last year, involves a dim-witted police detective (Emmanuel Schotté) who's investigating the rape and murder of an 11-year-old girl. (2 hrs. 28 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

The Interview—This Kafkaesque psychodrama from Australia stars Huge Fleming as a passive young man who awakens one morning to find himself locked in a room opposite two brooding detectives. (1 hr. 43 mins; NR). *Film Forum.*

★**Jesus' Son**—Billy Crudup and Samantha Morton are marvelous in this uneven adaptation of Denis Johnson's episodic book about a saintly stoner. The director Alison Maclean has a fine, intuitive way with actors and a gift for portraying poetic disarray, but much of the movie has a seventies-era scruffiness that often tails off into sentimentality and oh-wowness. (Rainer; 7/3/00) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Love's Labour's Lost—Kenneth Branagh's adaptation of Shakespeare's peerless piece of frivolity translates the drama into a thirties Hollywood musical complete with Porter and Gershwin. The froth quickly curdles. Alicia Silverstone and Nathan Lane appear with Branagh and others—none to their advantage. (Rainer; 6/19/00) (1 hr. 35 mins; PG) *CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Paris Theatre.*

★**Me, Myself & Irene**—See Rainer, page 50. (2 hrs. 11 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea West; Clearview's Ziegfeld; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway; Clearview's Olympia; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island; YWCA Cine-Club.*

Mission: Impossible 2—Tom Cruise is back in this James Bond-ish sequel with mythic overtones courtesy of director John Woo. The mythologizing, the slo-mo ceremoniousness of the action scenes, the hero/villain dualisms, the flutterings of doves isn't really supported by the mostly standard-issue thriller-movie tropes. Cruise is pretty much the whole show, and he's all business. The humorlessness of the enterprise, and of his performance, is wearing. Thandie Newton co-stars as the love interest, and she's touching without having much more to do than your average Bond Girl. (6/5/00) (2 hrs., 6 mins.; PG-13) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Sutton; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

100% Arabica—*Footloose* is transplanted to the outskirts of Paris in this story of a rock band that dares to meld Algerian Rai music with Western rap and must fight off the local mayor who's up for reelection and determined to squash the wily band. Who will win—city officials or the kicky tunes? (1 hr. 25 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

The Patriot—See Rainer, page 50. (2 hrs. 40 mins.; R) *Clearview's Waverly; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews Astor Plaza; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; Clearview's Olympia; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island; YWCA Cine-Club.*

The Perfect Storm—See Rainer, page 50. (2 hrs. 10 mins.; PG-13) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Coronet; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kent Triplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Movieworld; Atrium; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Praise—Based on Andrew McGahan's novel of the same name, this Australian fare focuses on two lovers—one a chain-smoking, asthmatic alcoholic; the other an ex-heroin addict with a bad skin condition and compulsive need for sex—who fall in love, immediately move in together, and waste little time in smashing things up. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room.*

The Road to El Dorado—Dreamworks' animated movie has some thrilling, swoopy visual sequences, lots of corn, and enough shimmering gold surfaces to make you think the Yucatan is an adjunct of Trump Tower. Actors voicing the animated characters include Kenneth Branagh, Kevin Kline, and, unmistakably, Rosie Perez. (Rainer; 4/10/00) (1 hr. 27 mins.; PG) *Centre Sunnyside.*

Road Trip—A raunchy comedy that aims, apparently, to outdo *American Pie* finds four friends traveling 1,800 miles in search of a smutty videotape accidentally mailed to one of their girlfriends. Co-stars Beckin Meyer, Tom Green, and Andy Dick. (1 hr., 45 mins. ; R) *CC Village East; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews 84th Street; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

Romeo Must Die—Hong Kong film veteran Jet Li is an ex-cop looking to avenge his little brother's murder in gang-torn Oakland. Li hooks up with pop star Aaliyah in her film debut as the rival gang leader's daughter in this hi-fi action flick based loosely on *Romeo and Juliet.* (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

Rules of Engagement—In yet another movie about military discipline, a colonel turned lawyer played by Tommy Lee Jones must defend his friend (Samuel Jackson), who saved his life in Vietnam but is now accused of killing civilian demonstrators. (2 hrs. 3 mins.; R) *Loews State.*

Shaft—John Singleton's new version of the seventies blaxploitation hit stars Samuel L. Jackson in the Richard Roundtree role. Like its predecessor, the film seems to really be about stylishness as a form of militancy. Jackson is so burned up about everything that he never has time to be a sex machine, and so the Isaac Hayes theme song sounds more like a taunt than a tribute. Christian Bale, in what amounts to a recap of his *American Psycho* sicko, plays a racist murderer, and Jeffrey Wright is effective as a Dominican drug lord. (Rainer; 7/3/00) (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews New York Twin; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent*

Photograph courtesy of Sony Pictures Classics.

Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; Cinemart; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.

Shanghai Noon—Director Tom Dey attempts to make a wacky Western by casting Jackie Chan as a klutzy imperial guard to the emperor of China who's trying to rescue a kidnapped princess, with the help of a petty thief/big dreamer (Owen Wilson). (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; UA Union Square; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

Small Time Crooks—Woody Allen's new movie isn't just minor, it's minuscule. It harkens back not to the early classics like *Bananas* and *Sleeper*, but even further back to the milquetoast humors of *Take the Money and Run*. Allen and Tracey Ullman are a working-class Manhattan couple on the shady side of the law who strike it rich. Allen plays up the comedy of nouveau riche bad taste, but his comic affinities are elsewhere; most of what we see here is labored. Best reason to go: Elaine May's marvelous turn as a holyfool dimwit. (5/29/00) (PG-13) *CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Clearview's Beekman; Sony Lincoln Square; Clearview's Cobble Hill; North Shore Towers.*

★**Sunshine**—Istvan Szábó's highly uneven, sprawling yet schematic epic encompasses three generations of a Jewish-Hungarian family, as well as most of the political horrors of the twentieth century. Szábó's movies, most famously *Mephisto* and *Colonel Redl*, are all about the bloody confluence of politics and matters of the heart. He's fascinated by the fatalism of history, and by the ways in which people fight the inevitability of their fate. His new film carries on these themes on an even broader canvas, but often he seems to be inflating the usual recriminations and capitulations of a family by placing it against the Holocaust and the gulags. Ralph Fiennes plays three separate roles, but he's too refined, too Dirk Bogarde-ish, to hold this behemoth of a movie together. (Rainer; 6/19/00) *UA Union Square; Loews 72nd St. East; BAM Rose Cinemas; Pavilion; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Previews
Lost Angeles

When was the last time you got a chance to hear the Scrotum Poles totally rock out? Now's your chance, with Penelope Spheeris's 'The Decline of Western Civilization Part III,' the third installment of her celebrated musical documentary series about rock-and-roll hangers-on. This chapter takes an especially gritty look at the lives of liquor-sodden, drug-addled L.A. squatters and gutter punks and the music they beat people up to. Consider yourself warned. Opens July 7.

Time Regained—The disembodied voice of Marcel Proust (Patrice Chereau), speaking, apparently, from his deathbed, guides us through key moments in his life, gradually interweaving elements of his fiction into the narrative until fantasy completely wins out. Co-starring Catherine Deneuve, Vincent Perez, and John Malkovich. (2 hrs. 35 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Trial—Orson Welles's claustrophobic, controversial adaptation of Franz Kafka's paranoid classic, starring Anthony Perkins as Joseph K., an innocent man endlessly persecuted by forces beyond his control or understanding. (2 hrs.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Trixie—Alan Rudolph's nineteenth film, a hybrid of film noir and screwball comedy, stars Emily Watson as an irrepressible security guard hot on the trail of a cold-blooded murderer. Nathan Lane, Will Patton, and Lesley Ann Warren are all suspects. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's First & 62nd St.*

★**U-571**—Jonathan Mostow's WWII sub thriller is engagingly old-fashioned. Matthew McConaughey is the lieutenant who commandeers the takeover of a German U-boat in order to seize a coding machine called the Enigma. Harvey Keitel and Bill Paxton also turn up in uniform. (Rainer; 5/1/00) (2 hrs. ; PG-13) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

The Virgin Suicides—The material—five suburban adolescent girls kill themselves off, poetically, inexplicably—is perhaps too woozy for the rueful, mythological treatment it gets here, but debut director Sofia Coppola has a fine, fresh eye and a way with actors, among them Kirsten Dunst, James Woods, and Kathleen Turner. (Rainer; 5/1/00) (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *CC Village East; Clearview's 59th Street East.*

The Woman Chaser—In this sharp satire based on Charles Willeford's novel of the same name, a highly manipulative used-car salesman and ladies' man (Patrick Warburton) suddenly takes stock of his life and decides he needs to change—and launches into a career in show biz. Co-stars Lynette Bennett, Eugene Roache, Delaina Mitchell, and Emily Newman. *The Screening Room.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Art Greenwich Twin—97–101 Greenwich Ave. (212-929-3350) *Gladiator; Shanghai Noon.*

CC Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (212-995-2000) *Butterfly; East Is East; Ghost Dog: The Way of the Samurai; Groove; Hamlet; Trixie.*

CC Village East—189 Second Ave. (212-529-6799) *Big Momma's House; Fantasia/2000; Frequency; High Fidelity; Road Trip; Small Time Crooks; The Virgin Suicides.*

Cinema Village—22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363) *A Clockwork Orange; American Pimp; 100% Arabica; Time Regained.*

Clearview's Waverly—323 Sixth Ave. (777-FILM#603) *The Patriot.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110) *Getting to Know You; Grass; Humanité; The Trial.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Loews Village—66 Third Ave. (50-LOEWS#952) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Mission: Impossible 2; The Perfect Storm; Shaft.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (212-255-8800) *Burlesque King; Child of Chabanne; Croupier; East-West.*

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (212-334-2100) *All About My Mother; American Psycho; Praise; The Woman Chaser.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

UA Union Square—13th St. and Broadway (212-253-2225) *Boys and Girls; Chicken Run; Jesus' Son; Me, Myself & Irene; The Patriot; Shanghai Noon; Sunshine; Titan A.E.*

14th-41st Streets

CC Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (212-689-6548) *Big Momma's House; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Jesus' Son; Me, Myself & Irene.*

Clearview's Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#597) *Big Momma's House; Boys and Girls; Chicken Run; Dinosaur; Gladiator; The Patriot; Small Time Crooks; Titan A.E.*

Clearview's Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#614) *Me, Myself & Irene.*

Loews 19th St. East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (50-LOEWS#858) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Mission: Impossible 2; The Perfect Storm; Shaft.*

Loews Kips Bay Theatre—570 Second Ave. (505-6397#558) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Chicken Run; Fantasia/2000; Gladiator; Mission: Impossible 2; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Shaft; Small Time Crooks.*

42nd-60th Streets

CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (212-753-6022) *Fantasia/2000; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Love's Labour's Lost.*

CC Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (212-759-2262) *Boys and Girls; Dinosaur.*

CC Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (212-755-3020) *East-West.*

CC Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (212-759-1411) *East Is East; Mission: Impossible 2.*

Clearview's 59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (777-FILM#615) *Titan A.E.; The Virgin Suicides.*

Clearview's Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (777-FILM#602) *Me, Myself & Irene.*

CO Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *All About My Mother; Erin Brockovich; Final Destination; Reindeer Games; Romeo Must Die; U-571.*

Loews 42nd Street E Walk—42nd Street at Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#572) *Gladiator; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Mission: Impossible 2; The Perfect Storm; Shaft.*

Photograph courtesy of Abbey Entertainment.

Loews Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#699) *The Patriot.*

Loews Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *The Perfect Storm.*

Loews State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (50-LOEWS#901) *American Psycho; Boricua's Bond; Love and Basketball; Rules of Engagement.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800) *Love's Labour's Lost.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

CC 86th St. East—210 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#763) *Dinosaur; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Me, Myself & Irene.*

Clearview's Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (777-FILM#606) *Small Time Crooks.*

Clearview's First & 62nd St.—400 E. 62nd St. (777-FILM#957) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Chicken Run; Croupier; Me, Myself & Irene; Road Trip; Trixie.*

Clearview's Park and 86th St.—125 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#604) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Big Momma's House.*

Loews 72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (50-LOEWS#704) *Sunshine.*

Loews New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (50-LOEWS#698) *Gladiator; Shaft.*

Loews Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (50-LOEWS#964) *Chicken Run; Mission: Impossible 2; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Shaft.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (212-249-5100) *Gladiator.*

UA Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (212-832-1670) *The Patriot.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

Clearview's 62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (777-FILM#864) *Me, Myself & Irene.*

Clearview's Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (777-FILM#609) *The Perfect Storm; Shaft.*

Clearview's Olympia—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (777-FILM#613) *Me, Myself & Irene; The Patriot.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (212-757-2280) *Croupier; East Is East; East-West; Hamlet; The Decalogue; Time Regained.*

Loews 84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (50-LOEWS#701) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Boys and Girls; Mission: Impossible 2; Road Trip; Shaft.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (212-740-1545) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Big Momma's House; The Perfect Storm; Shaft.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (212-862-5728) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; The Perfect Storm; Shaft.*

Sony Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (50-LOEWS#638) *Chicken Run; Gladiator; Gone in Sixty Seconds; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Small Time Crooks.*

Bronx

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (777-FILM#833) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Big Momma's House; Chicken Run; Dinosaur; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Me, Myself & Irene; Mission: Impossible 2; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Shaft; Titan A.E.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (718-588-8800) *Big Momma's House; Boricua's Bond; Chicken Run; Dinosaur; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Mission: Impossible 2; The Patriot; Shaft.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (718-409-9030) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Boricua's Bond; Chicken Run; Dinosaur; Fantasia/2000; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Me, Myself & Irene; Mission: Impossible 2; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Shaft; Titan A.E.*

Brooklyn

BAM Rose Cinemas—30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770) *Croupier; Groove; Jesus' Son; Sunshine.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (718-596-7070) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (718-251-0700) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; The Perfect Storm; Shaft.*

Clearview's Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (718-596-9113) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Hamlet; The Perfect Storm; Small Time Crooks.*

CO Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy., at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (718-338-3371) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; The Perfect Storm; Shaft.*

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (718-277-0303) *Big Momma's House; Boricua's Bond; Chicken Run; Dinosaur; Gladiator; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Mission: Impossible 2; The Patriot; Road Trip; Shaft.*

Pavilion—188 Prospect Park West (718-369-0838) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Big Momma's House; Chicken Run; Fantasia/2000; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Me, Myself & Irene; Mission: Impossible 2; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Shaft; Sunshine.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (718-821-5993) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Big Momma's House; Me, Myself & Irene; The Perfect Storm; Shaft.*

UA Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (718-232-4000) *Me, Myself & Irene; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Shaft.*

UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (718-615-1700) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Big Momma's House; Boys and Girls; Chicken Run; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Me, Myself & Irene; Mission: Impossible 2; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Titan A.E.*

Queens

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (718-361-6869) *Chicken Run; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Me, Myself & Irene; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; The Road to El Dorado; Titan A.E.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (718-261-2244) *Dinosaur; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Mission: Impossible 2; Shaft; Shanghai Noon.*

CO Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Revival

Blood Simpler

Blood Simple: The Director's Cut **is actually five minutes shorter than the original 1985 version of the Coen brothers' now-classic debut thriller. Reminded that the appellation "director's cut" usually means *extra* footage (extra *sexy* footage, more often than not), Joel Coen says, "Nobody told us." And Ethan Coen jokes, "We took *out* all the sexy footage." Save for an enigmatic, hilarious introduction by "film preservationist" Mortimer Young, audiences will be hard-pressed to find any real difference between the two cuts. The tale of a bar owner (Dan Hedaya, pictured, with Frances McDormand) who hires a detective (M. Emmet Walsh) to murder his wife (McDormand), only to have the plan miserably backfire, is often cited by critics as a seminal moment in the development of the independent-film movement (along with Spike Lee's *She's Gotta Have It,* Steve Soderbergh's *sex, lies, and videotape,* and Jim Jarmusch's *Down by Law*). "We don't agree with that claim at all," Ethan says, "but we happily take credit for it all the time." Joel adds, "Spike Lee, John Sayles, and Jim Jarmusch were all making films at the same time. If anything, *Blood Simple* was just one of many pictures in the eighties to help change the scene—but it wasn't unprecedented or unique." Now that they've made it into the mainstream, we wondered which up-and-coming directors they thought were following in their stylized, iconoclastic footsteps. Ethan took that one: "We both like Spike Jonze and Paul Thomas Anderson, but as far as hot underground directors go, we're, um, blanking." They're using the rerelease of *Simple* to whet moviegoers' appetite for their upcoming fall studio project *O Brother Where Art Thou?* ("It's *The Odyssey* set in Mississippi"), starring George Clooney. At least that's the plan. "To be honest," says Joel, "all these projects are just to tide over the public until we can deliver what they *really* want—an overhaul of the Ma and Pa Kettle movies!" *Blood Simple: The Director's Cut* opens July 7.**

DEREK DE KOFF

Photograph courtesy of USA Films.

CO Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Call theater for showtimes.*

College Point Multiplex—28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (718-886-4900) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Big Momma's House; Chicken Run; Gladiator; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Me, Myself & Irene; Mission: Impossible 2; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Shaft.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (718-478-6777) *Me, Myself & Irene; The Perfect Storm; Shaft.*

Kaufman Astoria Cinema—38th St. at 35th Ave. (718-786-2020) *Boricua's Bond; Boys and Girls; Dinosaur; Fantasia/2000; Final Destination; Frequency; Mission: Impossible 2; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Road Trip; Shanghai Noon; Sunshine; Titan A.E.*

Kew Gardens Cinemas—81-05 Lefferts Blvd. (718-441-9835) *Bossa Nova; Child of Chabanne; Croupier; East Is East; Groove; Jesus' Son; Sunshine.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (718-263-4828) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Chicken Run; The Flintstones in Viva Rock Vegas; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Me, Myself & Irene; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Shaft.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (718-229-7702) *East Is East; East-West; Small Time Crooks.*

Plaza—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (718-639-0012) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; The Perfect Storm.*

Sony Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave., at Bell Blvd., Bayside (777-FILM#712) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (777-FILM#733) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (777-FILM#735) *Call theater for showtimes.*

UA Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (718-726-1279) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Big Momma's House; Chicken Run; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Me, Myself & Irene; Shaft.*

UA Brandon Cinema—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (718-544-1020) *The Perfect Storm.*

UA Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (718-848-1738) *Big Momma's House; Shaft; Titan A.E.*

UA Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (718-641-5330) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Boys and Girls; Chicken Run; Fantasia/2000; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Me, Myself & Irene; Mission: Impossible 2; The Patriot.*

UA Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (718-544-5545) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Big Momma's House; Boys and Girls; Chicken Run; Gladiator; Me, Myself & Irene; The Patriot; Titan A.E.*

UA Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (718-225-7711) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Big Momma's House; Me, Myself & Irene; The Patriot; Titan A.E.*

UA Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (718-423-7200) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Big Momma's House; Chicken Run; Mission: Impossible 2; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Shaft; Titan A.E.*

Staten Island

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (718-317-8300) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Big Momma's House; Boys and Girls; Chicken Run; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Me, Myself & Irene; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Titan A.E.*

UA Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (718-351-0805) *Gone in Sixty Seconds; Me, Myself & Irene; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Shaft.*

UA Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (718-983-9600) *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle; Big Momma's House; Boys and Girls; Chicken Run; Fantasia/2000; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Me, Myself & Irene; Mission: Impossible 2; The Patriot; The Perfect Storm; Shaft; Titan A.E.*

Photograph from Photofest/Film Forum.

Revivals

Kick Me, Stupid

What else can be said about a 3-D movie adaptation of Cole Porter's 'Kiss Me Kate' except "Where do I pick up my glasses?" For the next two weeks, Film Forum brings back the splashy, much-celebrated MGM musical, starring Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, Ann Miller, and a young Bob Fosse. We guarantee you'll be ducking Miller's high kicks. Begins July 7.

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—Through 9/3: "Behind the Mirror: American Films in the 1950s." 7/8: *Panic in the Streets* (1950); *On the Waterfront* (1954). 7/9: *The Wild One* (1954); *Rebel Without a Cause* (1955). 7/8–7/9: "Repertory Nights: New Prints of Classic Movies." *Nights of Cabiria* (1957). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

Anthology Film Archives—7/5: "Summer Italian Film Festival." *Beyond the Clouds* (1994). "New Filmmakers Short Film Program." *The Lost Bonds* (2000); *A Clean Break* (2000); *The Man Who Shouted Teresa* (2000); *Crummy* (2000); *Davenport* (1999); *Standing on the Fishes* (2000). 7/6: "Films by Ulrike Ottinger." *Johanna D'Arc of Mongolia* (1988). "Summer Italian Film Festival." *Beyond the Clouds.* 7/7: "Films by Ulrike Ottinger." *Freak Orlando* (1981). "Summer Italian Film Festival." *Beyond the Clouds*; *Cinema Paradiso* (1989). "Contemporary French Experimental Cinema 3—Frame by Frame." *Extrait* (2000); *Ellipses* (1999); *Desolation* (2000); *L'Eclipse* (1999). 7/8: "Films by Ulrike Ottinger." *Madame X-Eine Absolute Herrscherin* (1977). "Summer Italian Film Festival." *Rogopag* (1962). 7/9: "Films by Ulrike Ottinger." *The Image of Dorian Gray in the Yellow Press* (1984); *Johanna D'Arc of Mongolia* (1988). 7/10: "Italian American Short Film Night." 32 Second Ave. (212-505-5110); $8.

BAM Rose Cinemas—7/3–7/5: *Nashville* (1975). 7/6: *The American Friend* (1977). 7/7: *The Hudsucker Proxy* (1994). 7/8–7/9: "Village Voice Best of the 90s." 7/8: *Flowers of Shanghai* (1998). 7/9: *Fallen Angels* (1995). 7/10: *Buffalo Bill and the Indians or Sitting Bull's History Lesson* (1976). 30 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn (718-623-2770).

Clearview Cinema—Opening 7/7: "The New York International Independent Film and Video Festival." 7/7: *Pay the Price*; *Broke Even*; *Burnout*; *Señales de Ruta*; *Death Takes a Holiday*; *Crummy 841; After the Apocalypse: Burning Man*; *The Marty Show With Guest Laura Croft; Jonni Nitro*; *The Taker*; *Maggie & Milly & Molly & May*. 7/8: *Anicca*; *Raw Non-Fiction*; *The Legacy*; *Book of Revelations*; *Logan Limited*; *Flight From Our Town*; *All or Nothing*; *Remaining Class*. 7/9: *A Life Worth Living*; *No Borders*; *Falling Upwards*. 7/10: *Kung Fu Kitchen*; *The English Sheik & The Yemeni Gentleman*; *Good*; *So the Wind Won't Blow It All Away*; *Love Sucks*; *Consequence*. 239 E. 59th St. (212-777-7100).

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—Through 7/20: "Time and Again: The Cinema of Alain Resnais." 7/4: *Life Is a Bed of Roses* (1983); *No Smoking* (1993). 7/5–7/6: *Same Old Song* (1997); *My American Uncle* (1980). 7/7: *Love Unto Death* (1984); *I Want to Go Home* (1989). 7/9: *Love Unto Death*; *Smoking* (1993); *No Smoking*. 7/10: *Melo* (1986); *Smoking*. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (212-875-5600); $8.50, $5 for members, $4.50 for seniors, $3 for "Movies for Kids."

The Screening Room—"Midnight Blaxploitation Film Series." 7/7—7/8: *Truck Turner* (1974). "Weekend Classics." 7/4: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961); *Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory* (1971). 54 Varick St. (212-334-2100); $9 ($6 for Sunday-brunch patrons).

Two Boots Pioneer Theater—7/4: *The Filth and the Fury*; *The Interview* (1999); *Live Virgin* (2000). 155 E. 3rd St. (212-254-3300); $9, $6 for seniors.

YWCA Cine-Club—Through 7/30: "The Surreal World of Luis Buñuel." 7/8—7/9: *The River and Death (El Rio y la Muerte)* (1954). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (212-735-9717); $6 members, $7 nonmembers.

theater

Marga Gomez...Judith Shakespeare...*Big Kiss*

Opening
Pucker Up

Self-deprecation isn't just for big stars; it's apparently cool for losers too. In 'Big Kiss,' unknown actors (pictured) unearth the terror of their most humiliating auditions for your enjoyment, hoping that you'll think it's funny, or maybe moving, instead of just pathetic. Opens July 10. (See "Off–Off Broadway.")

Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Man Who Came to Dinner—Nathan Lane and Jean Smart star in this comedy about a snooty writer who wreaks havoc on the happy home of some plain Midwesterners. By Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman. $50–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. In previews for a 7/27 opening. Through 10/1. *American Airlines Theatre, 227 W. 42nd St. (212-719-1300).*

Now Playing

A Moon for the Misbegotten—Thanks to Eugene O'Neill's artistry, the character of Josie is true enough to be a riveting character when incarnated by the right actress, and Cherry Jones is a transcendent actress; when Cherry is in bloom, she is, like her namesake trees, worth a pilgrimage from the four corners of the earth. As James, Gabriel Byrne gives a complementarily moving performance as a lost soul in a dying body, whom we watch superbly enact the painful rites of a redemption as his flesh visibly wastes away. There is a meatiness, a tenacity of grip, and, finally, a grandeur, which this production captures. (Simon: 4/3/00.) $60–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).*

Aida—The epic musical about the love affair between a Nubian slave and a cute Egyptian, with music by Elton John and lyrics by Tim Rice. Directed by Robert Falls with a book by Linda Woolverton and David Henry Hwang. Sets and costumes by Bob Crowley. $25–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Palace Theatre, 1554 Broadway, at 47th St. (212-307-4747).*

Annie Get Your Gun—Bernadette Peters plays Annie Oakley, the sharp-tongued, sharpshootin' gal from Cincinnati who eclipses her lover, Frank Butler (played by Tom Wopat), in Buffalo Bill's traveling Wild West Show. Irving Berlin did the lyrics and score; Peter Stone updated the book. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (212-307-4100).*

Beauty and the Beast—Disney's beast is back (No, not the mouse). $25–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (212-307-4747).*

Cabaret—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Susan Egan and Michael Hall. $25–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 3/19/98. *Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).*

Cats—So many ways to skin a cat—but none of them seem to work! $40–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. Through 9/10. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (212-239-6200).*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of this musical to Broadway, but since it's about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. (Simon: 11/30/98.) $20–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Contact—This is billed as "a dance play by Susan Stroman and John Weidman," with what little there is of a play mostly by Weidman and the variety and plenitude of the dancing all Stroman. Its two shorter pieces and concluding longer one are of uneven merit but never without interest. Boyd Gaines, a delightful actor and inspired amateur dancer, performs with aplomb. Backed up by a terrific ensemble, Deborah Yates triumphs as the girl in yellow; as dancer, actress, woman, she is every man's dream and headed for a manifest career. (Simon: 10/25/99.) $55–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Copenhagen—A major hit in London, Michael Frayn's heady play about what might have happened when German physicist Werner Heisenberg visited Niels Bohr in 1941 stars Philip Bosco, Blair Brown, and Michael Cumpsty. $40–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Dirty Blonde—Brash actress-author Claudia Shear stars in her play about two Gotham singles who meet at the grave of Mae West, sampling delicious vignettes from the life of the woman who said, "I'm no angel, but I've spread my wings a bit." $55–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Wed. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Fosse—A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago*. $65–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Jackie Mason—Much Ado About Everything—Jackie Mason is not so funny as Dame Edna (who is?) but still damned funny. He is politically incorrect, and glories in it with ecstatic gloat. (Simon: 1/17/00.) $65–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. $45–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Jesus Christ Superstar—Yeah, he's the Messiah, but what he really wants to do is sing in Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber's musical. $26–$81. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4100).*

Kiss Me, Kate—With a score jammed with some of the best-known theater songs ever written, it's no

Photograph by Christopher Bierlein.

wonder each generation has rediscovered this gem since its 1948 Broadway premiere. Now Brian Stokes Mitchell and Marin Mazzie interpret Cole Porter's feuding couple—two actors who play the Shrew's Kate and Petruchio in a play-within-the-musical. $25–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest of eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $20–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical.* (Simon: 12/1/97.) $20–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4747).*

Miss Saigon—A big helicopter stars in this adaptation of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly.* $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. Through 12/31. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (212-239-6200).*

The Music Man—Back in 1957, Meredith Willson's *The Music Man* made a star out of Robert Preston; the current revival should do the same for Rebecca Luker. As she has steadily demonstrated, she is blessed with the voice, the looks, and the acting talent of a musical-comedy diva. As Marian Paroo, the librarian of River City, Iowa, who goes from tight-lipped spinster to glowing inamorata in this happy show, Miss Luker gives a performance as detailed, nuanced, and cherishable as ever turned a performer into a legend. Susan Stroman's production has other assets as well, but Craig Bierko, the incumbent Harold Hill, gives an impersonation of Preston rather than a performance. (Simon: 5/8/00.) $40–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd. St. (212-307-4100).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Eleven leads, eleven years, and roughly 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

The Real Thing—The clever Tom Stoppard tells a fairly simple story as trickily, as cleverly as possible. He has lots of fun with his assorted adulteries, and his dialogue suitably sparkles. The current revival is less pleasurable than the 1984 American premiere, which had the proper sets and was better directed. Still, Stoppard is one of our few brainy and literate dramatists and once again warms up Broadway's intellectual climate by several balmy degrees. (Simon: 4/24/00.) $35–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 8/13. *Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (212-307-4100).*

The Ride Down Mt. Morgan—Shakespearean star and Starfleet captain Patrick Stewart plays Lyman Felt, a bigamist businessman who must confront his two wives after a terrible accident, in Arthur Miller's drama. $55–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 7/23. *Ambassador Theatre, 215 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).*

Riverdance—This revamped version returns to New York. $25–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (212-307-4100).*

Rose—In Martin Sherman's new play, Olympia Dukakis plays a Jewish woman who sits on a Miami Beach park bench and reflects on her life, from her childhood in Russia, through Warsaw's ghettos, to Don Johnson's Miami. $30–$60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. *Lyceum Theatre, 149 W. 45 St. (212-239-6200).*

Saturday Night Fever—Flared pants! $30–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (212-307-4100).*

Swing!—The dance marathon begins, with requisite suspenders and flared skirts, in this new musical. $20–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

True West—Josh Brolin and Elias Koteas, replacing Philip Seymour Hoffman and John C. Reilly, smash typewriters and burn toast as Sam Shepard's dysfunctional brothers. Matthew Warchus (Art) directs. $65–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Circle-in-the-Square Theatre, W. 50th St., West of Broadway (212-239-6200).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Flame Keeper—Amos Kamil's new play about a Jewish professor's return to Berlin in 1946 is directed by Charles Goforth. $45. Mon., Wed., Thurs., Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 7/6 opening. *47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).*

Ice Factory 2000—Soho Think Tank presents a series of performances and works-in-progress, including the multimedia work *Colonel of Fools* by Oliver Cadot; Jane Comfort's dance opera, *Asphalt,* with book and lyrics by Carl Hancock Rux, vocals by Toshi Reagon, and score by DJ Spooky; Daria Fan's performance *What's the Matter.* $12. Call for schedule. Wed.–Sat. at 7. 7/5–8/12. *Ohio Theater, 66 Wooster St. (212-966-4844).*

Never Swim Alone—Winner of an overall excellence award at last year's Fringe Fest, Daniel MacIvor's bizarre play pits two friends against each other in a thirteen-round verbal boxing match, as a mutual friend acts as referee. $27.50. Wed. and Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8 and 10. Previews begin 7/6 for a 7/13 opening. *SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (212-239-6200).*

Spinning Into Butter—As part of the Lincoln Center Festival, Daniel Sullivan (*A Moon for the Misbegotten, Dinner With Friends, Proof*) directs Hope Davis in Rebecca Gilman's new play about a racial controversy at a small Vermont college. $50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. In previews for a 7/27 opening. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Now Playing

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $45–$55. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. at 4, 7, and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (212-254-4370).*

The Bubbly Black Girl Sheds Her Chameleon Skin—This new musical with book, music, and lyrics by Kirsten Childs stars LaChanze (*Ragtime, Once on*

Onstage

Cherchez la Phlegm

First it was Pride Week, now it's the sprawling "Hot! The NYC Celebration of Queer Culture" at Dixon Place, and comedienne-performer Marga Gomez (pictured) is tired. "I mean, being naked in the sun all those hours takes its toll, and I still can't get the tape off my nipples," she complains. The day after the parade, Gomez is recovering in her Williamsburg apartment. "It was so big and so slow," she says. "Just one religious contingent after another. Gay Catholics, gay Buddhists, gay Quaker carpenters . . . Hillary was really the most edgy of everything. Those boring people from Connecticut—they must have a lot of money for floats, but they have no design concept at *all.*" Now that Pride's over, Gomez is preparing a new show to open at "Hot!" July 14 and 15, alongside comic sketches like *Tina Turner as Fairy Godmother to a Baby Dyke* by Reggie Cabico and Aileen Cho. "My show's called *Cochina,*" Gomez explains, "which is not to be confused with *cocina,* which means kitchen. *Cochina* means 'filthy pig,' so it's similar to my kitchen, but different." She says she's empathized with filthy pigs since she was a child. "When kids want to pop things in their mouth, latina mothers say 'No-no, it's *ca-ca.*' It's not really crap, but because they start calling everything crap, you think everything's crap. And now I'm a germ freak like Howard Hughes." So Gomez plans to talk about "germs, dirt, parasites, and contagion in New York." Instead of ringleading a flea circus, she promises a "West Nile mosquito circus," and she jokingly threatens to "eat a lot of cheese and cough up a lot of phlegm balls." Why? "Because artists are always peeing onstage," Gomez sarcastically explains, "but I've noticed no one hacks up phlegm. I think it will be new. And I think for a woman to do that . . . is *really empowering.*" "Hot!" runs July 5 through July 31. (See "Off-Off Broadway.")

Logan Hill

Photograph by Clay P. McBride.

This Island). Directed by Wilfredo Medina; choreography by A. C. Cuilla. $47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Through 7/9. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).*

The Comedy of Errors/The Iliad: Book One—The British and American Aquila Theatre Company returns with two performances in repertory. $20–$35. *Errors*: Thurs. at 8 and Sat. at 3 and 9. *Iliad*: Fri. at 7 and 9, and Sun. at 3 and 7. *Hemmerdinger Hall, 100 E. Washington Square Place (212-307-4100).*

The Countess—Gregory Murphy's costume drama about the love triangle of John Ruskin, his wife, and painter John Everett Millais. $40–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (212-997-1780).*

The Crumple Zone—A new comedy by Buddy Thomas about five men during a holiday weekend. $35. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 8/13. *Rattlestick Theatre, 224 Waverly Place (212-532-8887).*

Current Events—A California senator navigates personal politics at home in David Marshall Grant's new play, directed by David Petrarca (*Fuddy Meers*). $40. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *MTC Stage 2 at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).*

The Dance on Widow's Row—A new comedy about four rich widows by Samm-Art Williams (*The First Breeze of Summer, Home*). Produced by New Federal Theatre. $25. Wed.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 7/23. *Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. (212-353-1176).*

De La Guarda—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Perfect for theatrical thrill-seekers who don't mind breaking a sweat. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (212-239-6200).*

Dinner With Friends—Karen and Gabe, international food writers, are giving a dinner for their friends Beth and Tom, which Tom doesn't attend. It emerges from the heartbroken Beth that her husband has left her for another woman. There is skillful construction here, as well as keen psychological insight. (Simon: 11/22/99.) $30–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (212-239-6200).*

The Donkey Show—A fantastic, loose disco-musical adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with even looser morals. Very fun. $39. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10:30. *El Flamingo, 547 W. 21st St. (212-307-4100).*

Eat the Runt—Audience members pick which roles the eight Mefisto Theatre company members will play in this surreal story about the hiring of a grants manager at an art museum. $35. Tues.–Sun. at 8. *Altered Stages, 212 W. 29th St. (212-760-5940).*

F-Stop—Olga Humphrey's new comedy follows a photographer who falls for a martial-arts star and gets caught up in a kidnapping. $12. Fri., Sat., and Mon. at 8. Through 7/15. *HomeGrown Theatre, 2628 Broadway, at 99th St. (212-229-7500).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial. $36.50–$39. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-674-3838).*

for colored girls who have considered suicide/when the rainbow is enuf—The twenty-fifth-anniversary production of Ntozake Shange's work stars Jackée and is directed and choreographed by George Faison (*The Wiz*). $45–$49. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *American Place Theater, 111 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).*

Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up Its Act—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof. Now featuring the disco hit "Stayin' Awake." $45–$47.50. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available, optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (212-239-6200).*

Fully Committed—For the price of an entrée, Becky Mode serves up all the splendors and miseries of restaurant life prepared to a fare-thee-well. Smartly directed by Nicholas Martin, and exuberantly enacted by Mark Setlock, this play is a day in the life of Sam, the young man and struggling actor who works the reservation phones in a four-star restaurant where table 31 seems to be the ne plus ultra of socio-gastronomic achievement. (Simon: 1/17/00.) $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (212-239-6200).*

The Glass Menagerie—Patricia McAneny stars in the Tennessee Williams classic. $20. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 7/9. *Theatre: Cap21, 15 W. 28th St. (212-501-7426).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue is about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love. $49.50–$55. Mon., Tues., Fri., Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

It Ain't Over 'Til the First Lady Sings—Hailing from that most unfunny city, Washington, D.C., the cornball political comedy troupe Capitol Steps brings jokes about Hillary, Rudy, etc. to our punchline-starved city. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:30. Through 9/2. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Jitney—This is the revised version of August Wilson's first play, the start of what became a ten-part series, still in progress, about African-American lives, one play per decade. Here the seventies are viewed through the goings-on in the office of a gypsy-cab company in the Pittsburgh of 1977. It is so vividly written, acted, and directed (by Marion McClinton, a Wilson specialist) that it keeps you steadily amused, concerned, and moved. All performers are flawless. (Simon: 5/8/00.) $51. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 9/3. *Second Stage Theatre, 307 W. 43rd St. (212-246-4422).*

Joe Fearless (A Fan Dance)—*Sports Night* onstage: a rabid fan tracks his b-ball obsession in Liz Tucillo's new play. $35. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (212-239-6200).*

Judith Shakespeare Company's Festival 2000—Feminist interpretations of *Julius Caesar* and *The Comedy of Errors*, directed by Joanne Zipay. $15. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2 and 8. Through 7/22. *Mint Theater, 311 W. 43rd St. (212-532-8887).*

Kiki & Herb: Playing for Time—The downtown duo open their first open-ended Off Broadway run, after practically reinventing cabaret theater with renditions of crooner classics and slightly less Algonquin tunes by the likes of Patti Smith, Suicidal Tendencies, and Christina Aguilera. $12–$15. Fri.–Sun. at 7:30. *Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).*

The Laramie Project—In November 1998, one month after Matthew Shepard's murder, director Moisés Kaufman (*Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde*) traveled with his company to Laramie, Wyoming, just as Shepard's death was becoming a catalyst for hate-crime legislation nationwide. Six visits and several hundred interviews later, Kaufman and members of his company present a set of sampled monologues about the town and the murder. $25–$55. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (212-307-4100).*

Michigan Impossible—Robert Christophe's new comedy. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. Through 9/22. *John Houseman Studio A, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).*

Murdered by the Mob—Interactive off-line entertainment with a three-course dinner, door prizes, death, dancing, and acting awards for best audience participation. $55. Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 7. *Arno Ristorante, 141 W. 38th St. (800-687-3374).*

Naked Boys Singing—Just like a musical revue, but without pants. $45–$65. Mon., Wed.–Fri., and Sun. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. *Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So. (212-463-0060).*

Neil Simon's Hotel Suite—This collection of Neil Simon one-acts set in hotels promises more tiny bars of soap than Broadway has seen in a long while. *Hotel* manager is John Tillinger. Guests include Helen Carey, Randy Graff, Leigh Lawson, and Ron Orbach. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed.,

Onstage
Free Bard

"He is well paid that is well satisfied," Shakespeare wrote, so lay aside your "saint-seducing gold" and clap heartily instead for the performers responsible for this summer's free performances. "Shakespeare in the Park(ing) Lot" is running strong in the Lower East Side with a new R&B-flavored take on *As You Like It*, and the Shakespeare Project is opening a puppet adaptation of the Bard's romantic comic poem *Venus & Adonis* (pictured) on July 9. Sure, these shows don't boast A-list talent, but as Kelsey Grammer's failed *Macbeth* just reconfirmed, "all that glisters is not gold." (See "Off-Off Broadway.")

Onstage

Dethroned

Poor Kings John, Henry, and Richard. Most every summer, Shakespeare's jesters and lovers bask in the sun, while history's tragic figures sleep inside closed books. This summer is no exception, as the Hudson Valley Shakespeare Festival presents the raucous comedies 'The Taming of the Shrew' and 'Measure for Measure' (featuring, top left, from left, Kurt Rhoads, Stephen Paul Johnson, and Aidan Sullivan) and Aquila Theatre presents 'Comedy of Errors.' Only 'Julius Caesar,' twice revived this summer, reigns again, in Shakespeare in the Park and, as played by Jennifer Chudy (pictured, top right, with her husband Richard Simon), in a gender-reversed production in the Judith Shakespeare Company's Festival 2000. (See "Off Broadway" and "Off–Off Broadway.")

Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (212-777-4900).*

Night Maneuver—Two brothers battle in this 1983 play by Howard Korder (*Search and Destroy, A Boy's Life*). $15. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 5. Through 7/9. *Trilogy Theatre, 341 W. 44th St. (212-489-1632).*

Off the Meter—John Ahlers directs Peter Zablotsky's new play about a cabdriver and an investment banker who concoct a get-rich-quick scheme together. $35. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3. *Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. (212-279-4200).*

Our Sinatra—Kurt Stamm directs this tribute to Ol' Blue Eyes, featuring Eric Comstock, Christopher Gines, and Hilary Kole. $50–$80. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Blue Angel Theatre, 323 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Over the River and Through the Woods—A comedy by Joe DiPietro, author of *I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change,* about four meddling Italian-American grandparents. $49.50. Mon.–Wed., Fri., Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

The Poet of Columbus Avenue—The Pan-Asian Repertory presents Dennis Escobedo's new romantic comedy. $45. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., Sun. at 2:30. Through 7/23. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (212-239-6200).*

Proof—The tremendously talented Mary-Louise Parker plays a young woman who faces an elusive mathematical proof, a would-be lover, and Dad, a very sharp mathematician. Directed by Daniel Sullivan (*Moon for the Misbegotten*). $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 2:30 and 7. Through 7/30. *MTC Stage 1 at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave. (212-477-2477).*

Straight-Jacket—To conceal his sexuality and keep his starring role in *Ben Hur,* a leading man marries the studio boss's secretary in Rock Hudson–era Hollywood. $47.50. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (212-307-4100).*

Syria, America—Four pals struggle with their sexuality in a conservative Syrian Jewish community. $20. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 7/8. *Greenwich Street Theatre, 547 Greenwich St. (212-604-4222).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie Black's Vegas Room, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. $65–$75. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 *(212-239-6200).*

The Vagina Monologues—Eve Ensler's ode to fanny-boos, nappy dugouts, twats, etc., returns for a second coming. What was once Ensler's one-woman show is now performed by trios of actresses. Through 7/9: Melissa Joan Hart, Carol Kane, and Phylicia Rashad. 7/11–7/23: Teri Hatcher, Ricki Lake, and Regina Taylor. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

When They Speak of Rita—The Foote family presents a new drama by Daisy Foote, starring Hallie Foote and directed by Pulitzer- and Oscar-winning writer Horton Foote. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (212-333-4052).*

The Winter's Tale—Brian Kulick directs this Shakespeare in the Park production for the Public Theater, starring Keith David, Anjanue Ellis, and Bronson Pinchot. Free. Tues.–Sun. at 8. Through 7/16. *Delacorte Theater, Central Park (212-539-8655).*

Off–Off Broadway

Big Kiss—Self-deprecation isn't just for big-stars. Here, unknown actors unearth the terror of their most humiliating auditions for your enjoyment. $5. Mon. at 7. 7/10–8/14. *Miranda Theatre, 259 W. 30th St. (212-268-9829).*

Chekhov Vaudevilles—Chekhov's vaudevilles in a renovated porn palace. $15–$20. Call for schedule. *Nada Show World Theater, 42nd St. and Eighth Ave. (212-586-7829).*

The Designated Mourner—Wallace Shawn's new play. $20. Mon.–Sat. at 7. Through 7/15. *21 S. William St. (212-532-8887).*

Hudson Valley Shakespeare Festival—Pack a picnic basket and brush up on your Shakespeare. *Measure for Measure* runs through 7/30. Beginning 7/19, *The Taming of the Shrew* runs in repertory through 8/27. $19–$30. Wed. and Thurs. at 7, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 6. *Boscobel Restoration, Garrison (914-265-7858).*

Hot! Ninth Annual Celebration of Queer Culture—A full slate of queer-riffic performances. 7/5: Opening Night Bash. 7/6: Robert Shaffron's *Endless Air, Endless Water.* 7/7: Emmett Foster, Moe Angelos, Philip Kain. 7/8: Greg Walloch and Victoria Libertore. 7/11: Annie Lanzillotto, Michelle Maulucci, Jen Mitas, Zoe Ryder. 7/12: Melissa Birch, Connie Winston. 7/13: "Performers on the Ledge" curated by Regie Cabico, Gita Reddy, and Rebecca Schneider. 7/14 and 7/15: Marga Gomez, Regie Cabico, Aileen Cho. 7/17: Carmelita Tropicana, Jorge Ignacio Cortinas. 7/18: Perry Brass, Peter McLeon, Andy Horowitz. 7/19: Michael Burke, Tom Bondi, Mark Holt, Ken Bullock. 7/20 and 7/21: Carolin Brown, Sally Sockwell, Lexa Rosean. 7/22: Judith Scray. 7/24: Jeff McMahon, Clarinda Mac Low, Tanya Barfield. 7/25: Coco Frio. 7/26: Ken Bullock, Scotty the Blue Bunny, James Ferguson. 7/27: Paul Browde and Murray Nossel. 7/28: Jess Dobkin, Utopia Roaming. 7/29: Timothy Levitch. 7/21: Timothy Levitch, Jess Dobkin, Utopia Roaming, Forward. Most shows $7–$15. Performances at 8. *Dixon Place at Vineyard 26, 309 E. 26th St. (212-532-1546).*

Monday Night Magic—Internationally known magicians. $25–$27.50. Mon. at 8. *Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-307-4100).*

The Ridicu-Fest—Nada's festival of "high camp" features a fusion of *The Stepford Wives* and *A Doll's House* alongside other new works and camp classics by the Charleses Busch and Ludlam. $12–$15. Call for schedule. Through 7/23. *Nada Classic, 167 Ludlow and Nada ShowWorld, 675 Eight Ave. (212-420-1466).*

Shakespeare in the Park(ing) Lot—*As You Like It* presented by Expanded Arts. Free. Wed.–Sat. at 8. *Located in the municipal parking lot across the street from 85 Ludlow St. (212-358-5096).*

Sistah Supreme—An autobiographical one-woman show by Bronx-born Liza Colon-Zayas. $25. Wed. and Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. and Sat. at 7:30 and 10. Through 8/26. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (212-477-5288).*

Surface Transit—Sarah Jones presents her one-woman show. $25. Wed.–Sat. at 8:30, Fri. and Sat. at 11. Through 8/26. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (212-477-5288).*

Ubu Is King—Gorilla Rep Theatre stages an adaptation of the absurdist comedy *Ubu Roi* in Washington Square Park. Free. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 8 and 10, Sun. at 6 and 8. 7/7–7/23. *Washington Square Park (212-330-8086).*

Venus & Adonis—The Shakespeare Project presents a puppet adaptation of the Bard's comic poem *Venus & Adonis.* Free. Thurs.–Sun. at 6:30. Through 8/13. Call 212-387-2051 for locations.

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Photographs: left, Walter Garschagen; right, Paula Court.

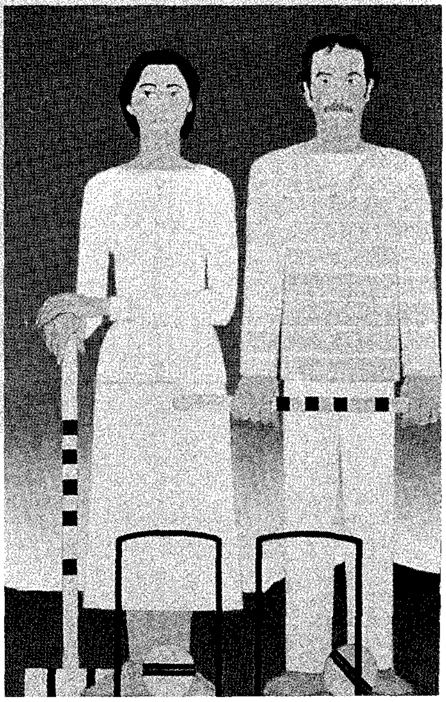
art

Snapshots...Will Barnet...Yorùbá Style

Retrospective
American Gothic

Abbreviated, Will Barnet's route to his signature style reads like a history of the art of this century: He began his career as a figurative painter in New York in the thirties, explored abstraction during the forties and fifties, then returned to the figure in the sixties. But Barnet's stark, stylized compositions of family and friends, often mistakenly categorized as an offshoot of Pop Art, were entirely his own, a hybrid of figuration and hard-edged geometric abstraction, combined with a deeply personal evocation of his New England childhood (he was born in Beverly, Massachusetts, in 1911) and his summers with his family in Maine. Now Barnet's creative journey can be seen firsthand in a traveling retrospective of paintings, works on paper, and prints. "Will Barnet: A Timeless World" (Montclair Art Museum, 3 South Mountain Avenue, Montclair, New Jersey; through August 20) gathers examples of Barnet's student drawings, his forays into Social Realism, his experiments with Synthetic Cubism and Indian Space (a movement composed of a small group of American painters who admired the pictorial structures of Native American art), and his figurative paintings from the sixties to the present (right, *Croquet,* 1985). Above all, though, the show reveals Barnet as an artist who has always trusted in his own strong sense of family and place.

EDITH NEWHALL



Photograph courtesy of the Montclair Art Museum.

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

James Lee Byars—Three installations by the American artist (1932–1997) from the past three decades, two of which have not been previously exhibited in the United States; through 8/14. Werner, 4 E. 77th St. (212-988-1623).

Stan Dann—Whimsical wood reliefs of various kinds of shoes; through 7/21. Stone, 113 E. 90th St. (212-987-4997).

Peter Dayton—Color laser Xerox collages of flowers; through 8/16. Winston Wächter Mayer, 9 E. 78th St. (212-327-2526).

Joaquin Torres-Garcia—A retrospective of paintings, drawings, and books by the Uruguayan modernist (1874–1949), who worked in Paris and was a co-founder of the movement Cercle et Carré (Circle and Square); through 7/29. CDS, 76 E. 79th St. (212-772-9555).

57th Street Area

Robert Arneson—Bronze self-portrait sculptures and related drawings from the eighties; through 8/8. Franklin Parrasch, 20 W. 57th St. (246-5360).

Eugenie Baizerman—Still-life and figurative paintings by a Polish-born artist (1899–1949); through 7/28. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (212-752-1223).

Gaston Chaissac—Drawings, paintings, and totems by the self-taught French artist (1910–1964) associated with the Art Brut group; through 7/25. Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. (212-755-7288).

Andy Goldsworthy—Two new site-specific works, including a wall made of clay and a "rush line" drawing composed of reeds woven together; through 7/17. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (212-315-0470).

Brian Kenny—Found-object assemblages in painted wooden boxes; through 7/28. DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (212-247-2111).

Robert Emmett Owen—Paintings of the New England countryside by the American Impressionist (1878–1957); through 9/2. Spanierman, 45 E. 58th St. (212-832-0208).

Betsabeé Romero—New works by the Mexican artist that combine themes derived from Mexican folklore, history, and popular culture, including a Volkswagen Beetle that the artist has transformed into an artwork, a car installation of objects from a junkyard, and a gridlike painting that reproduces Mexico City's historic downtown district; through 9/2. Barquet, 41 E. 57th St. (212-644-9090).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Herbert Bayer—Paintings, drawings, photographs, and photomontages by the Austrian-born artist and designer (1900–1985), who studied at the Bauhaus, served as one of its directors, and later lived and worked in the United States; through 7/21. Kent, 67 Prince St. (212-966-4500).

Anh Duong—New paintings; through 9/16. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (212-274-9300).

Raoul Hague—Five large-scale, carved wood sculptures made between 1969 and 1978; through 7/29. Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (212-941-0012).

Louis Monza—Drawings from the sixties through early eighties by a self-taught, Italian-born artist (1897–1984) who was a socialist and pacifist and spent most of his life in California; through 7/21. Ross, 568 Broadway (212-343-2161).

Ben Potter—Paintings and sculptures that refer to the natural world; through 7/28. Gibson, 568 Broadway (212-925-1192).

Sean Snyder—Photographs, videos, and installations that present the artist's impressions of the urban environment, public space, and architectural structures; through 7/28. Koenig, 359 Broadway (212-334-9255).

Chelsea

John Ahearn—Painted cast-plaster portraits of the artist and members of his community on New York's East 100th Street; through 7/28. Alexander and Bonin, 132 Tenth Ave. (212-367-7474).

Deborah Butterfield—New cast-bronze sculptures of horse forms; through 7/30. Thorp, 210 Eleventh Ave. (212-691-6565).

Günter Förg—Recent abstract paintings that draw on the works of Barnett Newman, Clyfford Still, and other Abstract Expressionists; through 7/28. Luhring Augustine, 531 W. 24th St. (212-206-9100).

Janine Gordon—Photographs and videos that draw on the artist's involvement in New York's subculture; through 7/28. XL, 504 W. 22nd St. (212-462-4111).

Roberto Juarez—New large-scale abstract paintings whose compositions of lines, circles, and squares were influenced by the renovation of Times Square as viewed through the windows of the artist's studio; through 7/31. Miller, 524 W. 26th St. (212-366-4774).

Mike Wilson/Oona Stern—Paintings, drawings, and collages by "Tattoo Mike," who performed at the Coney Island Sideshow for ten years until his death in 1996, and photographs of the artist by Marcus Leatherdale, McDermott & McGough, Andy Warhol, and others/An installation made of carpet. Through 7/28. Harris, 529 W. 20th St. (212-463-9666).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Americas Society—680 Park Ave. (212-249-8950). "Art of the Americas From the Chase Manhattan Collection: Icon + Grid + Void," paintings, sculpture, and photographs from the bank's collection by North, South, and Central American artists, among them Caldas, Ceemin, González-Torres, Porter, Rockburne, Serrano, Vaisman, Wall; through 7/30.

Baumgold—128 E. 72nd St. (212-861-7338). "Out-of-Doors," contemporary landscapes by eighteen artists, among them Blosser, Cleveland, Crandall, Forman, Hannock, Katz, Morley, Palmer, Steinberg; through 7/28.

Castelli—59 E. 79th St. (212-249-4470). Works on paper by Colson, John, Morris, Ruscha, Starns, Therrien, Weiner; through 8/4.

Knoedler—19 E. 70th St. (212-794-0550). "The Collector as Patron in the Twentieth Century," postwar and contemporary art from the collections of five prominent living collector-patrons, including Agnes Gund, Marieluise Hessel, Bebe and Crosby Kemper, Mary and Jim Patton, and Bea and Phil Gersh; through 7/31.

57th Street Area

Ameringer Howard—41 E. 57th St. (212-935-1110). "Construction Site," works by Chamberlain, Pfaff, Stella; through 7/28.

Cohan—41 W. 57th St. (212-755-7171). Works that use the ball or sphere as an object of rumination, by Chiappa, Feher, Hammons, Hirst, Majore, Oursler, Wegman, others; 7/11–8/18.

Danese—41 E. 57th St. (212-223-2227). Works by artists who explore innovative ways of presenting the figure within the context of abstraction, among them Bevilacqua, Condo, Penck, Sikander, Salle, Smith, Winkfield; through 7/21.

Danese—41 E. 57th St. (212-223-2227). "Reconfiguration," works by Basquiat, Bevilaqua, Condo, Narumi, Penck, Salle, Smith, Wiliams, Winkfield, others; through 7/21.

De Nagy—724 Fifth Ave. (212-262-5050). Photographs of Maine and New York City by Rudy Burckhardt, and paintings, photographs, and drawings of Burckhardt by his fellow artists, among them Blaine, Grooms, Gross, Hannah, Jacquette, Katz, Mazur, Schneeman; through 7/28.

Forum—745 Fifth Ave. (212-355-4545). Drawings by Bluemner, de Kooning, Feininger, Guston, Matisse, Picasso, others; through 9/1.

PaineWebber—1285 Sixth Ave. (212-713-2000). "The Morris Museum: A Collected Century." Works from the collection of the Morris Museum in Morristown, New Jersey, among them fine and decorative arts, costumes, toys, ethnographic objects; through 9/8.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (212-247-0082). Works by 72 American artists illustrating the various movements in American art from 1910 through 1975, among them Burchfield, Castellon, Dove, Gottlieb, Porter, Ryan, Tobey, von Wiegand; through 8/10.

Schmidt-Bingham—41 E. 57th St. (212-888-1122). "Water," works on the theme of water by Cage, Cook, Kass, Weber; through 7/21.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Artists Space—38 Greene St. (212-226-3970). "Anywhere But Here," works by Ancalmo, Brambilla, Goldfarb, Katchadourian, Yasinsky, others; "Transitional Home," works by Chalayan, Coates, Dixon, Thorogood, others; project by D'Nell Larson; through 7/22.

Blum—99 Wooster St. (212-343-0441). "Lux et Tenebrae," a selection of print portfolios published by Peter Blum Edition over the past twenty years, including works by Baldessari, Bourgeois, Cucchi, Fischl, Katz, Rabinowitch, Turrell, Yanagi, others; through 9/9.

Bridgewater/Lustberg & Blumenfeld—560 Broadway (212-941-6355). Works by gallery and invited artists, among them Bruggeman, Connell, Fitzpatrick, Gerber, Talasnik, Wexler. Through 8/25.

Cowles—74 Grand St. (212-925-3500). Works by Arnoldi, Ben Tré, Caracciolo, Enders, Negroponte, Waterston, others; through 7/28.

Deitch Projects—76 Grand St. (212-343-7300). "Sentimental Education," an exhibition curated by David Rimanelli for which twelve artists were asked to create their own visual responses to Gustave Flaubert's novel *Sentimental Education;* through 7/29.

Hoffman—429 W. Broadway (212-966-6676). Works in glass or depicting glass, by Africano, Averbuch, Calderon, Frey, Hirst, Raffael, others; through 7/29.

Kelly—43 Mercer St. (212-343-2405). "Inside Out: Reality or Fiction?," a Joseph Cornell box from 1954 and photographic works that use Cornell's constructed boxes as a point of departure, by Bäckström, Casebere, Höfer; through 7/21.

Chelsea

Audiello—526 W. 26th St. (212-675-9082). "Nothing in Common," works by Djerejian, Fisher, Hawkins, Kurland, Mesa-Pelly, Rowley; through 7/21.

BosePacia Modern—508 W. 26th St. (212-989-7074). Works from and inspired by India by Brown & Green, Dube, Chakravarty, Durvasula, Hirshkowitz, Schiff, Sundaram; through 7/20.

Cheim & Read—521 W. 23rd St. (212-242-7727). "Opulent," paintings and sculpture that emphasize sumptuous textures, physical density, and richness of color, by Benglis, Burton, Cemin, Milhazes, Ofili, Perrone, Taaffe, Uslé; through 9/1.

Clementine—526 W. 26th St. (212-243-5937). "Miracle Whip," works by Anderson, Bovasso, Frank, Farber, Miller, Prekop, Stoetzel, others; through 7/29.

Cooper—534 W. 21st St. (212-255-1105). Works by Boursier-Mougenot, Feher, and Haacke on view in main gallery; works by Aldrich, Cinto, Eliasson, Fernández, Gillick, Marclay, Pardo on view in front gallery; through 7/21.

Debs—525 W. 26th St. (212-643-2070). "The Hissing of Summer Lawns," sculpture and works on paper by Moyer, Peterson, Stevens, Stoney, Wallis-Johnson, Wright; through 7/22.

Dee/Glasoe—529 W. 20th St. (212-924-7545). Works that explore sexual ambiguity, by Amer, Craig-Martin, Currin, Hoey, Phillips, Schorr, Wada, others; through 7/22.

Erben—516 W. 20th St. (212-645-8701). Paintings, photographs, audiovisual drawings, and other works by Monastyrskij, Nelson, Universal, Wood; through 7/28.

Feigen Contemporary—535 W. 20th St. (212-929-0500). "Maximal Minimal," abstract paintings by Blake, Bovasso, Gwyn, Kaneda, Lyon, Rosmarin, Uglow, others; through 8/4.

Greene Naftali—526 W. 26th St. (212-463-7770). "Kool Aid," works by Gartrell, Inoue, James, Korty, Pruitt; through 7/29.

Meltzer—516 W. 20th St. (212-727-9330). "Game On!," works on the theme of sports by fourteen artists, among them Bowers, Chiappa, Dodge, Kimmel, Lambert, Steinfeld; through 7/28.

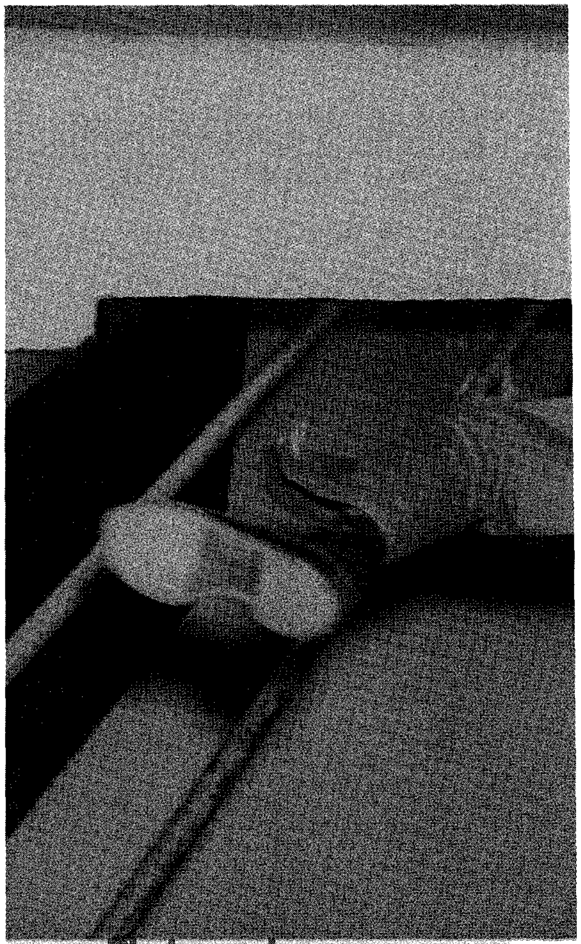
Morris—465 W. 23rd St. (212-727-2752). Photographs by Boberg and Schabel, an installation of lifelike "weeds" cast in PVC by Matelli; through 8/18.

Postmasters—459 W. 19th St. (212-727-3323). Works by gallery artists, among them Armstrong, Cooper, Cottingham, Finch, Hoberman, Pearlstein, Risley, Schumann; through 7/29.

Sonnabend—536 W. 22nd St. (212-627-1018). "Retrospective," works by gallery artists celebrating the gallery's new location; through 7/30.

Weber—529 W. 20th St. (212-691-5711). Political art by Boetti, Burgin, Haacke, Holzer, Kruger, Moffattt, Reinhardt, others; through 7/22.

White Columns—320 W. 13th St. (212-924-4212). "Women of the World: A Global Collection of Art," works by women artists from 177 countries around the world that express each artist's experience of being a woman; through 7/15.



Photography Whodunnits

If you thought Weston or Kertész had cornered the market on stylish modernist photography, then check out the Met's "Other Pictures: Vernacular Photographs From the Thomas Walther Collection" (1000 Fifth Avenue, at 82nd Street; through August 27), an exhibition composed solely of wonderful contemporaneous efforts by anonymous lenspeople. Then again, as Ubu Gallery's "Snapshots: The Extraordinary Ordinary" (16 East 78th Street; through July 21) amply proves, even the most banal subject matter has been known to bring out the artiste in unknown shutterbugs (above, untitled snapshot, circa 1946).

Photograph courtesy of Ubu Gallery.

Photography

Baumgartner—418 W. 15th St. (212-633-2276). New photographs by Baker, Geiger, Jennings, Kereszi, Lambert, Pearlstein, Schaesberg; through 7/29.

Maude Schuyler Clay—Black-and-white photographs of the Mississippi Delta flatlands; through 7/14. Meyerowitz, 580 Broadway (212-625-3434).

Elliott Erwitt—Photographs of museumgoers from the fifties to the present; through 8/11. Houk, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-750-70070).

Günter Forg—Color photographs of the Bata Shoe Works, in Zlijn, Czech Republic; through 7/14. Burgin, 243 W. 18th St. (212-462-2668).

Paul Graham—Recent photographs from the "Paintings" series that depict the extreme sexual graffiti, drawings, cancellations, erasures found in London's cruising toilets; through 7/21. Rubin Greenberg Van Doren, 730 Fifth Ave. (212-445-0444).

Greene—525 W. 22nd St. (212-462-4123). The first U.S. exhibition of the London Photographic Awards, an annual photographic competition based in London that attracts entrants from countries all over the world; through 7/20.

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (212-860-1777), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "James Nachtwey: Testimony." A retrospective of works by the documentary photographer known for his images of human conflict and struggle; through 7/23. . . . "A Durable Memento: Portraits by Augustus Washington, African American Daguerreotypist." The first exhibition of the work of one of a small group of African American daguerreotypists whose work has been identified; through 9/24.

Newseum—580 Madison Ave. (212-317-7596). "The Pulitzer Prize Photographs: Capture the Moment," featuring more than 100 Pulitzer Prize–winning photographs taken between 1941 and 1999; through 9/23.

Tokihiro Sato—Photographs that record movement through specific locations; through 7/28. Tonkonow, 601 W. 26th St. (212-255-8450).

Juergen Teller—Photographs from the projects "Go-Sees" and "Miss Worlds," the former chronicling a year of meetings between the London-based photographer and aspiring models and the latter a series of portraits of Miss World contestants; through 7/28. Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. (212-965-0753).

Ubu—16 E. 78th St. (212-794-4444). "Snapshots: The Extraordinary Ordinary," works dating from the early-twentieth century through the sixties by unknown photographers; through 7/21.

Von Lintel & Nusser—555 W. 25th St. (212-242-0599). Photographic works that draw on personal memories, by Courville, Geyer, Jennings, McKenna, Mericle, Taylor, others; through 7/15.

Weegee—The first exhibition devoted to the photographer's distorted images, among them distortions of Marilyn Monroe, Richard Nixon, the Empire State Building, and Coney Island; through 7/28. Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (212-243-0200).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Judy Chicago: Resolutions: A Stitch in Time." A millennium project that is a collaboration between Chicago and a group of needleworkers using a variety of techniques; through 9/3. . . . "Sandy Skoglund: Breathing Glass." An installation in the museum's atrium space consisting of thousands of miniature, mechanized dragonflies; through 9/3. . . . "Tommy Simpson: Garden of the Heart." The sculptor and furniture designer's own life-size version of an ancient Persian garden; through 9/3. . . . "Peter Chang: A Visionary." Jewelry and sculptural objects by a Glasgow-based jewelry designer; through 9/3. 40 W. 53rd St. (212-956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., and Sun. 10–6, Thurs. 10–8 (pay what you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Fighting Dinosaurs." Fossils of dinosaurs locked in combat that were recently discovered in the Gobi Desert; through 10/29. Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Good Business Is the Best Art: Twenty Years of the Artists in the Marketplace Program." Works by Tomie Arai, Rina Banerjee, Prudencio Irazabal, Fabian Marcaccio, Sara Sosnowy, and others; through 9/3. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $3, $2 students and seniors, Wed. free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"William Merritt Chase: Modern American Landscapes, 1886–1890." Paintings of outdoor scenes in Brooklyn and Manhattan by the American landscapist; through 8/13. . . . "Maxfield Parrish, 1870–1966." The first critical survey of the works of the American artist, including paintings, drawings, prints, photographs, artifacts, and ephemera; through 8/6. . . . "Vivian Cherry: A Working Street Photographer 1940s–1990s." Photographs documenting social conditions in the Lower East Side garment industry, Depression-era Harlem, Brooklyn neighborhoods, and Times Square, as well as images showing the 1950s demolition of Manhattan's Third Avenue El; through 8/6. . . . "African Masterworks From the Collection of Beatrice Riese." African art collected by the painter Beatrice Riese, who has lived in New York since 1949; through 9/10. . . . "Urban Glass." A collaboration between Urban Glass, the New York Center for Contemporary Glass in downtown Brooklyn, and the Brooklyn Museum of Art, consisting of works by contemporary glass artists that were inspired by objects in the museum's collection; through 9/3. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution—"National Design Triennial: Design Culture Now." Recent works by 83 American designers and design firms; through 8/6. 2 E. 91st St. (212-849-8300); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (5–9, free admission); $8, $3 students and seniors.

Drawing Center—"A Sketch of Yaddo: The 1950s." Drawings and original musical and literary manuscripts made by artists, writers, and composers who were invited for residencies at the Saratoga Springs artists' retreat in the fifties; through 7/26. . . . "Selections Summer 2000." Works on paper by emerging artists; through 7/26. 35 Wooster St. (212-219-2166); Tues.–Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

Frick Collection—1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—"Rudy Burckhardt and Friends: New York Artists of the 1950s and '60s." Photographic portraits of artists by Burckhardt, who died last year at the age of 85, juxtaposed with works by those artists from the New York University Art Collection, as well as a selection of Burckhardt's films and photographs of New York cityscapes; through 7/15. 100 Washington Square East (212-998-6780); Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5; $2.50 suggested donation.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"1900: Art at the Crossroads." An exhibition organized in collaboration with the Royal Academy of Arts, London, offering a radical reassessment of artistic cross-currents at the turn of the century, featuring works by Balla, Bouguereau, Degas, Eakins, Kandinsky, Matisse, Mondrian, Picasso, and others; through 9/10. . . . "Project for a New Guggenheim in New York City." Models and other works developed by the museum in collaboration with architect Frank Gehry; through 9/15. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 9–6, Fri. and Sat. 9–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"Anni Albers." The first comprehensive New York exhibition of the Bauhaus-trained textile designer's work, including more than 200 works created between 1924 and 1978, among them unique wall hangings and weavings, drapery and upholstery fabrics, wall coverings, fabric swatches, texture studies, room dividers, jewelry, prints, and drawings; through 8/20. . . . "Pickles and Pomegranates: Jewish Homes Near and Far." An interactive children's exhibit that evokes life in two late-nineteenth-century Jewish households; through 10/30. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5, free); $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Chardin." A major loan exhibition of works by the French still-life and genre painter Jean Siméon Chardin (1699-1779), known for his lifelike portrayals of animals, birds, and fruit; through 9/3. . . . "Vernacular Photographs From the Thomas Walther Collection." Anonymous photographs dating from the twenties through the sixties; through 8/27. . . . "American Modern: 1925–1940—Design for a New Age." More than 100 objects from the museum's collection and from the John C. Waddell Collection, including furniture, clocks, appliances, lamps, posters, and textiles; through 1/9/01. . . . "Painters in Paris: 1895–1950." Paintings by Bonnard, Braque, Chagall, Léger, Matisse, Picasso, and other artists who worked in Paris; through 12/31. . . . "Perfect Documents: Walker Evans and African Art, 1935." Photographs by Evans depicting the African sculpture exhibited in MOMA's groundbreaking 1935 exhibition; through 9/3. . . . "Art and Oracle: Spirit Voices of Africa." African sculpture and objects dating from the six-

On View **"Beads, Body, and Soul: Art and Light in the Yorùbá Universe," a two-part, *dual-location exhibition*, celebrates the traditional beaded arts of the Yorùbá people of Nigeria and the Republic of Benin (above, staff with beaded sheath) at the Museum for African Art (593 Broadway, near Prince Street; through August 27) and the works of their descendants in Cuba, Brazil, and the United States at the Studio Museum in Harlem (144 West 125th Street; through September 17).**

Photograph courtesy of the Museum for African Art.

teenth to the twentieth century; through 7/30. . . . "The World of Scholars' Rocks: Gardens, Studios, and Paintings." More than 30 scholars' rocks from the collection of the Richard Rosenblum family; through 8/20. . . . "Celebrating the American Wing: Notable Acquisitions, 1980-1999"; through 11/12. . . . "Subjects and Symbols in American Sculpture: Selections From the Permanent Collection"; through 8/20. . . . "David Smith on the Roof." A selection of stainless-steel sculptures displayed on the Iris B. Gerald Cantor Roof Garden; through 11/30. . . . "Fireworks! Four Centuries of Pyrotechnics in Prints and Drawings"; through 9/17. . . . "John Singer Sargent: Beyond the Portrait Studio, Paintings and Drawings From the Collection." Works made by the artist (1856–1925) during his travels in Europe and America; through 9/10. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $10 contribution, $5 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (212-923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $10, $5 seniors and students.

Morgan Library—"Treasures From the Royal Tombs of Ur." An exhibition organized by the University of Pennsylvania Museum of Archeology and Anthropology comprising jewelry, musical instruments, tools, weapons, cylinder seals, human remains, and other objects and artifacts from the ancient Sumerian city-state of Ur; through 9/10. . . . "Saint-Exupéry's Little Prince." A selection of Antoine de Saint-Exupéry's original preparatory drawings for *The Little Prince*, as well as pages from his revised handwritten manuscript; through 8/20. . . . "Sacred Songs: Illuminated Choir Books." Music manuscripts used in the liturgy of the Catholic church during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance; through 10/15. 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10–8, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $8, $6 students and seniors.

El Museo del Barrio—"The S-Files/The Selected Files." Works by U.S.-born Latinos and New York City–based Latin American artists who submitted work to the museum for review over the past year; through 9/24. . . . "Ernesto Pujol: Conversion of Manners." A site-specific installation that incorporates photographs and vintage Carthusian, Franciscan, and Jesuit habits; through 9/24. 1230 Fifth Ave. (212-831-7272), Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Museum for African Art—"Beads, Body, and Soul: Art and Light in the Yorùbá Universe." The historic section of a two-venue exhibition shared with the Studio Museum in Harlem (see listing), consisting of crowns, thrones, coronets, necklaces, slippers, and other beaded objects made by the Yorùbá in Nigeria and the Republic of Benin; through 8/27. . . . "Africa by Africans: A Photographic Essay." Images of Africa from the colonial era to the present taken by African photographers; through 8/27. Museum for African Art, 593 Broadway (212-966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $5, $2.50 students, seniors, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"The Art of William Edmondson." The first major New York retrospective of sculptures by the self-taught American sculptor since 1937, when he was the first African-American artist to have a one-person show at the Museum of Modern Art; through 8/27. Two Lincoln Square (212-595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Making Choices," the second cycle of MOMA2000 exhibitions: "The Marriage of Reason and Squalor." A survey examining opposites as they occur in single works of art; through 9/19. . . . "The Raw and the Cooked." Works by unschooled, outsider, and naïve artists; through 9/19. . . . "Useless Science." The efforts of artists who mimic the methods and conventions of artists; through 9/19. . . . "The Dream of Utopia/Utopia of the Dream." Abstract and Surrealist works by Dalí, Ernst, Malevich, Mondrian, others; through 8/22. . . . "Modern Living 1." Post–World War I designs from the de Stijl, Bauhaus, and Constructivist movements; through 8/22. . . . "Walker Evans & Company." Photographs by Evans and by photographers who influenced him or were influenced by him; through 8/22. . . . "Modern Art Despite Modernism." Works by Albright, Balthus, Cadmus, Feud, Hopper, Rivera, others; through 8/22. . . . "Art Is Arp." Works from the twenties, including wood reliefs, string reliefs, cardboard cutouts, prints, illustrated books, collages, and sculpture; through 8/22. . . . "Giorgio Morandi Etchings"; through 8/22. . . . "War." Works created in response to the threats and effects of mass mobilization and violence; through 8/22. . . . "Ideal Motif: Stieglitz, Weston, Adams, and Callahan"; through 9/26. . . . "New York Salon." A cross-section of painting and sculpture that marked the beginning of the New York School's rise to prominence; through 9/26. . . . "The Observer: Cartier-Bresson After the War"; through 9/26. . . . "Seeing Double." An exploration of the theme of pseudoscience through artworks that mimicked scientific methods, and of the absurd as a philosophical, literary, and artistic concept; through 9/26. . . . "Shigeru Ban: A Paper Arch"; through 8/1. . . . "Project 70: Jim Hodges, Beatriz Milhazes, Faith Ringgold." Banners by each artist displayed on the museum's 53rd Street façade; through 10/31. . . . "Projects 72: John Armleder and Piotr Uklanski"; through 8/1. 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); Sat.–Tues., Thurs. 10:30–5:45, Fri. 10:30–8:15 (4:30–8:15 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $10, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"Under the El." Images of New York City life in prints, watercolors, and drawings from the museum's collection; through 12/3. . . . "New York Now: Contemporary Works in Photography." Images of New York and New Yorkers from the museum's collection; through 10/15. . . . "Elegant Plate: Three Centuries of Precious Metals in New York City." Objects of silver, gold, and other metals from the museum's collection that were used in or near New York from the early eighteenth century through the twentieth; through 9/24. . . . "Ordinary People, Extraordinary Lives: 100 Years of Labor in New York City." Photographs and oral histories documenting the lives of New York City's workers over the past century; through 7/16. . . . "New York: Songs of the City." More than 50 pieces of lavishly illustrated sheet music for songs celebrating New York; through 9/10. . . . "The New York Century: World Capital, Home Town, 1900–2000." An exhibition of objects from the museum's collection conceived by the design firm Pentagram; through 7/9. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology—"Louise Dahl-Wolfe, The American Image." A full-scale retrospective of the noted fashion photographer's work, including still-lifes and portraits of Mae West, Cecil Beaton, Eudora Welty, and others; through 8/12. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (212-217-7642); Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

National Academy of Design—"American Spectrum: Paintings and Sculpture From the Smith College Museum of Art." A traveling exhibition drawn from one of the foremost institutional collections of eighteenth-, nineteenth-, and twentieth-century American art, including works by Albers, Homer, Hopper, Inness, Kline, O'Keeffe, Sargent, and others; through 9/10. . . . "The Watercolors of Charles Hawthorne." Watercolors spanning the years 1915 to 1930 by the founder of the Cape Cod School of Art; through 7/30. . . . "Stuart Davis in Gloucester." Approximately 45 paintings and watercolors of Gloucester on Cape Ann in Massachusetts made by the artist between 1915 and 1934; through 7/30. 1083 Fifth Ave. (212-369-4880); Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12-5, Fri. 10-6; $5.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Tiborocity: Design and Undesign by Tibor Kalman." A retrospective of the late designer's work in print, film, video, and product design, including more than 200 pieces from his personal collection; the archives of M&Co., the design firm he founded in 1979; and his contributions as editor-in-chief of the Benetton-sponsored magazine *Colors*; through 8/7. 583 Broadway (212-219-1222); Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs.–Sat. 12–8 (free Thurs. 6–8); $6, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

New-York Historical Society—"New York Inside Out." A juried exhibition of photographs by New Yorkers documenting their own lives at home; through 8/20. . . . "Stork Club." An exhibition tracing the history of New York's legendary nightclub through letters and business records, photographs, menus, and accessories bearing the nightclub's logo; through 10/1. . . . "Jessie Tarbox Beals: On Assignment." Works by America's first female photojournalist; through 7/9. . . . "Without Sanctuary: Lynching Photography in America." Photographs documenting lynchings in America from the 1870s through the 1950s; through 8/13. 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S.1 Contemporary Art Center—"Around 1984: A Look at Art in the Eighties." Works by a selected group of artists who were practicing in the eighties, among them Basquiat, Bickerton, Clemente, Cragg, Calle, Halley, Holzer, Kapoor, Koons, Salle, Schnabel, Steinbach, Sherman; through 9/30. . . . "Volume: Bed of Sound." Installations by Jonathan Bepler, Christian Marclay, Pipilotti Rist, and Ugo Rondinone; through 9/30. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084); Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $5 suggested donation.

Queens Museum of Art—"Art at Work: Forty Years of the Chase Manhattan Collection." More than 120 contemporary artworks from the bank's collection, by Acconci, Barney, Clemente, Close, Gober, Nauman, Prince, Sherman, Wegman, others; through 10/1. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Tues.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Beads, Body, and Soul: Art and Light in the Yorùbá Universe." The contemporary section of a two-venue exhibition shared with the Museum for African Art (see listing), consisting of works by African and African-American artists drawing on the decorative traditions of the Yorùbá of Nigeria and the Republic of Benin, including beaded paintings, banners, and sculpture; through 8/27. . . . "From the Studio: Artists-in-Residence 1999–2000." Works by Nicole Awai, Sanford Biggers, and Terry Boddie; through 9/17. 144 W. 125th St. (212-864-4500); Wed. and Thurs. 12–6, Fri. 12–8, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"The Art of Alice Neel." A retrospective exhibition of paintings by the American artist (1900–1984) known for her unflinching portraits of her friends, family, neighbors, and fellow artists; through 9/17. . . . "Synapsis Shuffle." A project by Robert Rauschenberg that comprises 52 silk-screened paintings intended to be reassembled into compositions of between three and seven panels by longtime friends or colleagues of the artist; through 10/8. . . . "Carnival Strippers: Photographs by Susan Meiselas." Photographs of women who perform strip tease for a living taken at rural New England fairs in the seventies; through 9/10. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (212-570-3676); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–9 (pay what you wish every Thurs. 6–9); $10, $8 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more.

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Shahzia Sikander: Acts of Balance." The first one-person museum exhibition of the Pakistan-born artist's work, comprising an installation of wall paintings and a mural-size, three-panel painting that combine Islamic and Hindu artistic traditions with elements of Western art and popular culture; through 7/7. 120 Park Ave. (917-663-2550); Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (212-606-0430). 7/10 at 1: "Fine Antique Arms and Swords." On view from 7/6.

restaurants

Baking in the Sun...Take the Mole and Run

ASK GAEL

Can 42nd Street be the next hot dinner destination?

Fervently convinced that too many cooks only enrich the broth, ever-more-entrepreneurial Larry Forgione hinges the fate of his new Restaurant Above on the twentieth floor of the new Times Square Hilton to a cuisinary cabal of roving consultant Jonathan Waxman and resident co-chefs Kazuto and Vicki Fan Matsusaka, veterans of Wolfgang Puck's Chinois on Main. I could happily make a meal of the mostly fabulous small plates ($5 to $12), especially before or after theater. Tonight our foursome shares tastes of luscious lobster-and-foie gras salad with mango and green papaya, tempura soft-shell crab on soba noodles with a spicy poblano kick, tingling yellowfin tartare, crispy noodle-topped short ribs, and Forgione's inevitable fried Ipswich clams, ever so subtly gone Asian with a yuzu tartar sauce. After eight or nine of these we can barely deconstruct our entrées. Next time, I'll save room for gently steamed halibut on cilantro rice in an aromatic broth and enchantingly tangy summer dessert soup. Of course, I'd go anywhere for taste adventure. It remains to be seen whether these temptations—all dished up in stylish Asian tabletop design—will lure Zip Code snobs to this still spottily sleazy stretch of 42nd Street. (234 West 42nd Street; 212-642-2626.)

Manhattan

Lower New York

Bari—Downstairs, this perpetually bustling café attracts SoHo shoppers taking time out for cappuccino, sandwiches, and a view of the always entertaining street scene. Ascend the spiral staircase for a more substantial meal in the loftlike dining room, which features a woodburning oven and grill and dishes like spice-rubbed duck breast with bok choy, crispy roasted halibut, and broiled asparagus with browned Parmesan and bread crumbs. *529 Broadway, at Spring St. (212-431-4350). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (212-966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—The jewel-toned Financial District branch of the popular Turtle Bay bar and lounge serves the same extensive selection of wine and beer, and a similar menu of appetizer-size plates they call "international tapas." Typically creative selections include a barbecued-buffalo sandwich, shrimp satay with hoisin sauce, and a wild-mushroom quesadilla. *55 Liberty St., second fl. (212-791-WINE). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ecco—Old-world charm, an excellent seasonal antipasto, and classic renditions of such Italian standards as pasta, veal chop, lobster fra diavolo, and osso buco. Very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. Live piano music on Friday and Saturday night. *124 Chambers St. (212-227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gigino Trattoria—The rustic Italian fare in this barnlike TriBeCa trattoria ranges from brick-oven pizza and calzones to salmon with broccoli rabe. The casual atmosphere and fresh, inventive peasant food attract a loyal neighborhood following. *323 Greenwich St. (212-431-1112). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Greatest Bar on Earth—This, the most casual component of the Windows on the World complex, has become a popular meeting spot for downtown office workers, curious club kids, and the inevitable tourists. The view, obviously, can't be beat, and the snacky menu includes global bites like fried calamari, barbecued ribs, and sushi. Live music Tuesday through Saturday. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gubbio—Decorated with imported tapestries and pottery meant to evoke a medieval Umbrian hill town, this spacious TriBeCa restaurant features a seasonal Italian menu that strives to avoid culinary clichés. Choices include pork medallions with stewed cabbage and smoked ricotta, and lamb carpaccio with olive pesto. *223 W. Broadway (212-334-8077). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island. But your attention may very well be diverted by the eye-catching American food—seafood sausage with stewed white beans, potato-and-truffle ravioli with saffron cream, seared yellowfin tuna with caramelized foie gras—right in front of you. *4 World Financial Ctr. (212-786-1500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (212-228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special prix fixe menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (212-219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (212-219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. *90 West St. (212-732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Photograph by Carina Salvi.

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has conquered TriBeCa. It's still virtually impossible to get a reservation, but the intrepid hordes can wait for a table to open up two doors down at Next Door Nobu. *105 Hudson St. (212-219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (212-233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (212-274-8883). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (212-475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (212-966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Sosa Borella—This full-service TriBeCa café is just as good for an afternoon espresso as for a full meal, not to mention the weekly tango lessons. Sandwiches come nearly two dozen ways; the Italian-Argentinean menu features entrées like Milanese steak and short ribs of beef. *460 Greenwich St. (212-431-5093). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Spring Street Natural—Before SoHo was *SoHo*—and aeons before anyone even conceived of NoLIta—this health-food hub was turning out mostly organic, life-sustaining fare, very similar to its present menu of grilled fresh fish, free-range poultry, and soy every which way. As befits a natural-food haven, there's lots of greenery, big windows, high ceilings, and a generally wholesome vibe. Plus delivery, and such intriguing daily specials as yuca fritters with jalapeño-tomato relish, roasted salmon with creamy vegetable risotto, and scrambled tofu with brown rice. *62 Spring St. (212-966-0290). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (212-941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Wild Blue—In an intimate room that's warm and plushly comfortable but doesn't try to compete with the famous view, chef Michael Lomonaco's menu is solid, superlative American, with a touch of the steakhouse. Exceedingly moist chicken gets a Med-rim treatment with olives and preserved lemons, and buttermilk fried oysters with chipotle cream and spoon bread are an inspired take on an American classic. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7107). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef and TV personality Michael Lomonaco supervises the kitchens of this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including stout-braised Black Angus short ribs with Maytag blue cheese, and lobster potpie with truffle cream, spinach leaves, and a chive biscuit. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's 60,000-bottle wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (212-620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (212-228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (212-254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (212-645-4525). Also, 1662 Third Ave., at 93rd St. (426-5422). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Telephone Bar & Grill—This East Village fixture was serving classic pub grub like shepherd's pie and fish and chips long before anyone thought of British comfort food as trendy. A youngish crowd gathers here for happy hour (Mondays through Fridays, 4 to 7p.m.) and for a typically hearty Irish breakfast on weekends. *149 Second Ave. (212-529-5000). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (212-982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (212-982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (212-645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Jekyll & Hyde—Can you guess the theme of this boisterous Village restaurant? Billing itself as a "haunted explorers' club," it offers interactive entertainment, special effects, and—so that famished explorers may keep up their strength—a menu of American fare like grilled tuna steak, pumpkin tortelli in sun-dried-tomato cream sauce, and "voodoo-spiced" Cajun steak. *91 Seventh Ave. S. (212-989-7701). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Osteria Fiorentina—Live piano and violin music lend this casual Italian restaurant that old-time Village ambience. The menu offers standards like risotti, open ravioli, zuppa di clams, and veal chops. *281 Bleecker St. (212-633-2941). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

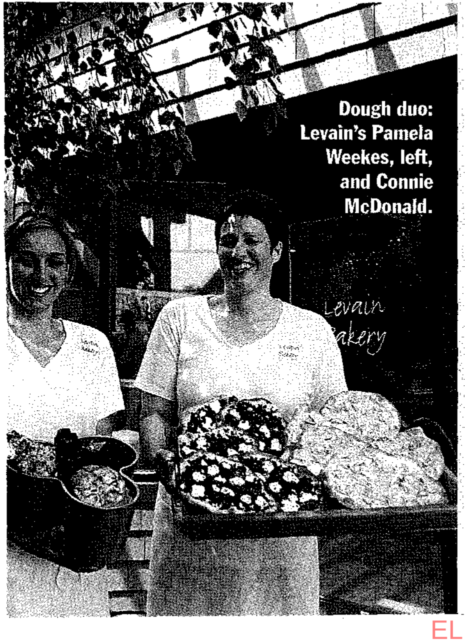
Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Northern Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. A year-round backyard garden is available for private parties. *69 Macdougal St. (212-673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot owned by Aureole chef Charlie Palmer, but Josh Capon's food is all very twentieth-century: potato-wrapped cod with citrus glaze, charred sirloin with red-onion marmalade, foie gras parfait with roasted apple chutney. *36 E. 22nd St. (212-228-4399). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bambou—There's a hint of the tropics on East 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like crab cakes with avocado and molasses or eggplant soup with coconut and curry. The relaxing, palm-fronded dining room and bar attract the expected boldface names and beautiful faces. *243 E. 14th St. (212-358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you



Dough duo: Levain's Pamela Weekes, left, and Connie McDonald.

Shopping
Monster Cookies

Ever since local Southampton hero Kathleen was ousted from Kathleen's Bake Shop, the East End has been in a sorry state of chocolate-chip-cookie flux. Until now. The owners of the Upper West Side's petite Levain Bakery have opened a branch in Wainscott, where their dense, oversize cookies may very well sabotage a summer diet regime or two. Those choosing to abstain—for whatever insane reason—might opt instead for wonderful semolina and sourdough loaves, banana bread, cinnamon-buttered brioche, individual artichoke-and-Gruyère pizzas, or a sandwich of the day, like prosciutto di Parma with Parmesan on a baguette. And weekends only, the Long Island Levain introduces a new line of seasonal deep-dish pies incorporating locally grown fruit, strawberry first. (354 Montauk Highway, Wainscott; 631-537-8570.)

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Opening

Wine, Women, and Soup Dumplings

Anita Lo and Jennifer Scism met in the kitchen at Can, and have since worked variously at Bouley, Mirezi, Maxim's, and Chanterelle. At their new Annisa—"women" in Arabic—Scism runs the front of the house and also designed it (she used to work for an architect); the curtained, dimly lit space formerly known as 13 Barrow has become a lighter, brighter, elevated dining room in soothing shades of off-white, with comfy booths and secluded nooks. And in the kitchen, Lo finds inspiration everywhere from Shanghai (delectable soup dumplings crowned with seared foie gras) to Provence (chick-pea-stuffed zucchini blossoms with tomato and saffron sauces). Pay special attention to the gender-specific wine list, curated by Chanterelle sommelier Roger Dagorn: All those women listed below the bottles either made the wine or own the vineyard. (13 Barrow Street; 212-741-6699.)

of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. *23 E. 22nd St. (212-228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (212-460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Commodore Grill at the Grand Hyatt Hotel—Commuters and business travelers will be glad to know they can enter this formal hotel restaurant directly from Grand Central Terminal, whether for a quick drink in the cigar bar or a full meal of such French-influenced American fare as foie gras French toast, tuna tartare, and ribeye of veal with Swiss chard. *42nd St. and Lexington Ave. (212-850-5999). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Fino Ristorante—Every neighborhood needs at least one restaurant like this: solid, reliable, and unpretentious. Regulars flock to this Murray Hill Northern Italian fixture for friendly, attentive service and well-prepared classic dishes like chicken balsamico and pappardella Boscaiola. *4 E. 36th St. (212-689-8040). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (212-477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (212-807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Metro Fish—Hearty fish dinners with all the fixin's in a "nautical townhouse" setting. Live lobsters, crabs, and other fresh seafood platters are simple, satisfying, and reminiscent of the sort of shore dinners served in seaside towns along the Northeast coast. Those with more of a culinary wanderlust can sample the house-special bouillabaisse. *8 E. 36th St. (212-683-6444). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Metronome—This 10,000-square-foot Flatiron space is especially well suited to private functions, but even the lone diner (or foursome) will find the Deco design welcoming and the food—riffs on a Mediterranean theme like "pinchos" of vegetables with goat cheese, and za'atar-crusted rack of lamb, prosciutto, and Brie over herb risotto—satisfying. Live jazz performed Wednesday through Saturday. *915 Broadway, at 21st St. (212-505-7400). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Mi—A talented team of cooks with impressive-sounding résumés (Mercer Kitchen, Hatsuhana) collaborate on a menu including sushi and sashimi, pad Thai, Malaysian spare ribs, and Korean bibimbob at this four-flavor pan-Asian restaurant. *66 Madison Ave., nr. 27th St. (212-252-8888). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (212-677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (212-777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

The Pump Energy Food—There simply isn't any way to cheat at this "Physical Fitness Restaurant" and takeout shop. The falafel is baked, not fried; the tuna is low-sodium; and all the egg dishes are whites-only. In fact there's no fried food at all, no oil period, not even a soda in the house. *113 E. 31st St. (212-213-5733). Also, 40 W. 55th St. (246-6844). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (212-683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Tivoli Bar and Grill—This midtown restaurant aspires to attract a hip, young crowd. Thus, live music on Thursday night, a D.J. on Saturdays, and a menu heavy on seafood like raw shellfish, fish and chips, and lobster ravioli in seafood broth. There's also a happy hour, with all its attendant grub: chicken wings, mozzarella sticks, nachos, and a complimentary appetizer of the day. *515 Third Ave., nr. 34th St. (212-532-3300). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Verbena—Diane Forley's seasonal American cuisine is at once delicate and deliciously satisfying; the room, similarly, pulls off the neat trick of feeling luxurious and minimalist at the same time. The menu is whimsically divided into two categories—fruits and vegetables, and fish, birds, and meats—with such appealing entries as butternut squash ravioli with roasted orange sauce, and rack of lamb with Yorkshire pudding. In summer, demand a garden table. *54 Irving Pl. (212-260-5454). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Water Club—This romantic spot overlooking the East River is a favorite for formal affairs, but even your average demanding New York diner would be happy with the American menu and the airy, yacht club–like setting. As to be expected in this nautical environment, there's a heavy emphasis on seafood like lobster and soft-shell crabs, and a massive spread for Sunday brunch. Jackets suggested in the main dining room. *F.D.R. Drive via 23rd St. (212-683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Applebee's Neighborhood Grill & Bar—This national chain invades Manhattan's freshly scrubbed and reinvented 42nd Street with an eager-to-please, affordable menu heavy on burgers, steak, and fajitas. Out-of-towners will feel right at home. *234 W. 42nd St. (212-391-7414). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Chelsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hanger steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. *358 W. 23rd St. (212-727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Fusion@Ohm—One of the new crop of all-in-one entertainment centers: dinner, dancing, and the ever-popular lounging on velvet furniture. Plus an international fusion menu that features Vietnamese vegetable spring rolls, rigatoni bolognese, and pistachio-crusted chicken breast with morel sauce. *16 W. 22nd St. (212-229-2000). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Hush—This Flatiron venture is part bar, part nightclub, part restaurant. If you find that last part the most interesting, you'll appreciate the New American menu, served in shareable portions. *17 W. 19th St. (212-989-4874). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately priced Northern Italian restaurant offers a full roster of antipasti, salads, thin-crust piz-

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

zas, and pastas—over two dozen of them. *120 W. 41st St. (212-391-0805). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

World Yacht Dining Cruises—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—and sup on a selection from the "Best of New York" menu: a collaboration with some of the city's biggest culinary talents, featuring dishes based on recipes from the Sea Grill's Ed Brown, Aquavit's Marcus Samuelsson, and Montrachet's Remi Lauvand and dessert creations from Payard Pâtisserie, all prepared by World Yacht's executive chef Wayne Tuman. Jacket required. Reserve. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (212-630-8100). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Askew—Free French fries! For some, that's reason enough to visit this cheerful little restaurant where virtually everything else conforms to the intriguing theme of marinated meat on a stick. There's skewered chicken and mango, beef au poivre, and panko-crusted salmon, plus stickless soups, salads, and vegetable sides. *1004 Second Ave., at 53rd St. (212-421-8742). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Della Femina—Jerry Della Femina tapped Kevin Penner, the very talented chef from the adman's Hamptons hot spot, to supervise the stoves at his Manhattan outpost. His city food places the same premium on high-quality ingredients in dishes like day-boat halibut, langoustines with black truffles, and rib-eye steak. Sit at the bar, converse with the very able and accommodating bartender, and try to guess the identity of every A- and B-list celebrity in the collage of caricatures. *131 E. 54th St. (212-752-0111). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can often be found, unwinding. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck-breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (212-319-9463). (I) AE, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (212-754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Genki Sushi—Not your typical sushi bar but a moving conveyor belt with color-coded dishes that indicate the price of your lunch. This midtown branch is the first American outpost of an Asian megachain headquartered in Singapore. The restaurant, whose high-tech design incorporates a wall of exposed sound panels, Lucite chairs and stools, and a Warholian upholstery pattern, also offers bento boxes, vegetarian dishes, sashimi, and a varied sake selection. *9 E. 46th St. (212-983-5018). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Upscale Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (212-688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Perigord—This romantic French restaurant near Sutton Place is famous for its classically prepared, elegantly presented French cuisine. The regular clientele, with a liberal smattering of celebrities and diplomats, is the type that dresses for dinner—a good thing, since jackets are required. Open Sundays. Private rooms available for parties. *405 E. 52nd St. (212-755-6244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Maloney & Porcelli—A midtown steakhouse with something extra, courtesy of consulting chef David Burke's contributions—including something called "angry lobster"—plus whole leg of lamb, an extensive wine list, and an innovative menu of American classics. A second-floor party room has a fireplace and skylights. *37 E. 50th St. (212-750-2233). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Michael Jordan's The Steak House N.Y.C.—It's hard not to feel like a king surveying his kingdom from the balcony of the awesomely renovated Grand Central Terminal. And it's easy, with David Walzog's high-protein menu, to eat like an athlete: Choose from Maine lobster, a 44-ounce double porterhouse for two, barbecued short ribs, pepper-crusted buffalo sirloin, and a superlative New York strip. There's a private dining room and a private smoking room. And if you (or your progeny) so desire, you can mark the occasion with a trip to the souvenir shop, for basketball- or steak-themed paraphernalia like baby rattles and dog bones. *23 Vanderbilt Ave., Grand Central Terminal (212-655-2300). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Monkey Bar—Since its swanky renovation by David Rockwell, this midtown landmark has undergone several chef changes. Andrew Chase has infused the menu and the retro-feeling dining room with new spirit by way of inspired new dishes like coriander-crusted duck breast with Bartlett pears, onion tart with potatoes and bacon, and loin of rabbit with confit and foie gras ravioli. Plus a special cocktail-hour canapé menu, to be enjoyed in the monkey-mural bar with nightly piano music. *60 E. 54th St. (212-838-2600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montebello—The staff at this cozy neighborhood restaurant offers a gracious welcome, while the kitchen provides upscale Northern Italian fare, especially affordable in the four-course pretheater menu. Specialties include angel's-hair pasta with

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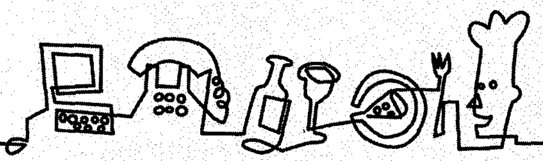

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fresh tomato and basil, and shrimp sautéed with cognac, broccoli, and red peppers. Private party room available. *120 E. 56th St. (212-753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (212-972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Nino's Positano—As is the wont of upscale Italian restaurants, this one—a more serene, mural-painted version of Nino's uptown—specializes in the food of a certain region, in this case, the south, and Positano in particular. But the menu still manages to read like the greatest hits of the Italian kitchen, with appetizers like Caprese salad, truffle-buttered asparagus with Parmesan, and lemony fried artichokes. Pastas range from the simple (fusilli with tomato-basil sauce) to the more complex (Cognac-infused seafood risotto), and main courses traverse similar territory. Whole roasted branzino is filleted tableside, making it almost as dramatic as Nino's famous lobster fra diavolo for two. *890 Second Ave., nr. 47th St. (212-355-5540). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Oceana—Fish-savant Rick Moonen's extensive and excellent seafood menu make this room, reminiscent of the dining cabin on an elegant ocean liner, a favorite for business lunches and romantic evenings alike. The upstairs bar is a perfect retreat for cocktails and seafood snacks in midtown. *55 E. 54th St. (212-759-5941). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oscar's—This contemporary American brasserie is named for the Waldorf-Astoria's longtime maître d', Oscar Tschirky, creator of such legendary dishes as the Waldorf salad and veal Oscar. The menu leans toward updated classics like yellowfin-tuna tartare and smoked Hudson Valley foie gras with truffled red-wine marmalade. Designer Adam Tihany transported the history-laden dining room into the twenty-first century with a much-needed face-lift. *Lexington Ave. at 50th St. (212-872-4920). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has broken with mealtime tradition. Rather than offer straightforward appetizers and entrées, Gras divides his menu into categories like ocean/river (lobster soup flavored with chestnuts), field/forest (seaweed and field greens), black truffle (Venetian pasta), and farm (rabbit chop wrapped in pasta). And rather than price each individual dish, he charges by the number of courses one selects: $54 for three, $67 for four, and up. The sommelier's suggested wine pairings are available for an additional price, and jackets are required. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (212-872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig 'n' Whistle on Third—There's plenty of convivial Irish-pub-style cheer in this East Side spinoff of a popular midtown haunt. The basic American menu offers staples like shepherd's pie, barbecued ribs, and onion loaf, plus panini sandwiches. Live music Saturday night, and "Irish breakfast" brunch offered on weekends. *922 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (212-688-4646). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (212-753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (212-867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue-by-way-of-Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (212-486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Algonquin—Draws on its history as the fabled stomping ground of literary giants. The wood-paneled sitting-room-like lobby still holds many imaginations captive. *59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bar Code—Good clean fun is the revitalized Times Square mantra, and this 24/7 interactive entertainment arcade targeting adults dishes it out. Those who wish to revisit their childhoods—if those childhoods were spent in a high-decibel-level video arcade—celebrate here with chocolate martinis, Mud Slides, B-52s, and the kind of food (wings, pizza, burgers, pot stickers) that doesn't distract too much from the high-tech games. *1540 Broadway, nr. 46th St. (212-869-9397). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

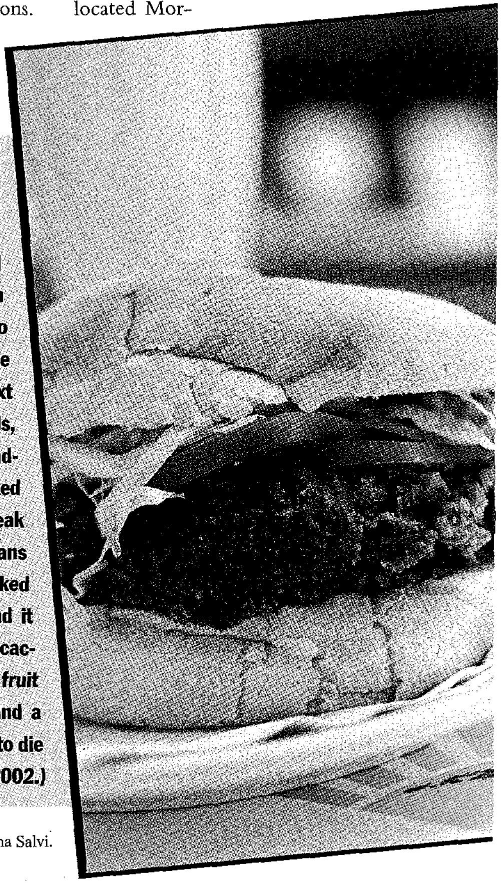
Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is devoted entirely to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (212-581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Brasserie Bit—With David Ruggerio supervising the kitchen at this new theater-district restaurant, customers can expect a bit of Italian cooking to seep into the French-American brasserie menu. Pre- or post-curtain appetites are sated with hearty fare like braised short ribs with olive-oil-enriched mashed potatoes, and garlic-roasted pork shank. Want something less heavy-duty? Try the European tapas, served at the serpentine zinc bar. *258 W. 44th St. (212-869-4440). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Café Fonduta—Fondue is back. But don't worry—if you didn't have the foresight to save your old pot, you can come here for a retro fix of sweet (chocolate, with s'mores-style marshmallows and graham crackers) or savory (a cheese medley) versions. Plus, in a neighborhood nearly bereft of cheap eats, there are affordable salads, pastas, panini, and thin-crust pizzas, all available for lunchtime delivery. *18 W. 56th St. (212-247-5011). (I–M) AE.*

Takeout
Torta Reform

The funky NoLIta sandwich shop Bread and Butter has undergone an ethnic conversion (as well as a paint job) to become Habana To Go, a takeout annex of Café Habana, the Cuban-flavored Mexican luncheonette next door. Where there once were BLTs and PBJs, there are now tortas—Mexican-style sandwiches on crusty rolls filled with chile-spiked chicken mole, pork adobo, and breaded steak cutlets with jalapeño mayo and black beans (pictured). Fans of the café's cheese-slicked grilled corn—and they are legion—will find it here, along with juicy burgers, egg burritos, cactus salads, and climatically appropriate fruit smoothies (licuados) in mango, mamey, and a creamsicle variant called "morir soñando," to die dreaming. (299 Elizabeth Street; 212-625-2002.)



Photograph by Carina Salvi.

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (212-956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare, like baked polenta marinara and veal scallopine. Try the $19.99 prix fixe dinner or the $12.95 lunch. *342 W. 46th St. (212-977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. *60 W. 55th St. (212-688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a theater-district shrine to the stars of stage and screen. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks and herb-crusted rack of lamb to crab cakes and marinated duck breast. Theatergoers will want to know about the $23.50 prix fixe dinner, and music lovers about the live jazz and blues on Saturday night and the Sunday jazz brunch. *150 W. 47th St. (212-869-5482). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Les Pyrénées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (212-246-0044). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Local—This theater-district American bistro has lots of cozy booths and turns out sophisticated, refreshingly imaginative fare with international accents but doesn't go overboard. Try the pan-seared scallops with Maine crab cake and sweet-corn chowder; the roasted North Atlantic salmon with spring vegetables; and the excellent desserts. *224 W. 47th St. (212-921-2005). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (212-767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Morrell Wine Bar & Cafe—The inspired idea behind this unique restaurant (adjacent to the relocated Morrell wine shop) is to serve a menu that integrates perfectly with the wine list—no small feat, since the inventory runs to 1,000 different bottles and a hundred by-the-glass selections. The kitchen incorporates vino into the victuals, as in Barolo-braised lamb shank with chestnut-flour polenta, and the foie gras club sandwich with *porto* marmalade. Seating is at the serpentine bar, behind it, and on a mezzanine level. *1 Rockefeller Plaza (212-262-7700). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Nakagawa—By virtue of its very location—about two avenues east of the heart of the theater district—this casual Japanese restaurant is a sensible spot for supper before the curtain. Sushi, shabu-shabu, salmon steak, and beef Negimaki are examples of the pretheater offerings. *7 W. 44th St. (212-869-8077). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—This place is always buzzing, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (212-265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Pierre au Tunnel—Traditional French cuisine, served in thoroughly charming and comfortable surroundings. *250 W. 47th St. (212-575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St. (212-246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual restaurant attracts office workers and midtown's ever-growing hordes of tourists, who come for house specialties like ginger chicken, lamb shaslik, onion bhajia, and the always-popular chicken tikka masala. *58 W. 56th St. (212-581-1155). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (212-397-3737). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Trattoria Dopo Teatro—Chef Andrea Pace is famous for his open ravioli of lobster and lamb, which appear on his Northern Italian menu alongside dishes like sautéed venison chops with spinach gnocchi, risotto with baby shrimps, and artichoke hearts stuffed with sun-dried tomatoes and black-olive purée. The dining room is decorated with stills from the Italian cinema, and it leads into an enclosed "secret garden," a warren of private rooms, each designated for a different leisurely activity (wine room, grappa room, cigar lounge). *125 W. 44th St. (212-869-2849). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Utsav Festive India—Only the bar of this regional Indian restaurant is located at street level; the contemporary dining room itself is built into a bridge spanning two midtown skyscrapers. The lunch buffet costs a paltry $10.95, while à la carte entrées include ginger rack of lamb, tandoori filet mignon, and Bengali fish paturi. The management promises a lineup of food festivals highlighting the varied cooking styles of the subcontinent. *1185 Sixth Ave., nr. 46th St. (212-575-2525). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Vago—This Northern Italian midtowner makes its own pasta and breads along with house specialties like warm sea-bass carpaccio, venison medallions sautéed with chestnuts, and roasted baby pheasant with black-truffle sauce. The wine list is extensive, and the dining room is adorned with frescoes, alabaster sconces, and cherry-wood trim. *29 W. 56th St. (212-765-5155). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Armani Café—This stylish midtown haven for weary shoppers (and informed eaters) on the sixth floor and rooftop terrace of the clothing store offers wonderfully fresh salads, al dente pastas, delicious sandwiches, and entrée specials like chicken breast with lentils, roasted vegetables, and polenta. *601 Madison Ave., nr. 57th St. (212-715-0500). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (212-371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Nirvana—The only Indian restaurant with a superb fifteenth-floor-view of Central Park and a varied menu of Bangladeshi and Pakistani specialties. Sample from a selection of curries, kormas, biryanis, kababs, tandooris, and vegetarian dishes. *30 Central Park So. (212-486-5700). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (212-753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (212-265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Cafe Crocodile—A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan in an intimate, romantic townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. Attracts serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Euro-tourists. *354 E. 74th St. (212-249-6619). (M) MC, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (212-223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like a private London club, with plump, tasseled pillows to nestle against. Fine French-American cooking (torchon of foie gras with cranberry-kumquat compote, pan-roasted lobster with Armagnac jus), award-winning wine list, and a Willy Wonka–worthy chocolate tea. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (212-879-1864). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (212-988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (212-644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (212-585-3838). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (212-935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place. Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (212-861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this quaint, countrified space. The country-French cuisine includes specialties like steak au poivre, bouillabaisse, and roasted chicken, and the prix fixe menus are a bargain. *853 Lexington Ave., nr. 64th St. (212-517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Trata—With its fish-market display, its Greek spreads and salads, and its simply grilled seafood (sushi-quality octopus, for instance), this bustling Upper East Side sideline of the Patsy's pizza chain offers an affordable, less dramatic alternative to Estiatorio Milos, where the chef used to work. *1331 Second Ave., nr. 70th St. (212-535-3800). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (212-769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The menu is full of high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kobe steak, truffles, and foie gras, which makes the $29.95 pretheater dinner, available from 5 to 6:30, a great deal. And now, lunch is served Tuesday through Friday. *222 W. 79th St. (212-799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sapphire Indian Cuisine—A couple of partners from TriBeCa's Salaam Bombay have brought regional Indian cuisine to Columbus Circle, an area in sore need of a tandoori infusion. The prix fixe lunch buffet is a bargain, and all the currently trendy territories (Goa, Gujarat) are well-represented. *1845 Broadway, nr. 61st St. (212-245-4444). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (212-496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Queens

Water's Edge—Every table has a view of Manhattan. A quiet and elegant space to partake of fancy American fare like roasted-chestnut soup and red snapper poached in orange-saffron infusion with baby fennel and chervil. Jacket required. *44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

nightlife

The Who...Diana Ross...Tricky/Luc Sante

Concerts

Andrea Bocelli—7/6 at 8. *Liberty State Park, Jersey City, N.J. (201-200-2602; www.libertystatepark.com). Free.*

Average White Band—7/6 at 7: Downtown Alliance and Delta Air Lines presents: "Music at Castle Clinton." *Castle Clinton National Monument, Battery Park (212-835-2789). Tickets are free and will be distributed on a first-come, first-served basis starting at 5 P.M. on the day of the concert.*

"Celebrate Brooklyn" presents Brooklyn Philharmonic—7/8 at 7:30: *Prospect Park Bandshell, 9th St. at Prospect Part West, Brooklyn (718-855-7882, ext. 45). $3 suggested donation.*

"Celebrate Brooklyn" presents Johnny Pacheco—7/7 at 7:30: With Bryan Vargas and Ya Esta! *Prospect Park Bandshell, 9th St. at Prospect Part West, Brooklyn (718-855-7882, ext. 45). $3 suggested donation.*

Diana Ross & the Supremes—7/6 at 8. *Madison Square Garden, 34th St. and Seventh Ave. (212-307-7171); $42.50–$253.* 7/7 at 8. *Jones Beach Theater, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). $49–$254.*

Hudson River Festival presents "Music at Castle Clinton"—7/6: Average White Band. *Castle Clinton in Historic Battery Park (212-835-2789). Free.*

Jimmy Page & The Black Crowes—7/10 at 7:30. *Jones Beach, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). $34–$89.*

"Look, Listen and Lunch" presents Liz Queler—7/7 at 12:30: Grand Central Partnership presents free outdoor concerts at lunchtime in midtown. *425 Lexington Ave., at 41st St. (no phone).*

"Look, Listen, and Lunch" presents Nkossi Nkonda—7/5 at 12:30: Grand Central Partnership presents free outdoor concerts at lunchtime in midtown. *101 Park Ave., at 41st St. (no phone).*

Marc Anthony—7/5 at 8. *Jones Beach Theater, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). $35–$75.*

Natalie Merchant—With Wilco. 7/9 at 7:30. *New Jersey Performing Arts Center, Newark, New Jersey (212-307-7171). $32–$56.*

Steely Dan—7/3 and 7/8 at 8: *Jones Beach, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171); $34–$79.*

Small Stages

Baby Jupiter—7/3: "Silith Fair." 7/5: Giant Fella; Colorhouse; Jonathan Louis. 7/6: The Grandsons; Debbie Deane. 7/7: Aldo Perez; Mozy. 7/8: Stella Star; the Strokes. 7/9: Akim Funk Buddha's "Dha Fuzion." 7/10: "Silith Fair." *170 Orchard St. (212-780-0287).*

Bottom Line—7/7–7/8: Steve Forbert & the Rough Squirrels; Victoria Williams. 7/10: War. *15 W. 4th St. (212-228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—7/6–7/7: The Derek Trucks Band. 7/8: Kid Silver; Longwave; Box of Birds. 7/10–7/11: Catherine Wheel. *6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111).*

"Central Park SummerStage"—7/4: Joan Jett; Simi; Mary Lou Lord. 7/6: Tricky; Luc Sante. 7/7: Sean Curran; Roger Sinha. 7/8: Fishbone; D.J. Swamp; the Persuasions. 7/9: Milly Quezada; Los Hermanos; Los Toros Band. 7/10: Rahzel with D.J. JS-1; Kenny Muhammad. *Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, 72nd St., mid-park (212-360-CPSS). Free, excluding benefit concerts.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—7/6: Skeeter Brandon. *73 Eighth Ave. (212-924-9755). $.*

Fez—Sundays: Jackie Beat, "I Didn't Mean to Turn You On." Thursdays: Mingus Big Band. Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays: Kiki & Herb, "Playing For Time." 7/5: Jason Nash. 7/7: Tricia Scotti; Driver Quartet; Baby Steps; Rogue's March. 7/8: Kris; Jen

Performance
Who's Coming Back

"This is *not* the Who," says Pete Townshend (pictured below, with Roger Daltrey). Again. He said it before 1989's twenty-fifth anniversary tour, he said it before 1996's *Quadrophenia*-redux tour, but this time it's harder to swallow. For the first time since 1983's "Farewell Tour" (the first *last chance* to see them) Townshend will play electric guitar, the Who will perform without horns or any such elaborate accompaniment, and the set list will only include hits like "My Generation" and "Baba O'Riley." Perhaps more surprising, Townshend says he thinks the tour, which hits Jones Beach Theater July 9, is what God wants.

New York: *You've hinted that each Who reunion would be the last. Have you decided to never say never again?*

***Townshend:* I thought it was stupid for me to shut the door on what was essentially mine. I'm doing this because I want to be with Roger and John, not because I want to revive the Who. But if the Who gets revived in the process, so be it. And I know what to do: Bleed a bit. Tell them to shut up.**

Do you feel like you have to go through a routine onstage?

I was having problems with that in 1973—people were screaming that I smash a guitar or jump. There was once a chorus at Madison Square Garden: "Jump, jump, jump." And I thought, "I don't want to fucking jump. I'm drunk—I'll fall over." And I didn't want to be told what to do by the audience. What inspires me now is that I can play games with that. I might just stop the show and ask the audience to "jump, jump, jump."

They'd probably be puzzled by that.

No, they'd have to fucking jump, otherwise I'd quit. If I tell them to jump, they'll jump.

Do the three of you spend much time together? Or is it like, "See you onstage"?

The latter. We have nothing in common. The time when I was most comfortable with the Who mindset was around '76: Keith was still going strong, and I looked utterly gorgeous and felt great. So we would travel together on airplanes, be together in the dressing room, and have a laugh. At the same time, I felt uncomfortable with how comfortable I'd become, and increasingly, I had to be drunk to have fun. And I never found touring very exciting. Everybody else used to think it was one of the most exciting things on earth—"Oh, we're on tour with the Who." And I used to think, "Yeah?" I feel like maybe in this lifetime I'm doing something I've done before, because I didn't get it right the first time. And I feel, "Do I really have to go out on another tour? Is that what God wants?"

You must believe the answer is "yes."

I'm kind of doing it because I'm trying not to interfere with what happens next. And I don't know what I'm missing until I'm in it again. [*Laughing*] Like an old man who's not having enough sex.

JENNY ELISCU

Photograph by Steve Granitz/Retna.

Jackson; Fictura; Green Rooftops. 7/9: Brini Maxwell. 7/10: Sophia Ramos Dupre; Nefertiti Jones; Mehuman Jonson. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—7/7: Dogstar. *17 Irving Pl. (212-777-6800).*

Joe's Pub—An intimate space that boasts the most eclectic booking in town. Expect everything from torch singers to underground hip-hoppers to New Age composers. Mondays: "Benefit," a downtown music revue. Tuesdays: "Original Roses" with D.J. Beverly Bond. Wednesdays: Reggae music with "Fever." Thursdays: Editors, scene-makers, and boldface names take their turns spinning their favorite records with the "Personality D.J. Series." Sundays: The deep-house-oriented "Love Bazaar" with D.J. MKL. 7/3–7/6: Amanda McBroom. 7/7: Paulette McWilliams. 7/8: Diamanda Galas. *425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).*

Knitting Factory—7/3–7/4: Goodvibe 2000. 7/5: Bobo Stenson Trio. 7/6: Swan Dive. 7/7: Wheat. 7/8: Momus; Centimeters. 7/10: Marc Cary Trio. *74 Leonard St. (212-219-3055). $.*

Makor—7/5: Lounge Noir. 7/6: Kevin Ellington Mingus; Danny Zamir's Satlah. 7/8: Andy Farber & His Swing Mavens. *35 W. 67th St. (212-601-1000).*

Maxwell's—7/5: No Soap Radio; the Libido Bros. 7/6: Steve Forbert & the Rough Squirrels; Mary Gauthier. 7/7: Lavay Smith and Her Red Hot Skillet Lickers. 7/8: Alex Chilton; Team USA. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).*

Mercury Lounge—7/5: Indigo. 7/6: Wheatus. 7/7: Brothers Creegan. 7/8: Lil Band O Gold. 7/10–7/11: Gene. *217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700).*

S.O.B.'s—7/4: Yellowman. 7/7: The Mighty Sparrow. *204 Varick St. (212-243-4940).*

Wetlands—Mondays: D.J. Logic. Tuesdays: Illuminati. Thursdays: Groove Collective. 7/4: Rana. 7/6 and 7/11: The Wild Magnolias. *161 Hudson St. (212-386-3600) $.*

Clubland

Black Betty—A wondrously eclectic nightspot in Williamsburg. Wednesdays and Thursdays: "D.J.-O-Rama," D.J.'s spinning everything from hip-hop to dance-hall reggae to funk. Sundays: "Jazz on Sundays." Mondays: "Rhythm on Mondays," anything with a groove, from Afro-Cuban jazz to sixties soul. *366 Metropolitan Ave., Williamsburg, Brooklyn (718-599-0243).*

Centro-Fly—Like Vinyl, Centro-Fly is hopping with big-name D.J. talent nearly every day of the week. Thursdays: "Subliminal Sessions" with D.J. Erick Morillo and occasional special guests like Armand van Helden and "Little" Louie Vega. The second Friday of every month: Long-running house party "N'Ice," which made an exodus from Baktun after more than a year at the meatpacking-district nightspot. The change hasn't hurt them any: Chicago house-music god Marshall Jefferson spun a heavenly set there. Third Friday of every month: House party "Con-fu-sion," also a refugee from Baktun, with big name D.J.'s like Chicago's Pierre. Saturdays: Energetic house and big beat with "Plant." The last Saturday of every month, Plant presents D.J.'s Junior Sanchez and Roger Sanchez (no relation), two of New York house music's finest. Sundays: Dressed-up hip-hop with "VIP Sundays," featuring D.J. Max Glazer and Jessica Rosenblum. Mondays: After a long hiatus, Frankie Inglese's retro soul, funk, and R&B party "Soul Kitchen" returns. *45 W. 21st St. (212-803-7859).*

heetah—A tacky, jungle-themed club with a spacious dance floor and a decent sound system nonetheless. Tuesdays: "Twelve West," D.J. Nicky Siano's wildly fun, campy after-work party where Chelsea boys, fierce voguers, and men in Superman costumes (!) get their groove on for an early-week romp that rivals the ecstatic energy of "Body & Soul." Thursdays: "Clique," where the socialite set grooves to hip-hop beats. Fridays: Blokes go crazy to trance and house at "GBH" ("Great British House"). *12 W. 21st St. (212-206-7770).*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

"Destiny"—Saturdays at 10. A great new Saturday-night soulful-house party in Brooklyn with a nice roster of guest D.J.'s like Tony Humphries, Nicky Siano, and Fred Pierce. The nightspot's spacious, dancer-friendly floor, no-attitude door policy, and warm, friendly crowd make "Destiny" one of the year's best new club nights. *1 Front St., Brooklyn (718-707-1377).*

Don Hill's—South and west enough to scare away the rabble, this inconspicuous bar hosts rockers, club kids, and vinyl gourmets—all of whom groove to some of the best D.J.'s in the city. Wednesdays: "Rock Candy" with D.J. and host Steven Blush. Thursdays: "BeavHer," a long-running eighties night. Fridays: Drag queens and gay rock-and-rollers get down at "Squeezebox." Saturdays: British-rock-themed "Tiswas." Sundays: D.J. Johnny Sender spins an eclectic mix of soul, funk, rock, R&B, salsa, and house at "Loose." *511 Greenwich St. (212-219-2850).*

Frank's Lounge—A bare-bones bar and dance spot, which hosts Lorie and E-Man's frenzied but low-key house-music party "Bang The Party" every Friday. The party, which has been at venues all over town from the 205 Club to Baktun, is just now settling into its own groove. And what a groove it is: On a recent Friday, track-suited break-dancers, baggy-pants-clad dancers, and bare-chested muscle men got down to the ecstatic house of D.J. White Mike with a floor-shaking intensity. *660 Fulton St., at S. Elliott St., Fort Greene, Brooklyn (212-726-1322).*

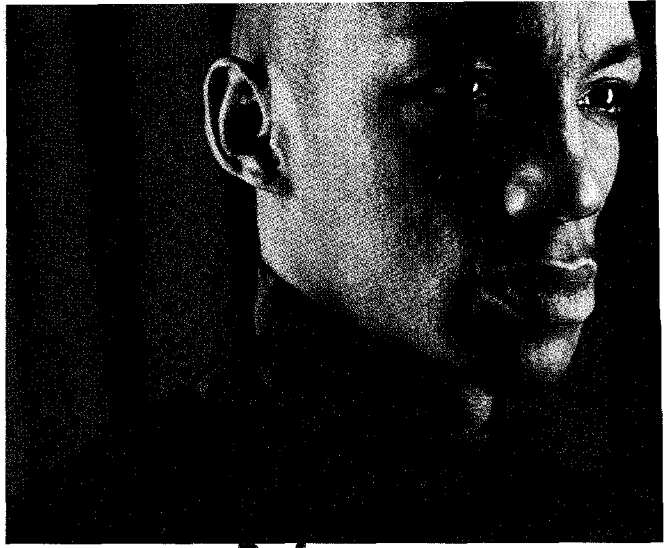
Fun—This sprawling, bi-level, warehouselike space doesn't book big-name D.J. talent, but it's got one of the coolest interiors in clubland, with huge projections of Japanese *anime,* a vertiginous yet comfy balcony area, and a seemingly gravity-defying D.J. booth. *130 Madison St., under the Manhattan Bridge (212-964-0303). $5.*

Halcyon—Yet another excellent, unpretentious outer-borough nightspot with an eclectically minded lineup of house, drum 'n' bass, and electronica. Sundays: D.J.'s spin ambient music at "Undercity." Mondays: "THC: Tech-House Connection." Thursdays: The world-beat-minded "World Records." Fridays: Drum 'n' bass with "Acupuncture." Saturdays: "Abductions," where Halcyon takes the best D.J.'s from well-known parties like "Twelve West" and "Hamsa." *227 Smith St., bet. Butler and Douglass Sts., Brooklyn (718-260-WAXY).*

Izzy Bar—Having lost great promoters like Neil Aline, Izzy Bar is now home to decidedly second-tier yet still pleasing fare. Fridays: Dance music and funk at "It's All Good!" Saturdays: "Get the Funk In!!" Sundays: "The 2000 Lounge." Mondays: house music with "Dance Matters" *166 First Ave. (212-228-0444). $.*

The Roxy—The cavernous Chelsea institution's deeply entertaining and mysteriously underattended Tuesday- and Wednesday-night roller-skating jam keeps boogie queens' wheels spinning till the wee hours. Fridays: "Big Fridays" offer big fun for the weekender straight crowd. Saturdays: Superstar D.J. Victor Calderone spins house for the Chelsea boys while hard-bodied go-go boys dance on the bar. 7/10: George Clinton and the P-Funk All-Stars. *515 W. 18th St. (212-627-0404). $.*

Shine—This downtown spot is now host to excellent, enthusiastically received D.J.-oriented nights as well as up-and-coming rock and dance acts. Mondays: "Giant Step Mondays" with the gloriously great D.J. Ron Trent. Tuesdays: "Prohibited Beatz," electronica in all its many and varied subgenres with D.J.'s Swingsett and Yoshi. Thursdays: Reggae and soul with "Mash Potatoes." Fridays: Hip-hop with D.J.'s Stretch Armstrong and Mateo. Saturdays: D.J. Greg Poole's dance-centric "Tremendous." *285 W. Broadway (212-941-0900).*



Performance
Low Lifes

His premillennially tense trip-hop out of style thanks to trance, Tricky (pictured) has turned even further inward with the dank, dirty grooves of 'Juxtapose,' a collaboration with hip-hop producer Dame Grease. But he'll venture out into the daylight on July 6 at SummerStage, along with his literary equivalent, Luc Sante (author of 'Low Life: Lures and Snares of Old New York'). (See "Small Stages.")

Twilo—Twilo is the superclub of the moment, thanks to a revolving lineup of dance music's biggest marquee attractions. Wednesdays: The upstairs lounge hosts hard house and techno with "2K Wednesdays," a low-key alternative to the frenzied Friday nights. Fridays: World-class D.J.'s like Carl Cox, Sasha and Digweed, and Cassius play for a mixed crowd of drag divas and on-the-prowl straights. Saturdays: Aging club king D.J. Junior Vasquez spins for his bare-chested Chelsea-boy following. 7/7: "Respect Is Burning" with D.J.'s Bob Sinclair; Marquis Wyatt; D.J. Deep; Tony Humphries. *530 W. 27th St. (212-268-1600).*

Vinyl—Stripped of its liquor license, this once-hedonistic downtown space is now a dance-music purist's paradise and quite possibly the best club in the city. Wednesdays: "Little" Louie Vega spins at the relaxed, low-key (for now), dance-friendly (check out the break-dancers in the back of the room) house party "Dance Ritual." Fridays: Hard, trippy house (affectionately nicknamed "K-hole house" by its aficionados) from D.J. Danny Tenaglia. Saturdays: Timmy Regisford's fantastic house-music party "Shelter," which at about seven in the morning becomes the city's most adventurous party as Regisford bangs out everything from the Afro-beat of Fela Kuti to the ambient, pillow-soft house of Mr. Fingers. Sundays: François K, Joe Claussell, and Danny Krivit spin at the now legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul." Arrive early or you'll face a devastatingly long line at the door. *6 Hubert St. (212-343-1379).*

The Warehouse—Manhattan-centric clubbers have been eating their bridge-and-tunnel-dissing crow thanks to this house-music paradise located in, of all places, the Bronx. Saturdays are the night to head up to the Warehouse and check out D.J.'s like T-Pro and Andre Collins. Could this be the beginning of an outer-borough clubland renaissance? *141 W. 140th St., bet. Grand Concourse and Walton Aves. (718-992-5974).*

hotograph by Joseph Cultice.

Jazz

BAMcafé—"Live Summer Season," featuring African funk, jazz, salsa, and more. $10 food or drink minimum. 7/7: Chocolate Genius & Friends. 7/8: Son de Madre. *30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-4111).*

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Sundays: Chico O'Farrill Afro-Cuban Jazz Big Band. Mondays: The Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Tuesdays: The Famous Duke Ellington Orchestra directed by Paul Ellington. 7/5: Vinny Valentino Trio. 7/6–7/8: "The Latin Jazz Encounter" featuring Larry Harlow. *315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a great sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 7/4–7/9: Ben E. King. *131 W. 3rd St. (212-475-8592).*

City Hall—Mondays in the Granite Room: The Charles Mingus Orchestra. $15 cover, $10 for students. *131 Duane St. (212-227-7777).*

Deanna's—This Lower East Side jazz haunt run by singer Deanna Kirk should give Tonic a run for its money. Open Tuesday through Sunday; Kirk performs on most nights. *107 Rivington St. (212-420-2258).*

Detour—With no cover and top-notch young players, this Village joint packs 'em in every night of the week. Sundays: Mike Magilligan. *349 E. 13th St. (212-533-6212).*

Dharma—An elegant little gem of a club, serving sounds from funky bop to "out" experimentalism on the historic shopping thoroughfare—just don't pay retail. Sets at 7 and 10. *174 Orchard St. (212-780-0313).*

Iridium—In the surreal basement across from Lincoln center, you'll find formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. Sets Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 and 10:30, with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. 7/4–7/9: Wil Calhoun Quartet. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (212-582-2121).*

Photograph by Tara Canova/Retna

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, jazz greats, and artists on the rise. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7, guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 8 and 10; Fri. and Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight; and Sun. at 7 and 9. $15–$25 cover; $10 minimum. 7/5–7/9: The Bill Charlap Trio. *116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232).*

Museum of Modern Art—Fridays, in addition to throwing its doors open for pay-what-you-wish night, MOMA also transforms its cafeteria into a (sort of) swinging jazz club. All shows at 5:30. The museum's Sette restaurant offers jazz Thursdays and Saturdays, 6–10. *11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-0480).*

Red Blazer—Mondays and Tuesdays: Sam Ulano's Jazz band. Wednesdays: Felix Swing Band; Alan Russell Big Jazz Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin's Big Swing Band. Fridays: Simon Wettenhall's Oceanic Dixieland Band. Saturdays: Bob Cantwell's Dixie & Swing Band. *32 W. 37th St. (212-947-6428).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. *183 W. 10th St. (212-929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (212-242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—Located in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern now offers the occasional pianist in its Crystal Room. Like a trip to Vegas—without the airfare! Four-hour sets begin at 6:30 weeknights, at 7 on weekends. Pianists Scott Gordon, Michael Ferreri, Rich Siegel, Paul Katz, and Michael Favata entertain diners weekdays. No cover; no minimum. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (212-873-3200).*

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, Tonic has its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. Sunday: Klezmer Sundays. 7/5–7/6: Susie Ibarra Trio. 7/7: Steven Bernstein. 7/8: Vinicius Cantuaria & Joey Baron Duo. 7/9: Holy Modal Rounders. *107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7503).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. 7/4–7/9: Fred Hersch Trio. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (212-255-4037). $.*

Wynton Marsalis—7/4 at 7: Celebrating the 100th birthday of Louis Armstrong, a concert will be performed by the Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra with Wynton Marsalis. *Liberty State Park, Jersey City, N.J. (201-200-2602; www.libertystatepark.com). Free.*

Performance

A Team Supreme

The "Supremes reunion" is billed as the "Return to Love" tour, but the group never really liked each other in the first place. So when Diana Ross and the Supremes hit Madison Square Garden on July 6 and Jones Beach Theater on July 7, guess whose ego will take center stage? (See "Concerts.")

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Shows Tues.–Thurs. at 9:30; Fri.–Sat. at 8, 10, and midnight. *82 W. 3rd St. (212-477-1000).*

Carolines On Broadway—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. $12.50–$24.50; two-drink minimum. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (212-757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 9, 10:45, and 12:30 A.M.; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. Through 7/16: Colin Quinn; Dave Attell; Greg Giraldo; Tom Papa; Nick DiPaolo; Godfrey. *117 MacDougal St. (212-254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (212-861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat. ($20 for 10:30 Sat. show), $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (212-593-1650).*

Gotham—A trendy comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Every Tues. and Sun., New Talent Showcase. Shows Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights; two-drink minimum. *34 W. 22nd St. (212-367-9000).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Shows Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri.–Sat. at 8, 10, and 12:15 A.M. $12 cover. *236 W. 78th St. (212-595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from a major overhaul, the Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. (Early shows Tues.–Sat., late shows Fri. and Sat.) Sundays: The Howard Fishman Quartet. Through 7/8: Julie Budd. *59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800).*

Arci's Place—A Murray Hill–area Italian restaurant with an intimate cabaret space. Sundays at 8: Lisa Asher and Jeff Waxman. Mondays at 8: Steven Lutvak. 7/10: Jim Caruso. *450 Park Ave. So., at 30th St. (212-532-4370).*

Cafe Carlyle—Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band at 8:45. $60. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (212-744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Tues.–Sat., singer-pianist Kathleen Landis celebrates her fourteenth year at the Cafe Pierre with a special program called "Fascinating Rhythms: 50 Years of American Popular Song and Jazz." Sun.–Mon., Nancy Winston sings and plays piano. $19 minimum; jacket and tie required. *Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (212-940-8195).*

The Carnegie Club at Carnegie Bar and Books—Fri. and Sat. at 9:30 and 11: Sinatra impersonator Cary Hoffman, backed by Stan Rubin's eleven-piece big band. $20 cover; two-drink minimum. *156 W. 56th St. (212-957-9676).*

Feinstein's at the Regency—Michael Feinstein's cabaret space at the Regency Hotel shares the room with the restaurant 540 Park. Tickets are $60; $50 food-and-drink minimum. *540 Park Ave., at E. 61st St (212-307-4100 or 212-339-4095).*

FireBird Café—The theater district's newest postshow snuggery, right next door to an overwrought Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossack dagger-toting doormen and you'll be fine. Set Wed.–Thurs. at 9; Fri.–Sat. at 9 and 11. $30 cover $20 minimum. Through 7/21: KT Sullivan. *36 W. 46th St. (212-586-0244).*

in concert

Messiaen Celebration...Andrea Bocelli

Ground Rules:
This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Classical Music

Bronx Arts Ensemble—Salute George M. Cohan with an outdoor performance of Duke Ellington, Miles Davis, and Irving Berlin, arranged by Jack Gale. 7/4 at 2. *Rockwood Drive Circle, Van Cortlandt Park (718-601-7399); free.*

Juilliard Artists in Concert—The *Wholly Brass Quintet* performs works by Mozart, Brahms, and Holst, and *Contrapunctus I* from Bach's *The Art of Fugue* arranged for two trumpets, trombone, French horn, and tuba. 7/4 at 12:30. *Continental Center, 180 Maiden Lane (212-799-5000); free.*

Andrea Bocelli—Returns for his only New York performance this year, featuring arias by Puccini and Verdi. 7/6 at 8. *Liberty State Park, Jersey City, N.J. (212-307-7171); $60–$500.*

Julius Grossman Orchestra—Performs works by Beethoven and Tchaikovsky with violinist Yulia Ziskel. 7/7 at 8. *Kissena Park, Oak Ave. and 164th St., Queens (718-776-5914); free.*

Ofra Yitzhaki (Piano)—Brings us a contemporary program of Stravinsky and Bartók spiced with *Winnsboro Cotton Mill Blues,* Frederick Rzewski's fusion of workers' songs, devotional songs, and blues, and modern world music. Accompaniment by the New Juilliard Ensemble with Anthony Gonzalez on percussion. 7/7 and 7/8 at 8.30. *Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Sculpture Garden, Museum of Modern Art (212-708-9491); free.*

St. Bartholomew's Choir—Continues the "Summer Festival of Sacred Music" with Vaughan Williams's unaccompanied *Mass in G Major.* 7/9 at 11. *St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 51st St. (212-378-0227); free, although offerings are accepted.*

Juilliard Artists in Concert—Max Zorin (violin) and Sonya Ovrutsky (piano) present a virtuoso program including Paganini's *Campanella* and sonatas by Beethoven and Ravel. 7/11 at 12.30. *Continental Center, 180 Maiden Lane (212-799-5000); free.*

The Howard Fishman Quartet—Radiates charm and civility from its arrangements of New Orleans swing, jazz, and blues classics for vocals, violin, guitar, cornet, and bass. 7/11 at 5. Please call for further programs in the SummerNights series. *The Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200); free.*

New York Philharmonic—Begins the Lincoln Center Festival's showcase of twentieth-century composers with Messiaen's *Éclairs sur l'Au-Delà . . . (Illuminations of the Beyond . . .)* 7/11 at 8.30 *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $25, $35.*

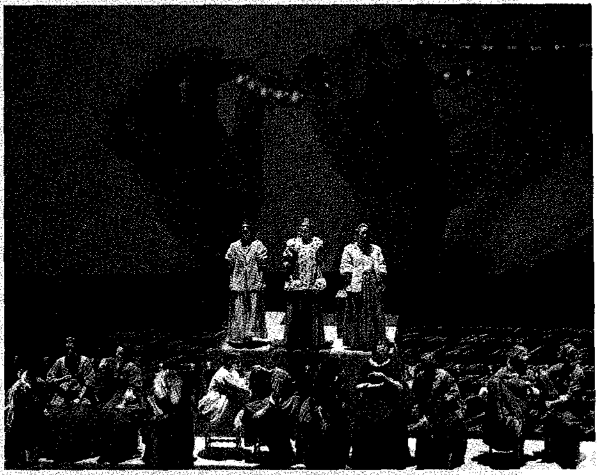
Washington Square Music Festival—Opens with a celebration of Bach by the Festival Baroque Band and soloists conducted by Kenneth Cooper. 7/11 at 8. *Washington Square Park; free. Rain space: New York University Frederick Loewe Theater, 34 W. 4th St.*

Opera

De Nederlandse Opera—Premiere in the U.S. *Writing to Vermeer* by Louis Andriessen with libretto and film by Peter Greenaway. 7/11, 7/13–7/15 at 8. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (212-870-5570); $85, $65, $55, $45, $20.* In conjunction with this engagement, a series of Peter Greenaway films will be presented 7/5–7/12 at 8. Please call for schedule. *Makor, 35 W. 67th St., (212-601-1000).*

Preview
Golden Age

Letting the audience in on the plot and permitting us to watch as unknowing actors play out their fates is a dramatic technique as old as the Greeks, and Louis Andriessen and Peter Greenaway's opera *Writing to Vermeer* extracts maximum poignancy from every paradox. Vermeer's canvases depict a world of serene interiors. The subject of his portrait *A Lady Writing* gazes intently into the gloominess of a room that seems to hum with her thoughts. Seven years after its completion, such palpable peace did not exist in the world outside, as the French army reached striking distance of Amsterdam and Dutch Catholics and Protestants fought in the streets. In this turmoil, Greenaway imagined his historical character Jan Vermeer traveling cross-country to the Hague, to serve as expert witness in a forgery case, and compiled an intimate libretto of letters written to him by his wife, his mother-in-law, and a fictional model. Greenaway's initial focus was the domesticity of Vermeer's paintings; he did not conceive of this as a work of operatic proportion until Andriessen suggested trying to "break open the windows into the real world outside the house of Vermeer." Filmed sequences are projected around and into the set; images of water and blood foreshadow the last attempt by the Dutch to save their country from invasion, drowning in the process hundreds of their own peasants and soldiers. Looking from his window at the same seventeenth-century architecture that Vermeer contemplated while he worked, Andriessen reflects on the challenge of "writing music which picks up the paintings' beauty. A kind of reserved, unspectacular beauty." That is a modest description of paintings powerful enough to have inspired a score blending elements from Cage and Stravinsky with seventeenth-century sounds, but it's also an appropriate assessment of the aesthetic that has earned Andriessen's lifelong admiration. (See "Opera.") **TARA PEPPER**



Dance

Pilobolus—Premieres Alison Chase's *Tsu-ku-tsu,* accompanied by Japanese *taiko* drummer Leonard Eto; a duet by Robby Barnett and Jonathan Wolken called *Tantra;* and *Sweet Dreams,* a quartet by Michael Tracy with music by Paul Sullivan, 6/27–7/22. Please call for performance schedules and times. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (212-242-0800); $36.*

Midsummer Night Swing—Lincoln Center celebrates Independence Day dancing under the stars with "Drum Crazy," featuring the Mike Berkowitz Big Band. 7/4 at 8.15, dance lesson at 6:30. *Josie Robertson Plaza, Lincoln Center (212-362-6000); $11, six-night pass $62.*

Collective: Unconscious—Captures the strangeness of everyday relationships in a series of vignettes choreographed by Gabriella Barnstone and Valerie Norman. 7/8 and 7/15 at 10. *145 Ludlow St., at Stanton St. (212-254-5277); $10.*

Ultima Vez—Premieres in the U.S. *In Spite of Wishing and Wanting.* Choreographed by Wim Vandekeybus in collaboration with composer David Byrne, eleven male dancers explore dreams and inner desire accompanied by music, spoken word, and film. 7/11, 7/13, 7/14 at 8. *La Guardia Concert Hall, Lincoln Center (212-362-6000); $38.*

Photograph courtesy of Lincoln Center.

the miz

Military Salute . . . SummerNights at the Jewish Museum

GAME WEEK

HOME ● AWAY ●

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
YANKEES		BAL FOX 1:05 P.M.	BAL MSG 7:05 P.M.	BAL MSG 12:05 P.M.	NYM MSG 7:10 P.M.	NYM FOX 1:05/8:05 P.M.	NYM ESPN 8:05 P.M.
METS	FLA FSNY 7:05 P.M.	FLA FSNY 4:05 P.M.	FLA FSNY 7:05 P.M.		NYY MSG 7:10 P.M.	NYY FOX 1:05/8:05 P.M.	NYY ESPN 8:05 P.M.
METROSTARS					TAM TBA 7:30 P.M.		
LIBERTY			POR NO TV 7:30 P.M.		MIN NO TV 8 P.M.	MIA MSG 1:05 P.M.	
	7/3	7/4	7/5	7/6	7/7	7/8	7/9

John Leonard's TV Notes

The Greatest American Fourth of July (7/4; 9 A.M. to 1 P.M.; Channel 13) will be for the most part live, with the tall ships in New York Harbor, plus submarines, aircraft carriers, and other naval playthings, all presenting their colors to our lame-duck president. But several pretaped snippets were available for preview, including a nice account of the reconstruction of the *Amistad*, the ship upon which Africans revolted rather than be sold into slavery, for which they would be tried in a U.S. court for "mutiny"; an interesting visit to the Jones Beach Coast Guard station, where they expect a holiday-weekend gridlock of pleasure craft; a back-and-forth on the Staten Island Ferry; and some underwater glub-glub in an attack sub with a vertical-launch Tomahawk missile.

Broken Child (7/6; 8 to 9 P.M.; HBO), produced, written, and directed by Michael Mierendorf and narrated by Susan Sarandon, investigates the vicious circle of child abuse and drug or alcohol addiction unto the second and third generations, with heart-breaking and mind-bending case studies of lost children in Houston, Baltimore, Seattle, and Atlanta.

Stargate SG-1 (Fridays; 10 to 11 P.M.; Showtime), the best of the cable channel's returning series, brings back Richard Dean Anderson, Michael Shanks, Amanda Tapping, Christopher Judge, and Don S. Davis as the covert army-intelligence unit that pops in and out of dozens of other worlds, in each of which they seem to find writers superior to those on any other sci-fi show. The team returns for its third season to fight off a plague of metal bugs called replicators, which threaten not just our world but the whole galaxy of Asgards. Very satisfying escapism.

Radio Highlights

"Funkmaster Flex Street Jam"—7/7 at 10 P.M.: A live broadcast of the four-hour concert at Amazura in Jamaica, Queens. Hot 97 FM.

"Satchmo: The Wonderful World of Louis Armstrong"—Sundays at 11 A.M.: A thirteen-week series dedicated to celebrating the jazz great in his centenary year. WNYC, 93.9 FM.

Lectures and Panels

"Generation X"—7/5 at 7 P.M.: A panel discussion about the political behavior of Generation X moderated by marketing analyst Costas Panagopoulos, with panelists Melanie Campbell of Black Youth Vote, Julia Cohen of Youth Vote 2000, Alison Byrne Fields of Rock the Vote, and Rich Thau of Third Millennium. The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (212-229-5353); advance tickets $5.

First-Time-Homebuyer's Workshop—7/10 at 6:30 P.M.: A representative from Bank America Mortgage discusses closing costs, current mortgage rates, and mortgage insurance and answers questions about purchasing your first home. Midwood Development Corp., 1416 Avenue M, Brooklyn (718-376-0999); preregistration required; free.

The Written Word

Geoff Nicholson and Christopher Bram—7/9 at 7: Reading from their novels *Female Ruins* and *The Notorious Dr. August*, respectively. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (212-505-3360); free.

Monica and Darin Strauss—7/9 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from *Cruel Banquet: The Life and Loves of Frida Strindberg* and *Chang and Eng*, respectively. Temple Bar, 332 Lafayette St. (212-925-4242); free.

Tours

Multiethnic East Harlem—7/8 at 1 P.M.: A two-hour walking tour of East Harlem, one of New York's largest and most vibrant multiethnic communities. Meet at the Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672, ext. 257); $12, $10 students and seniors; reservation required.

8th Street and St. Marks Place—7/8 at 11:30 A.M.: A walking tour with stops at the homes, hangouts, and recording studios of famous personalities like Andy Warhol, Jimi Hendrix, and Jack Kerouac. Meet at the Gap on the northwest corner of Second Ave. and St. Marks Pl. (212-777-2173); free.

Historic TriBeCa—7/8 at 1 P.M.: An exploration of the historical and architectural points of interest in TriBeCa, with stops at the Jefferson Market Courthouse, St. Luke-in-the-Fields Chapel, and the homes of Edith Wharton and e.e. cummings. Meet at Bogardus Triangle, at the intersection of Chambers, Hudson, and West Broadway (212-439-1090); $12, $10 students and seniors.

Chinatown—7/9 at 11 A.M.: A walking tour focusing on the history, culture, architecture, and famous landmarks of the area, with stops at the Mahayana Buddhist Temple, Confucius Plaza, the Kim Lau Memorial, Sun Yat-sen's secret headquarters, and more. Meet at the southeast corner of Broadway and Canal St. (732-270-5277); $10.

"Nostalgia Train"—7/9 at 10 A.M.: A train ride and tour stopping first at the New York Transit Muse-

On Air

Small Step for Armstrong

Stanley Crouch will take a break from intellectual infighting to host NPR's "Satchmo: The Wonderful World of Louis Armstrong," a thirteen-week profile of the jazz great's career as singer, trumpeter, and actor, in honor of his centenary. Highlights range from archival interviews with Billie Holiday, Ella Fitzgerald, and Bing Crosby to new recordings of Armstrong's work by Wynton Marsalis and Nicholas Peyton. Sundays, starting July 9, at 11 A.M. *on WNYC, 93.9 FM.*

Photograph from Corbis/Bettmann

Happening **The inaugural exhibition at Yeshiva University Museum's new downtown gallery, "Major Intersections," showcases all things Jewish, including the 1489 Prague Bible, never-before-seen texts like an 1818 letter denouncing anti-Semitism written by Thomas Jefferson, and a late-nineteenth-century bridal dress (pictured). See "Exhibitions" for details.**

um, continuing on to a two-hour stop at Coney Island on the Culver Line, and finally depositing passengers back at either Borough Hall in Brooklyn or Columbus Circle in Manhattan. Meet at the 59th St.–Columbus Circle subway station (718-243-8601); $25 adults, $10 children; advance reservation and payment required.

Events

Military Salute Week—7/4–7/8: In celebration of the Fourth of July, the Intrepid Sea-Air-Space Museum presents an international fleet of more than 200 modern warships and tall ships, plus 40,000 spectator boats. Military Salute Week also includes the following events: visiting-ship public tours, 7/4 from 3 to 6 P.M. and 7/5–7/8 from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; arm-wrestling tournament, 7/6 at 1 P.M.; USMC Harrier and pier-raid demo, 7/6–7/8 at 2 P.M.; USCG search-and-rescue demo, 7/6–7/8 at 4 P.M.; USA Golden Knights parachute demo, 7/7 at noon and 5 P.M., and 7/8 at 3 P.M.; tug-of-war tournament, 7/7 at 1 P.M.; USN Leap Frogs parachute demo, 7/7 at 3 P.M. and 7/8 at noon and 5 P.M.; seamanship competition, 7/8 at noon; best-chow competition, 7/8 at 2 P.M. Intrepid Sea-Air-Space Museum, Pier 86, Twelfth Ave. at 46th St. (212-245-0072); all events are free and open to the public.

113th Annual Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel—7/5–7/16, 7 P.M. to midnight weekdays, all day Sat. and Sun.: The streets surrounding Our Lady of Mount Carmel church in Williamsburg will bloom with live entertainment, Italian delicacies, parades, and games at this old-world Italian street festival. The highlight will be on Sun. at 1 P.M. when 150 men carry an 80-foot-tall statue of the "Giglio and the Boat" through the streets. 275 North 8th St., Brooklyn (718-348-0223); free.

Avenue of the Americas Street Fair—7/8, 11 A.M.–6 P.M.: McBurney YMCA presents more than 200 vendors, including arts and crafts, food, and quality merchandise. Sixth Ave. from 14th St. to 23rd St.; free.

Burmese New Year's Water Festival—7/9, 11 A.M.–5 P.M.: A celebration of Burmese culture, including food, fashion, music, art, and the New Year's tradition of splashing friends and family with water to cleanse away last year's troubles; bring your squirt guns. Queens Botanical Garden, 43-50 Main St., Flushing, N.Y. (212-580-1687); free.

SummerNights—7/11–8/29, 5P.M.–9 P.M.: A series of Thursday-evening events, featuring live music performances ranging from classical violin to Indian tabla music, as well as screenings of classic television shows. Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200); admission donation requested.

Hudson River Festival—Through 8/31: A summer arts festival including dance, music, theater, puppetry, and art at the World Financial Center, throughout Battery Park City and Battery Park. Events range from swing-dance parties to Shakespeare performances to art tours. For more information, call 212-528-2733 or visit www.hudsonriverfestival.com; most events are free.

Exhibitions

"Major Intersections"—Through 3/31: A history of the Jewish diaspora told through objects, artifacts, and texts from the collection of the partners of the Center for Jewish History. Themes include exodus and transition, settlement and community, and transmission and regeneration. Yeshiva University Museum, 15 W. 16th St. (212-294-8330); $4–$6.

The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle and Friends—Through 9/17; Tues.–Sunday, 11 A.M.–5 P.M.: A collection of photographs portraying New Yorkers at home, selected from submissions, as part of the New-York Historical Society's efforts to expand its archives of the twentieth and twenty-first centuries. New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); $5 adults, $3 students and seniors.

"Fighting Dinosaurs: New Discoveries From Mongolia"—Through 10/29, 10 A.M.–5:45 P.M., Fri. and Sat. till 8:45 P.M.: Featuring spectacular new specimens from the Gobi desert, many on view for the first time in the U.S., and models of feathered dinosaurs. American Museum of Natural History, Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100); $6–$10.

Online

***New York* on the Web**—Visit www.nymag.com. "Best of New York" has been serialized on our site along with "52 Weekends," so you can check out Gotham's finest offerings and the coolest weekend getaways on our site each week. Also online: "Best Bets" and our Gift Guide, along with extensive back issues and articles and selected content from the current issue.

Sports

Tommy's American Four-Miler—7/4, at 9 A.M. A Fourth of July fun run and kids' races starting at East Drive near 99th St. in Central Park, sponsored by Tommy Hilfiger with the New York Road Runners Club. Numbers, T-shirts, and goody bags may be picked up from noon to 6 P.M. 7/1–7/2 or from noon to 4 P.M. 7/3 at Macy's Herald Square, 151 W. 34th St., or on race day at the North Meadow on E. 97th St. from 7:30 to 8:45 A.M. Nonmembers $17; limited race-day registration $22. Call the NYRRC at 212-860-4455 or visit www.tommyrun.com for more information.

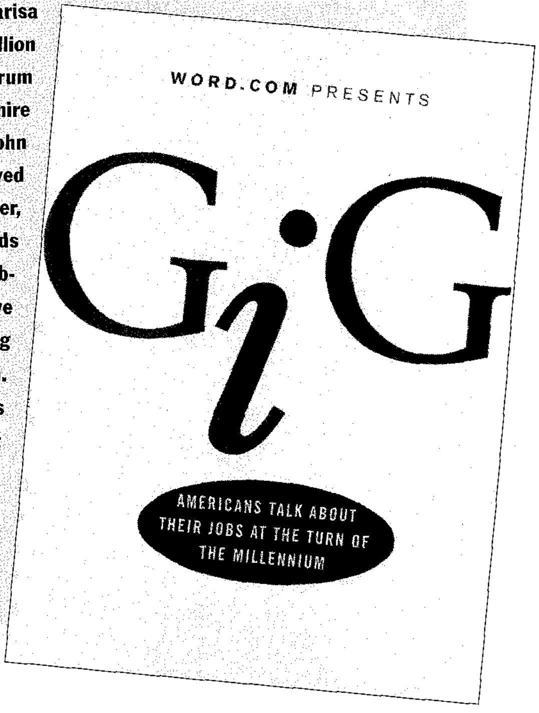
Moonlight Ride—7/7, at 10 P.M. A group ride traversing Central Park, hosted by the Time's Up! bike club. Meets at Columbus Circle at the southwest corner of the park. For more information, call the Time's Up! Ride Line at 212-802-8222 or visit www.times-up.org.

In Print

Working It

In *Gig*, siblings John and Marisa Bowe and Sabin Streeter have put together the job-related reflections of 126 Americans—from a film producer named Jerry Bruckheimer to a workfare street cleaner named Sandra White. But John himself admits he was "scared as shit to work" when he finally finished school. "After education, that's when it gets sad," he says. "You graduate with a loan the equivalent of the GNP of Djibouti, and then you find yourself fighting with Jeff Jr. about where to put the stapler." So he evaded employers—and creditors—for as long as he could by doing freelance everything. Eventually he ended up working in Julian Schnabel's office, where he'd sweep the floors and run odd errands. "Once they had me drive the Bentley to Florida," he says. "I remember parking it at a gas station to go to the bathroom. When I came out, all these locals were standing around the car, and of course I'm dressed like a bum. I walked up to them and said, 'Pardon me, does anyone have any Grey Poupon?' " Meanwhile, Bowe's sister Marisa "was a different type of loser: She had a zillion jobs." Ultimately, she would become—drum roll—the editor of the Webzine *Word* and hire her little brother. The best part of that, John says, "was that I got to hire all my unemployed film-school friends." One of them was Streeter, who edited the "Work" column, Studs Terkel–style interviews with American jobholders. To fill out the hard covers, Bowe spent the better part of the past year finding more worker bees to add to the collection. But why would a man so averse to Real Jobs want to listen to other people talk about theirs? "You can choose to be almost anything in this life," says Bowe, "so it's interesting to find out how people work out this existential problematic: How am I gonna get my grub?"

ARIEL LEVY


WORD.COM PRESENTS
GiG
AMERICANS TALK ABOUT THEIR JOBS AT THE TURN OF THE MILLENNIUM

hotograph courtesy of Yeshiva University Museum.

kids

Puppets . . . Oz . . . Techno-Acting

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Children's Events

The Stones Reunion Tour—The works of self-taught American sculptor William Edmondson are on exhibit at the **MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART** through 8/27. Born of freed slaves in Nashville, the late artist began stonecutting during the Depression, after he lost his job as a hospital orderly. Combine a visit with a soap-sculpture class for kids ages 5 through 12 on 7/9 or 7/23, from 2 to 4. Admission to the museum is free, but there's a $1 fee for class materials. Space is limited; call to reserve. On 7/29 and 8/26, watch live stonecutting demos from 1 P.M. to 5 P.M. The museum is open Tues. through Sun., 11:30 A.M.–7:30 P.M. At 2 Lincoln Square, Columbus Ave. bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (212-595-9533).

Aquatic Asia—Celebrate the Year of the Dragon at the **NEW YORK AQUARIUM**. Traditional Chinese parades, Asian arts and crafts, music, dancing, and martial-arts demos will be featured 7/8–7/9 from 11 to 4. Children ages 2–12 will receive a Marine Millennium activity book. Admission is $9.75, $6 for seniors and kids 2–12, free to youngers. At W. 8th St. and Surf Ave., Coney Island (718-265-FISH). ●

The Jersey Side—The Saturn Summer Theatre Series for Children returns for its eighth year to **THE MORRIS MUSEUM** in Morristown, N.J. The series of eleven shows begins on 7/6 with *It's Magic Time,* followed by *The King of Pizza* on 7/11. Performances are at 11 and 1:30 at the museum's Bickford Theatre. Tickets are $7.75. At 6 Normandy Heights Rd., Morristown (973-538-8069). ●

Puppet Playthings—A cup can be far more than just something to hold milk. Using cloth, sticks, balls, feathers, paint, and buttons, kids learn to design their own puppets, 7/8 and 7/9 from noon to 4 P.M. Admission to the museum is $4, plus $2 for the puppet class; free to kids younger than 2. At the **STATEN ISLAND CHILDREN'S MUSEUM**, Snug Harbor Cultural Center, 1000 Richmond Terrace (718-273-2060). ●

Oz on a String—Celebrating 100 years since L. Frank Baum first published *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz,* **THE PUPPETWORKS** brings the story to the stage via marionettes. Featuring an original country-and-western score, Dorothy in overalls, and special effects for the twister and the melting witch, the show runs Sundays from 7/9 through 8/20. Performances are 1: 30 and 3:30 P.M. Tickets are $8, $5 for kids. At the Children's Aid Society, Greenwich Village Theatre, 219 Sullivan St. For reservations, call the Puppetworks' Brooklyn office at 718-965-3391.

Techno-Acting—Explore the future state of technology in a dramatic light. Participants in **INTERACTION** will work together to develop a script along with the use of high-tech equipment to create virtual backdrops on a nineteen-foot screen. Kids must be at least 10 years old to sign on. Fee is $150 for the ten-session workshop. Dates are 8/2, 4, 9, 11, 16, 18, 23, and 25, from 10 A.M. to 1 P.M., culminating in a public performance on 8/26 at 5 P.M. and on 8/27 at 2 P.M. At the Sony Wonder Technology Lab, 550 Madison Ave., at 56th St. (212-833-4698).

Become a Broadway Star—Get up close and personal with Broadway theater as cast members visit with kids at the **CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF MANHATTAN** throughout the summer. On 7/6, dancers from *Swing* will strut their stuff at 2 and 2:30 P.M., teaching kids the fancy footwork that's brought acclaim to the show. Admission is $6, $3 for seniors, free to infants. First-come-first-serve on the day of the performance for limited seating of 150. At 212 W. 83rd St. (212-721-1234).

City Cows—A herd of more than 500 life-size and colorful cows has taken over the city. Painted by New York artists, the cows will be on display on streets, plazas, and parks through Labor Day. The cows in the **COWPARADE NEW YORK 2000**, sponsored by the city, will be auctioned off, with proceeds going to children's charities. Check out multimedia artist Red Grooms's *Four Alarm Cow,* a fire-truck heifer outside the American Craft Museum, at 40 W. 53rd St., and an *Eloise* cow at the Plaza. Look for Cow-Parade merchandise to follow.

A Harry Potter Freebie—In case your kids don't land a coveted copy of the fourth installment on 7/8, bring them that day to the Hans Christian Anderson statue at E. 72nd St. in Central Park to hear the book a an all-day read-athon. The session goes from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. and includes readings by Jim Dale narrator of the Potter audio book series.

cue

Susan Avery
Kids

Ethan Brown
Nightlife

Luisa Colon
Online

Derek de Koff
Movies

Logan Hill
Theater

John Kline
Sports

John Leonard
Television

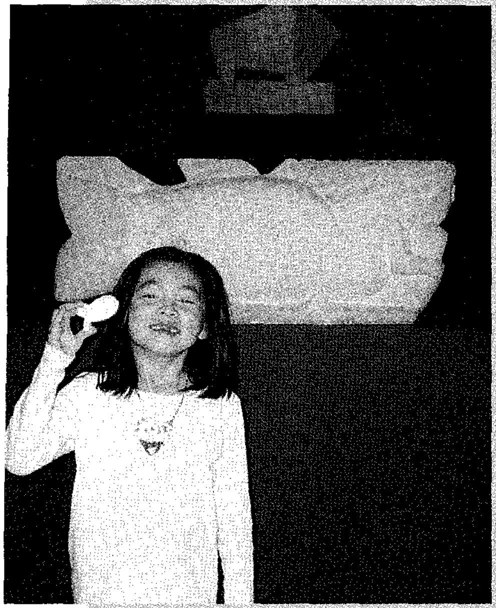
Ariel Levy
Books
Events
Radio

Edith Newhall
Art

Tara Pepper
In Concert

Robin Raisfeld
Restaurants

Happening Stone Face



My daughter has a thing about rocks. I'm forever emptying pockets full of pebbles cadged from this place or that. For my birthday last month, she presented me with a Ziploc bag of white stones colored with crayons (how this 4-year-old got them by me is the big question; I suspect Grandma had a hand in the smuggling caper). ***That in mind, when the William Edmondson stone-sculpture exhibit opened at the Museum of American Folk Art, I knew it would go over big in my family.*** **Here's a guy who didn't sign or date any of his pieces because he couldn't read or write.** ***Here's an African-American*** **who used a railroad spike and a hammer to chip away at a block of limestone** ***and construct something of*** **beauty because that was all that was available to him during his post–Civil War lifetime.** ***While those tidbits may be lost on the preschool set, the 46 pieces on*** **exhibit held the attention of Natalie and her friend Jordan quite nicely. They were even entranced by them. "These people are made from rocks?" they asked more than once, as** ***if to catch me in a fib. After checking out the angel, lion, "po'ch ladies," and others, the*** **kids were further amazed by the demonstration pieces at the entrance, which show how a hunk of rock becomes a work of art. Older kids will dig the eight-minute video on the artist,** ***who died in obscurity in 1951. For those who want a touchy-feely experience, the recep*****tion desk has a block of limestone to handle. And if that's not enough, the museum offers a soap-sculpting workshop for kids (pictured) on July 9 and July 23 in conjunction with the show. Rock on. (See "Children's Events.")**

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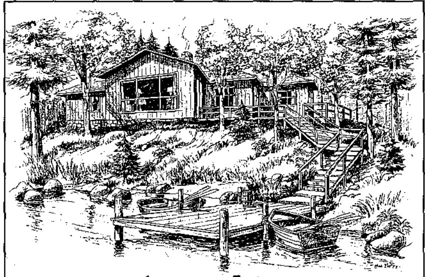

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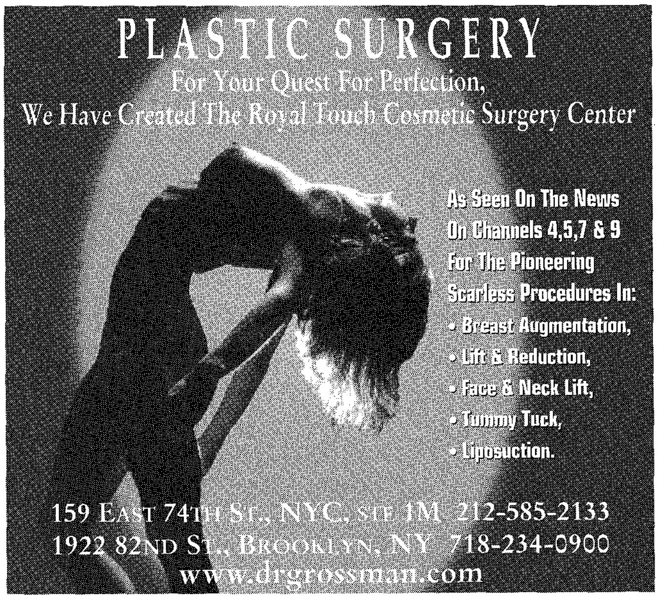

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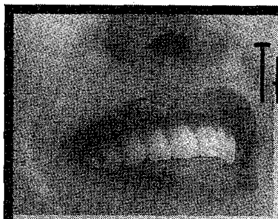

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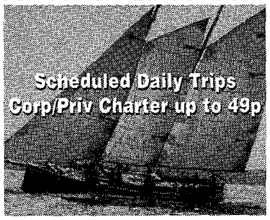

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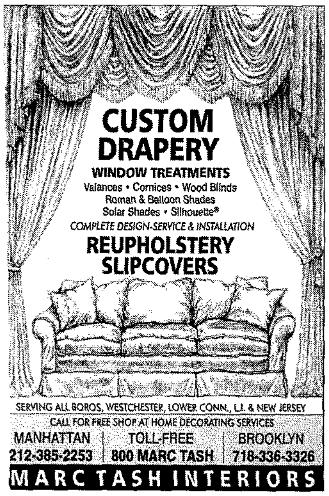

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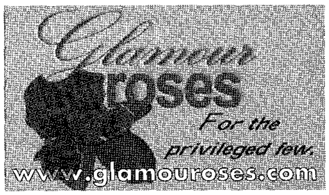
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There isn't anything I really "hate". This is a *very powerful word and it takes* "a lot" of energy to have this emotion, and, as I said before, life is too short. I enjoy so many things, there is not enough space here; but, after all, isn't it who you are with that is the most important, not where you are. I believe you are given at birth certain natural qualities, and there are ones we develop over time through constant growth. In all these areas, whether it's mental, physical or emotional, I continually push myself to excel.

Well, I think now you have gotten a hint of the type of person I am. The woman I'm looking to form a relationship with has a mind that is incredible, with a "heart" to match.

She is extremely caring, easygoing, loves her life, *is happy with herself and just has a great* time living. She has a strong interest in taking *care of herself and is a very beautiful woman* on the outside to match her inner self. Being *Jewish is important to me, not because I am* so religious, but I enjoy how I was raised. *Since being close to 6', being tall would be* nice. In terms of age, around 35 or younger would be preferred.

She has the ability to walk into any room and is comfortable for she has tremendous confidence in herself but is not egotistical about it. Is proud of the person she has become or is pleased with herself for making a continual effort to improve. A woman of true substance and depth, who is not afraid to admit making a mistake, for we all make them - that's why they call us human beings. After all, if we don't fail once in awhile, that means we are not stretching beyond our own boundaries. One small additional quality, if you have not guessed it already: a "sense of humor". People take themselves way "too" seriously as far as I am concerned. Every day is so special - to waste even one day worrying about little things is out of my ballpark (understanding of baseball not essential). What do they say? "Don't sweat the small stuff, because it's all small stuff."

Please understand I have created a wonderful life for myself through a lot of hard work, determination and risk at certain times. There is no question about it that I desire to share my life with an unusual woman. however I firmly believe that "1" plus "1" should equal at *least "3" if not more. To me, your partner* should add to your life, not subtract from it. *The feeling of true connection with another* human being on all levels is a feeling and *sensation that no "words" ever created could* come close to describing.

This long ad is now coming to an end. If, after you have read this, you decide to take a chance and answer I would really appreciate a picture. Listen, I don't blame you if you don't want to send one. All I can share with you is that I promise to reciprocate, because physical attraction is important, no matter what people say. One more thing: I keep my private life just that - private...so if you reply and enclose a picture, I will be the only one who knows of your reply. Speak to you soon. Remember, keep smiling - and laugh whenever you get the chance! 4485 ✉

Very Pretty And Slim—Successful *professional woman living in Manhattan,* looking for intelligent and fun-loving man between 40 and 50, to share the outdoors (skiing, hiking, sailing, riding through farm country...) and the indoors (movies, music, Broadway, Lincoln Center, rock 'n' roll...). If you want a relationship with a special person, and you work hard but always "stop to smell the flowers", I'd like to meet you. Please send note/photo (will exchange). 4564 ✉

All You Have To Be Is—Family-oriented, a man of substance, professional, 36-44 and financially stable, nonsmoker. I am divorced white female, 34, attractive, professional, warmhearted and uncommonly handy. Recent photo/note. 4559✉

Beauty, Brains And Irreverent Blond—Petite (size 2, 105 lbs), leggy, accomplished and athletic Jewish attorney, *with a mischievous, outgoing, bubbly and* gregarious personality, seeks JD/MD/CEO or highly accomplished, cerebral and motivated man (from 42 to 52), who loves to laugh, to dance, to stay in, to go out and to do just about anything. If you don't like short skirts, thin legs and black high heels, don't respond. Recent photo, please, and cute note...to: shortstop@aol.com 4535 ✉

Handsome Veterinarian—Romantic Renaissance man, early 40s - enjoys ballet, art, movies, books. Catholic, blue eyes. Seeks attractive Manhattan career woman for passionate relationship. 4533 ✉☎

Successful Asian Male Lawyer—32, seeking attractive, sincere Asian or white female, 24-32, for a serious relationship. Photo/note, please. 4541 ✉

Senses Awakened—Leggy, passionate, sophisticated, 52, blond. Professional white female, 5'6", size 8/9, ex-model and TV exec, seeking tall man, 52-65. 4546 ✉☎

Pretty Woman, Teacher—White, sincere, loyal, sense of humor, seeks a good man for the long run, 60 plus. Photo. 4565 ✉

Long-Legged Stunner—Lawyer, former model, 5'11", Jewish (nonreligious), warm, witty, caring, romantic and sincere. Seeks single, white professional male, financially secure, 6' plus, 48 plus, for romance and relationship. Note/photo/phone. 4596 ✉

Natural Beauty, Caribbean-American—Single professional female, cocoa brown, 37, 5'8", athletic, adventurous, well-traveled, eclectic interests and friends, great sense of humor - seeks committed relationship with single/divorced professional male of any race, 40-50, who *feels comfortable in jeans/tuxedo.* You are adventurous, compassionate, with a sense of humor. Drug/disease-free. Communication and honesty matter. 4540 ✉☎ d.j.m@mindspring.com

I've Been Looking For You!—I'm that tall, pretty honey blond with the long legs, who would adore your strange sense of humor if only I had the chance to hear it. You're 40s-early 50s, erudite, trim and fairly tall. I catch a glimpse of you in bookstores, theaters and on the dance floor. Isn't it time we meet? Note and photo, please. 4560 ✉☎

Truly One Of A Kind—As a 38-year-old female, I am an extremely successful corporate executive who is sexy, feminine and beautiful. I am 5'3", slim, classy, smart, and possess a great sense of humor. Despite seeming to "have it all", I am very down-to-earth and easygoing. Some of my interests include running, *dining out, theater and gourmet cooking.* I am seeking a truly spectacular man, who, like me, possesses good looks, wealth, a big heart and an easy laugh, for romance and marriage. Note/recent photo and phone number, please. You will be glad that you did. 4578 ✉☎

Precious Jewel—59, 5'3", 142, widow, *musician, Jewish, former model, kind,* attractive, intelligent, professional, nonsmoker, classy with traditional values seeks same in white gentleman - sincere, successful, honest - with manners morals, integrity. Photo/phone/note please. 4579✉

A Passion For Life!—A gentle, dynamic CEO, handsome, upbeat, loves laughter, fun, fitness, 5'10", muscular, 43. Seeks bright woman under 38 for magical romance. Phone/photo necessary. 4600✉☎

A Very Young 71—Seeking love, friendship and a good life with a beautiful woman, early 60s, slender and medium height. I am a widower, tall, Jewish, nonreligious professional who is ready, willing and able to make someone very happy. (212) preferred. Note/photo, please. 4580 ✉

Hard To Find—40-year-old, highly intelligent, romantic, funny, sensitive, successful entertainment industry exec, with a heart of gold and a strong desire to love and be loved. Seeking positive, caring, *petite, up to 38, feminine, friendly,* single white female who desires a close monogamous relationship, and is willing to share her life with someone special. Interests are movies, theater, travel and superb dining; enjoys conversation. Please reply with a photo. 4590 ✉ ☎

Redhead Seeks Honey—Are you excited *by the possibility of meeting a passion*ate, smart, supportive woman? I'm beautiful, blue-eyed, 5'8", 41, Jewish, healthy and strong. Love my work, paint some, laugh a lot. Life is good and I want a sweetheart to share it with. You're intelligent, passionate and honest, and want to make an amazing home and family. I love exploring Manhattan and *the countryside, walking on the beach* at night. Let's do it together. Call or send note and photo. 4542 ✉

Long Dark-Haired Beauty—Warm, slim, 47, lives NYC and East Hampton - creative and smart. Seeks big hearted, funny, fit man who also has a passion for life. 4588 ✉

Want To Change Your Lifestyle?—*Handsome, single, middle-aged white* male seeks white female, 18-35, to accompany him on world travel, private yacht and penthouse living, etc. If you enjoy the arts and the sun, please reply with photo and note to: 4575 ✉

Former Male Model—Now successfu businessman, 38, nice chauvinist with traditional values - desires intelligent warm, passionate woman, 25-37, for relaxed dinner, *music and boating dates,* possible marriage and children. Prefer long haired, attractive-figured, Italian/Spanish type - but not that important. Single moms okay. Note/photo/phone. 4553 ✉

I Care: Black Female—About persona happiness... Yours and mine... Color m beige, brown hair, hazel eyes, 5'6 and very good-looking. 40s appearance classy, athletic nonsmoker who enjoy dining out, museums, jazz and travel, good laugh, expanded conversations, an quiet times too. Photo, please. 4562 ✉

Attractive, Personable Woman—Interested in new beginnings, good times friendship and relationship. Varie interests. Young 60, 5'7", slim. 4555✉

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Mozart, Miles, Monet And Margaux—Does Mozart or Chopin or Miles stir your heartstrings? How about a trip to Vermont for the fall leaves, or to Maine for lobster (with drawn butter down to your elbows), or to Giverny to see what inspired Monet? Does great wine add to the pleasure of a meal? Athletic, financially stable entrepreneur, 51, 6'2", seeks younger woman with intelligence, wit, playfulness, and warmth for family. Respond...."and we will all the pleasures prove." Photo appreciated and reciprocated. jg@bg-pr.com or 4568✉

Looking For A Life Companion—(Woman, 30-40 years old) who likes to ravel to Europe. I'm financially secure bachelor and can take time to enjoy travel and getting to know each other as friends first. Please reply with photo/note. 4563 ✉

A Study In Contrasts—Elegant/sassy, brainy/sexy, cool/passionate beauty, inside and out. Please respond if you are a man who is tall, fit, intelligent, successful, fun and 50-63. Note/phone/photo. 4616 ✉

Quixotic Israeli-American Widow—With 5-year-old son, slim, tall, it, sensuous, humorous but serious, photographer and writer, searches for a unique man - a mensch for all seasons nd reasons, over 6', healthy and strong. Unique 50-65-year-old who can be friend, over, father and sharer of life's tides. We need magic. Send new photo and andwritten note. 4561 ✉

Registered Nurse—50, seeks soul mate, est friend and lover for life's adventures; njoys travel, NYC outdoors. Seeking single Jewish professional man, 50-60, with sense f humor, marriage-minded. 4551 ✉☎

The Secret Of Life—Is enjoying the assage of time. Cute, 39, petite, blue-yed woman, seeking a 33-45, fit, caring, ncere, creative, nonsmoking man. I'm vacious, witty and athletic, with varied nterests. Let's enjoy the ride - together. ote/photo, please. 4607 ✉

ingle Jewish MD—37, very intelligent, uccessful and attractive, ready to leave ngleness behind. Looking for genuine, alanced, intelligent, warm and very tractive Jewish woman, under 36. ease include photo with response. Give a try. 4548 ✉

Handsome Professional Man—Youthful 43, 5'11", well-educated, single black man. Interests: travel, fitness, cultural events. Seeks pretty, fit professional lady, 37 or younger. Photo, please. 4567 ✉☎

Lovely Woman—Seeks sexy European gentleman for fun, laughter, companionship and foreign movies - French speaking is a plus. Please be slim, intelligent, athletic and mid 40s. I'm Jewish, slim, tender and loving, looking for same. Please include recent photo. 4606 ✉

Warm, Elegant, Chinese, Professional 40, petite, fun, kind, considerate, enjoys laughter, dance, travel; traditional values. Seeks accomplished MD/JD/CEO, 40-50s, for beautiful life together. 4593 ✉☎

Why Can't I Find You?—Male, 45, 6'2 1/2", 195 lbs, blue eyes, brown hair, balding, nonsmoker, nondrinker, works out daily, loves hiking, long walks, kayaking, outdoors, sightseeing. Hopeless romantic, loyal, devoted, honest, loving, good shopping and crafts fair buddy, Long Islander. Seeks attractive, sincere, nice, loving woman, 35-45, slim, nonsmoker, who works out regularly, would love hiking, long walks, romantic movies, amusement parks, travel, holding hands, cuddling. For relationship and marriage. Long Islander a plus. Letter/photo/phone. Sincere replies only, please. 4610 ✉

One Good Man—In search of several good women (just kidding!). Earthy, attractive Jewish male, starting fifth decade, good-hearted, well-educated, with diverse interests, seeks contact and connection with upbeat, spontaneous, tall woman with engaging smile, sexy demeanor, independent yet intimate. If you catalyze the best in others, are ready and open for a relationship, value friends and family, and have a good moral compass, please respond with a nongeneric note and recent photo. 4620 ✉

Green-Eyed Beauty—Attorney, shapely 5'5", 112 lbs, dreams of handsome life partner (with full head of hair who likes cats) to enjoy life and laugh with. I love movies, theater, travel, fitness, cuddling, dining out. Prefer no children. Photo a must. 4591 ✉☎

Extraordinary!—I am single, white, 35, successful, financially secure, never-married, no-nonsense kind of guy. Love free time, travel, sport fishing and "the art of the deal". Looking to share life and love with single female, 30 or under, who is unpretentious, has an upbeat personality, exceptional exotic beauty, good humor, kind heart, passion for spontaneity and wants children! Recent photo and handwritten note, please. 4534 ✉

NY Chris Evert/PhD—Pretty, petite athlete, 40, seeks tennis buddy for US Open and possible love match. Divorced dads okay. Photo/phone. 4582 ✉

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Senior Female—Seeks serious senior male. If you are tired of explaining who Rita Hayworth was, I want to meet you. I am bright, fun-loving, active, adventurous, straightforward and vital. You play tennis (doubles of course), enjoy museums, concerts, theater, travel, ballroom dancing...and quiet times as well. Let's explore the possibilities. 4608 ✉

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I am offering $200,000 to the person who submits a picture and bio of the woman I marry. She could be someone you know well-your bestfriend, daughter, cousin, or aunt. She could be someone you know only casually, -a client, coworker, or neighbor. She could even be you! $100,000 will be paid after 6 months of dating, whether we get married or not, and the remainder after the wedding.

I am the nicest person who has had the worst luck at dating, so I've decide to put my money where my heart is and find the love of my life. I am 52 year old Jewish dermatologist. I am 5'8“, 145lbs, brown hair and eyes. I am very kind, caring, sensitive, respectful, romantic, flexible, generous, considerate, intelligent, family oriented, athletic, optimistic and funny. Oh yes, I'm also not bad to look at! I enjoy dining out, movies, theater, museums, sports, gardening (I have a gorgeous garden in Westchester), and exploring the city. I am comfortable spending a wild night at a rock concert or spending a quiet romantic evening in front of the fireplace on a snowy evening. I would love to discover new adventures with someone special.

If you know someone, preferably between the ages of 35 and 45, who would like to meet a nice guy, please email drdantzig@aol.com, or write NYM Box 4586, PO Box 4600, NY NY 10163-4600

The Touch Of Your Hand—The kiss of your lips, the scent of your hair, the sparkle in your eyes, the sound of your voice, the love in your heart. To complete your life and mine, I pledge unconditional, deep physical, emotional and spiritual love, *honesty, strength, sensitivity, laughter,* friendship, understanding, support, courage and trust. I'm 45 minutes away, in central NJ, handsome, athletic, funny, 5'7", 43 years old, Christian dentist. I prefer to meet a woman under 37, over 5'2", pretty, shapely, trim, well-*proportioned. Note/photo a must.* 4611 ✉

Lonely, Single White Male, 40s—Handsome professional, financially secure, seeks woman for marriage/kids. 4543✉☎

Attractive, Blue-Eyed Brunette—Jewish female, professional, 34, 5'7", outgoing, sweet, independent, family-oriented, seeks *Jewish male professional with similar* qualities, 35-45, 6'1"-6'3", for lifetime commitment. Photo. elstutor@aol.com 4617 ✉

European Beauty—34, 5'9", slender, seeking intelligent, loving, successful Caucasian male for long term relationship, *possible marriage. Letter/picture.* 4601 ✉

Semi-Retired Investment Counselor—Mid 60s - in great shape physically, mentally and financially, 5'10", 178 lbs. Jewish - nonreligious. Seek a slender, attractive, outgoing lady, preferably mid 50s, for friendship, travel and God knows *what else. Recent photo a must.* 4539 ✉

Successful, Handsome—Entertainment exec, 40, seeks attractive, free-spirited, intelligent woman, 25-40, for candlelit dinners, exotic travel and midnight cruises. Photo/phone for reply. 4549 ✉

Bright, Beautiful Blond—5'4", green eyes, slim, 46, successful, Jewish, divorced, generous, with a great sense of humor. I like to travel, golf, read, work out and go to movies. Seeking a sophisticated, sincere, financially secure and handsome man, 44-58, with a great sense of humor. Photo and note, please. 4544 ✉☎

Russian Blond Beauty—Blue eyes, long hair, kind and soft, 30, 5'5", wants to make her future husband happy. 4538✉☎

Voluptuous Blond Female—Looking for a stable male who is ready for commitment, love, marriage and baby. 4589 ✉

Down-To-Earth, Warm—Pretty Jewish female, 37 - loves skiing, biking, music, *NY culture. Seeks Jewish male for friend*-ship/long-term relationship. Photo. 4531✉

Successful Private Detective/Author—Actor (SAG-AFTRA), seeks glamorous, intelligent, daring white lady, for soul mate in a monogamous long term relationship. Photo appreciated. 4581 ✉

Male, 50—*Fit, wealthy, seeks young* female. POB 130245, Sunrise, FL 33313

Ambitious, Handsome, Witty—Jewish attorney, 32, 5'7", seeks bright, attractive, down-to-earth female professional who loves to laugh, for late evening dinners and romantic weekends. Recent photo/letter, please. 4584 ✉

Sweet Brown Eyes—Female professional, considerate, stunning and full of life, seeks nonreligious Jewish professional male, 50s. 4532 ✉☎

Very Attractive Jewish Male, 36—Successful businessman from NJ, divorced, 5'8". Dark brown hair/eyes, nice build, honest, caring and romantic, seeks a very attractive Jewish female, 28-37, for serious relationship. Must be beautiful inside and out. Note/photo essential. 4577 ✉☎

Single Jewish Professional Man—40 plus, never married, excellent reputation and background, seeks thoughtful and sensitive Jewish woman for serious relationship. I've achieved a lot in my life, but I need the right person to take me to the next level. Are you 30-40? Do you have good values and a kind heart? Are you ready for a Jewish home and family? Write me at... 4621 ✉

School's Out—*It's time for reading,* relaxing and starting a new relationship. I love my work and I love my time off. I'm old enough to be selective about who I spend my time with, and young enough not to have given up on finding you. I'm 46, pretty, smart and optimistic. If you're ready, so am I. 4558 ✉☎

Chinese Connection—Fit, athletic Chinese-American male, 45, 5'7", 145 lbs, *seeks health-conscious female,* 30-38, willing to explore mutual interests, possible long-term relationship. 4587 ✉☎

Fun, Pretty, Warm—Bright, happy woman seeks fun, warm, bright, happy man, 45-55, nonsmoker. Let's have fun. 4537 ✉

Great Smile—*Pretty professional,* 5'2", 110 lbs, lives 30 minutes west of NYC, 40 - looks 35, no kids. Enjoys hiking, music and working out. Seeks kind, successful, intelligent, cute male, 35-44, kids okay. Note/photo. 4572 ✉

Male, Young 50, Fit, Educated—Above-average and nice, seeks younger, slim, attractive, British/Irish gentle lady, nonsmoker, for new beginnings. Letter/ photo, please. 4566 ✉☎

Baseball Fan Wanted—Who's also tall, educated, in her early 30s and Christian. Yankees preferred, but Met *fan is okay.* 4574 ✉

Compassionate Male MD—45 and fit, seeking warm, caring woman, 30-40. Like me, you are Jewish and spiritual. 4569 ✉

Convert Dream To Reality—Seeking loving husband. I am 37, Jewish, good-looking, athletic, big smile, very quirky *unique, creative soul.* 4557 ✉

Spontaneity, Laughter, Fun—*Is that too* much to ask? NY businessman, 52, 5'6" 160, successful, educated, athletic Enjoys the Manhattan experience: theater restaurants, live music, tennis in the park...even an occasional opera. Would like to meet attractive and fit, 35-45 co-conspirator, to seek out and enjoy adventure. Please, photo/phone. 4619 ✉

American Woman—Cheerful, attractive and youthful, free to leave NY, wants smart, caring, optimistic, affectionate male partner, late 50s-early 60s, who enjoys nature and life. Nonsmoker. 4576 ✉

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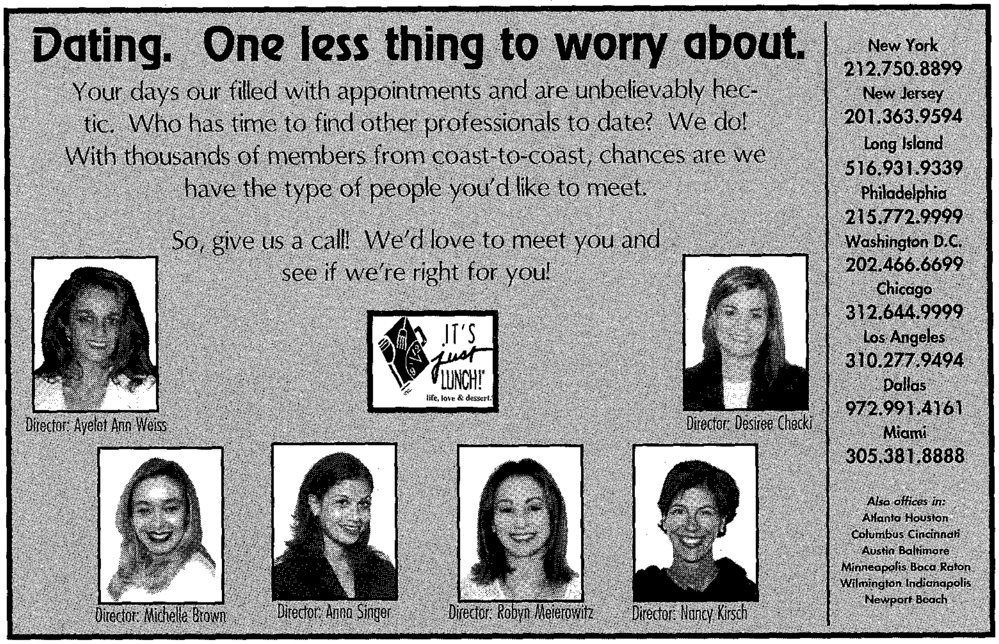
Great Guy—Great catch! I'm a very good-looking, successful, early 40s, Catholic business professional, 177, 6', well-educated and very fit. You are an intelligent, sincere, fit, attractive, classy woman in her 30s. Let's meet, have fun, enjoy life...and one day start a family together. Letter, phone and recent photo for reply. 4550 ✉

Heart On Her Sleeve, Nobody's Fool—Knicks fan, boat lover, Downtown sensibilities, Uptown manners, young 51. You: formerly married man; successful, not a star, athletic, well-related, like arts, travel, good food. You have traditional values, good friends, a warm, available heart, and maybe Knicks tickets? 4552 ✉

5-Year-Old Male—Italian, attractive, successful, very fit, driven, with family values, looks for same in female, 26-33. Sense of humor a must. Non-smoker. Photo optional/note. 4597 ✉ ☎

Professional Man—Low-key, 60s, seeks tall, educated lady with robust, athletic form, martial arts a plus. 4554 ✉☎



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North Shore Widow—Pretty, intelligent, affluent brunette, home owner, business owner, kind, caring, seeks educated, upbeat, gentle man to share the good life, friends and barbecues, fun, travel, tennis, 57-67 (photo), 5'8"-6'. 4612 ✉

Attractive, Warm, Intelligent—Slim professional woman, youthful 55. Enjoys travel, movies, theater, dining out, reading, quiet evenings at home. Seeks male counterpart, 50s-60s, for friendship, love and laughter. Photo, please. 4570✉

Will I Find Love With A Stranger?—Depends on how expressive, off-beat and alive he is! Good-looking, seasoned, sensual, innovative professional woman seeks man for interesting encounters, friendship and ? 4583 ✉

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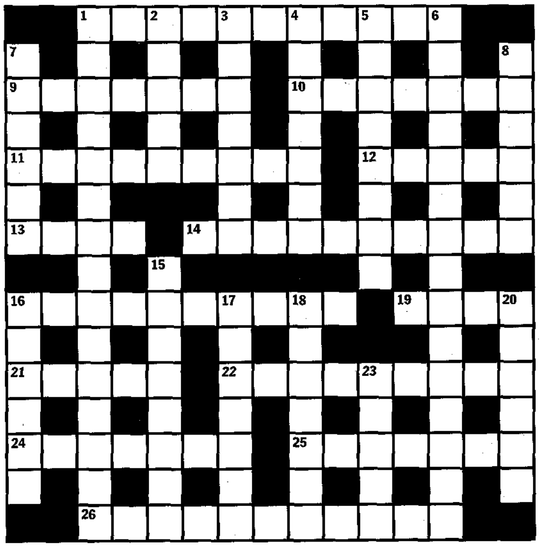
The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 Dissenter turning many Tories puce. (4-7)
9 Here in Jerusalem, bicultural still. (7)
10 It's golden rain on Newchurch! (7)
11 Forms a striking relationship. (4,2,3)
12 A Trollopian inclination . . . (5)
13 . . . is the downfall of Lewis Eliot? (4)
14 Lowers in crates. (4,6)
16 Transept that is constructed on Church Rock. (5,5)
19 Fool many and many more. (4)
21 Zestful failure. (5)
22 Such early worship before a noble fugitive. (9)
24 Is one too drunk to notice Centre Point? (7)
25 Whence animation is observed in an empty box. (7)
26 Rash ascetic might use alibi for excuse say. (11)



DOWN

1 Critic (see column) savaged Stockhausen's oeuvre. (10,5)
2 Potter's inspiration curtailed Mosaic enthusiast. (5)
3 Coppers got up twice for a sweetener. (7)
4 The death half loved by Keats has fellow united in support of art. (7)
5 Scott's protector is human after all, almost to a T. (8)
6 How like the bindweed: one finds nothing in it. (15)
7 Quiet men only mount the "aw" factor. (6)
8 A parliamentary setback. (6)
15 Noxious missile is well under way. (5,3)
16 A gesture of honour. (6)
17 Recuperative effect of Newcastle, one finds. (7)
18 Don Juan in Spain: damned cretin. (7)
20 A letter from Helen Graham. (6)
23 Primate inhabiting hill or island. (5)

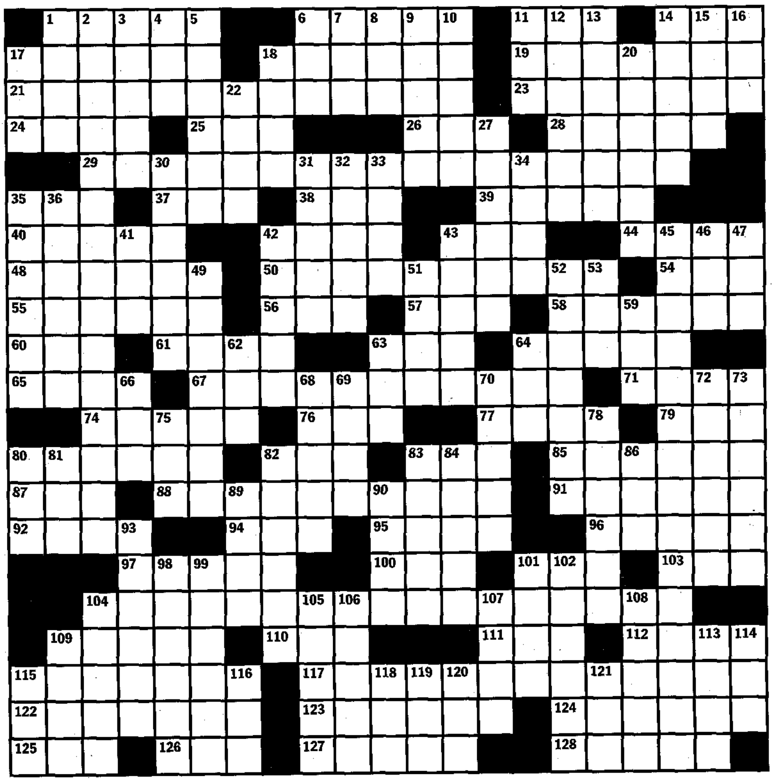
'Out of Tune': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Brainy bunch
6 Baking and ice cream
11 Boathouse item
14 Partner of bill
17 Better ventilated
18 Bribe money
19 Find a buyer in advance
21 HEAVY METAL NOCTURNE
23 Snitched
24 Roman statesman
25 Knockout count
26 Inner: prefix
28 Iranian coins
29 ALLEGRETTO
35 Fierce whale
37 Egypt-Syria merger, once: abbr.
38 Car of the '20s
39 Bellhop's milieu
40 Enthusiasms
42 Spanish aunts
43 Start of the work wk.
44 O'Neill trees
48 St. Francis's town
50 CHORALE
54 Breakfast flake
55 Kings and such
56 Mule's sire
57 Compete
58 From one point of view
60 Airline to Amsterdam
61 Poet's Ireland
63 For each
64 Caper
65 Virgo-Libra mo.
67 BARCAROLLE
71 "War of the Worlds" planet
74 Biblical book after Daniel
76 Slapstick missile
77 —— breve (2/2 time in music)
79 Voided tennis serve
80 Like much Schoenberg music
82 Title for Selassie
83 Turk's topper
85 Uncover
87 Chip off the old block
88 CON BRIO
91 Sheer fear
92 Piano features
94 Assenting vote
95 Seines
96 Wavy-patterned silk
97 Love, on bumper stickers
100 Keats specialty
101 Python's kin
103 WW II combat area
104 NACHTMUSIK
109 Less cooked
110 "O Sole ——"
111 Exterior lineman
112 Florence's river
115 Broke off
117 CHORD
122 Candidate for a fraternity
123 Sabbaticals
124 Cower
125 Robert Burns's burgh
126 Designer monogram
127 Won by a nose, with "out"
128 Fixable flaws

DOWN

1 Actress Sorvino
2 BEETHOVEN'S THIRD
3 Sheer curtain fabric
4 "—— who?"
5 "Queen of Soul" Franklin
6 Gal of song
7 Olive of the comics
8 Too-late E.R. report
9 "Three Tall Women" playwright
10 Verbal authority
11 Decide (to)
12 Noah's landfall
13 Be pensioned off
14 Yo-Yo Ma's instrument
15 Pamplona cheers
16 Timeworn
17 Phone-button 2
18 Wordplays
20 Domicile for Dobbin
22 Look from Groucho
27 "The triumph —— over experience" (remarriage, to Samuel Johnson)
30 Scuffle
31 The Bee Gees, the Stooges, etc.
32 Annals units
33 Profit's opposite
34 Part of "G.W.T.W."
35 Missouri mountains
36 Do a cobbler's job
41 —— Fail, Irish coronation stone
42 "You're a better man —— am, Gunga Din"
43 Ballerina Shearer
45 DIATONIC
46 Goat's greeting
47 Porky's place
49 Jordanian's neighbor
51 Penultimate fairy-tale word
52 Hair curl
53 Grasshopper's acquaintance
59 Draw a bead on
62 Tax-deferred acct.
63 Mystery-story pioneer
64 Co. supplying Interne entry
66 Bricks' weight, in a simile
68 At a good clip
69 Sashimi, essentially
70 Stupefied states
72 Vacation spot
73 Hi-fi setup
75 Carpenter's cutter
78 Lumberjack
80 Interrogate
81 Pedicure site
82 It goes with blues, in pop music
83 "—— cold, starve a fever"
84 Borgias' in-laws
86 Paid athlete
89 Bakery offering
90 Sufficient, old-style
93 Displayed
98 Vim
99 Has the same opinior
101 Prohibits
102 "All hands" navy orde
104 Piggy-bank owner
105 Usher's beat
106 Lugged
107 Cribbage pieces
108 Have dinner delivere
109 Depend (on)
113 Egg quaffs
114 Yearling's age
115 Fat farm
116 Between Costa and S
118 Tattered remnant
119 "Now —— heard everything!"
120 Composer Rorem
121 Dernier ——



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page

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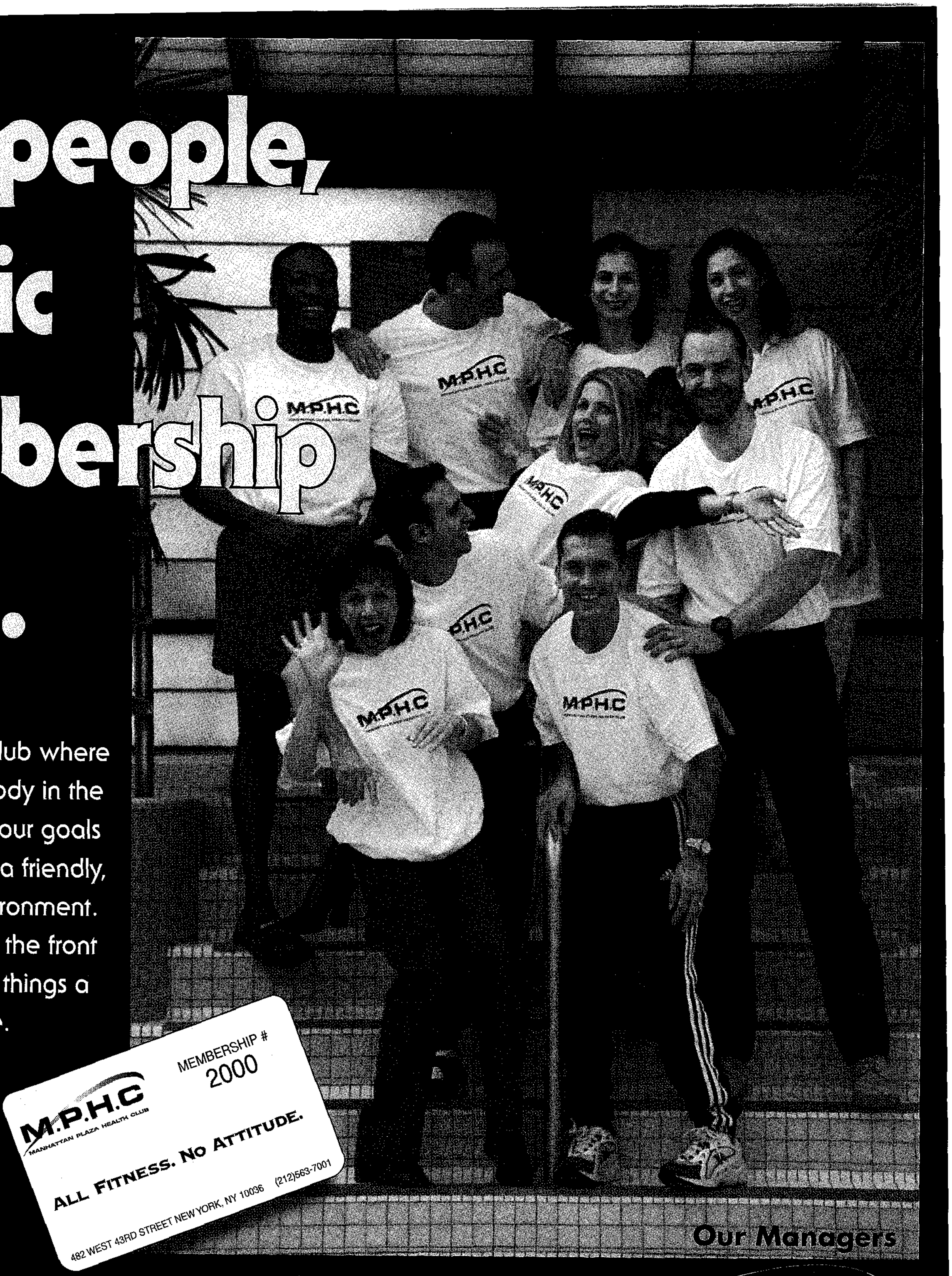
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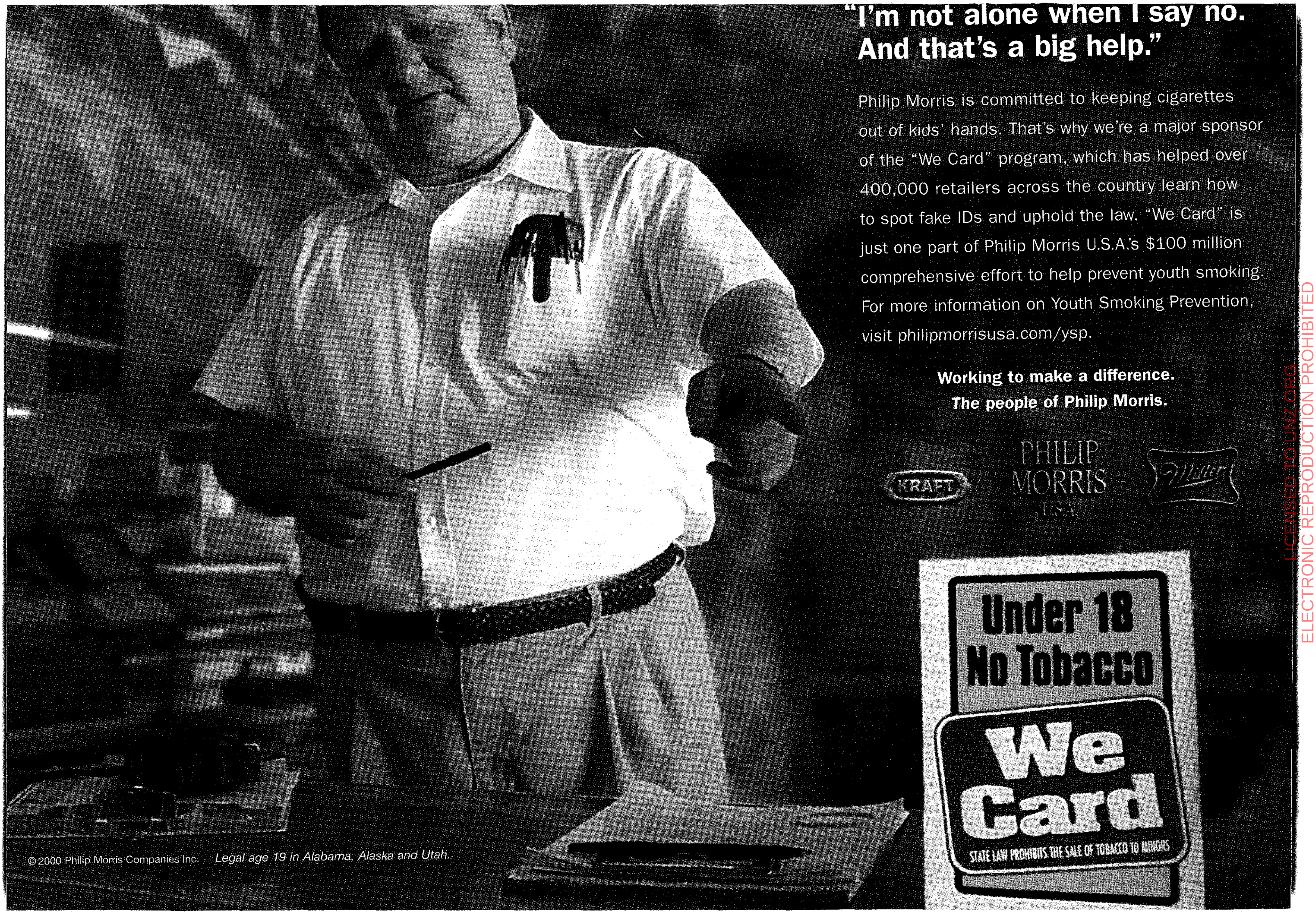
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